DIVINE POEMES

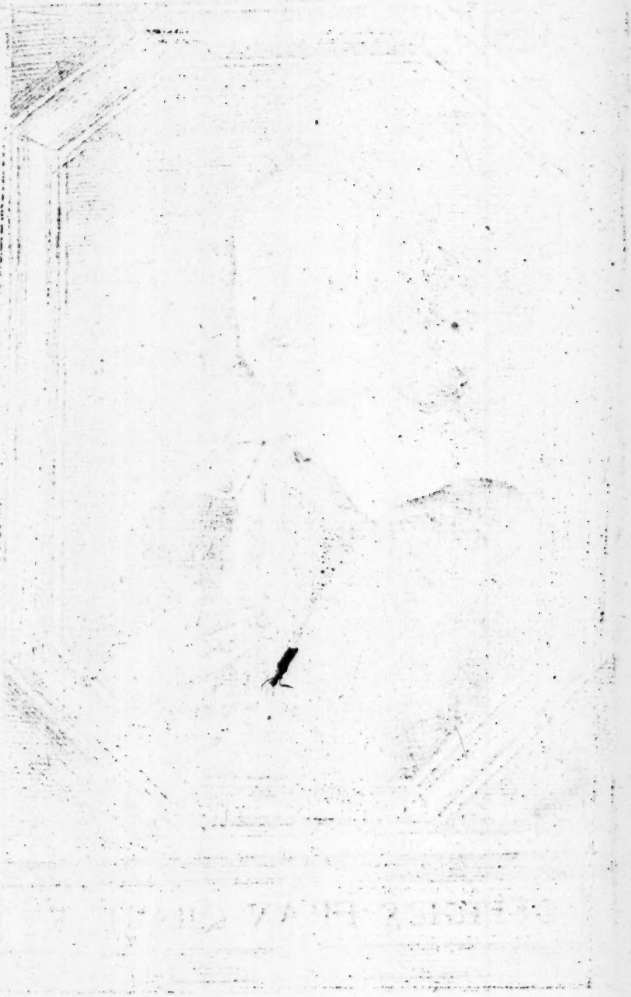
Reuiſed, and Corrected with Additions

By the Author Fra: Quarles.

London Printed for B: T: and T: S. 1669.

The Mind of the Frontiſpiece.

This naked Portraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, Helpleſs MAN, MAN born to Die:
On either ſide an ANGEL doth protect him
As well from EVIL, as to GOOD direct him:
Th' one points to Death, the other to a Crown;
Who THIS attains, muſt tread the other down:
All which denotes the Brief of Man's eſtate,
That HE's to go from Hence, by THIS, or THAT.



EFFIGIES FRAN: QUARLES.

DIVINE POEMS,

CONTAINING

The History of { JONAH, ESTER, JOB, SAMPSON.

Together with

SIONS { SONNETS. ELEGIES.

Written and Augmented

By *FR. QUARLES.*

Now Illustrated with Sculptures to the several Histories, not in the former Editions.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Sawbridge*, at the Three *Flower de Luces* in *Little Britain*. 1674.

TO THE

Sacred Majesty

OF

KING *CHARLES.*

SIR,

WHen your Landed Subject dies, and leaves none of his Blood to inherit, the Laws of this your Kingdom finds the King Heir: In this Volume are contained several Poems, lately dedicated to divers of your Nobility, whom they have outlived; So that the Muses (who seldom or never give honour for lives) have found them all for the King, which I have here gathered together, and prostrated before the feet of your Sacred

Majeſty. Indeed one of them I formerly dedicated, and preſented to your Self: So that now they are become doubly yours, both by Eſcheat, and as Survivor. And if You pleaſe to own me as your Servant, your Majeſty hath another Title good, by which I deſire they ſhould be known Yours: I will not ſin againſt the common good, ſo much as to expect your Majeſties ſerious Eye upon them: If when your Crown ſhall be moſt favourable to your Princely brows, You pleaſe to afford a gracious hearing, they will with the help of ſome benevolous Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I hope) relliſh in your Sacred Ears, and receive honour from your accuſtomed Goodneſs, far above the merits, or the expectation of

Your true-hearted

and Loyal Liegman,

FRA: QUARLES.

TO THE READER.

I *List not to tire thy patient Ears with unneceſſary* Language, *(the abuſe of Complement) My mouth's no* Dictionarie: *it onely ſerves as the needful* Interpreter *of my Heart.*

I have ſent thee the firſt Fruits *of an abortive* Birth. *It is a dainty* Subject, *not* Fabulous, *but* Truth *it ſelf.*

Wonder not at the Title, (A Feaſt for Worms:) *for it is a* Song *of* Mercy: *What greater* Feaſt, *than*

than Mercy? *And what are* Men, *but* Worms?

Moreover, I have gleaned ſome few Meditations, *obvious to the* Hiſtory; *Let me adviſe thee to keep the* Taſte *of the one, whilſt thou readeſt the other, and that will make thee relliſh both the better.*

Underſtanding Reader, *favour me: Gently expound, when it is too late to correct.*

He leva le Golpe, Dios ſea con ella.

Farewel.

THE

THE
Propoſition of this firſt Work.

TIS not the Record of great Hector's *glory,*
Whoſe matchleſs Valour *makes the* World *a Story*;
Nor *yet the ſwelling of that* Roman's *name*
That onely Came, *and* Look'd, *and* Overcame;
Nor One, *nor* All *of thoſe brave* Worthies *nine,*
(Whoſe Might was great, and Acts almoſt Divine,
That liv'd like Gods, *but di'd like* Men, *and gone)*
Shall give my Pen *a task to treat upon:*
I ſing the praiſes of the KING *of Kings,*
Out of whoſe mouth a two-edg'd Smiter *ſprings,*
Whoſe Words *are* Myſtery, *whoſe* Works *are* Wonder,
Whoſe Eyes *are* Lightning, *and whoſe* Voice *is* Thunder;
Who like a Curtain *ſpreads the* Heavens *out,*
Spangled with Stars, *in glory round about:*
'Tis He *that cleft the furious waves in twain,*
Making a Highway-paſſage *through the* Main:
'Tis He, *that turn'd the waters into* Blood,
And ſmote the Rocky ſtone, *and caus'd a* Flood;
'Tis He, *that's juſtly armed in his* Ire,
Behind with Plagues, *before with* flaming fire;
More bright, than mid-day Phœbus *are his* Eyes,
And whoſoever ſees his Viſage, dies.
I ſing the Praiſes of Great Judahs Lion,
The fragrant Flower *of* Jeſſe, *the* Lamb *of* Sion;
Whoſe Head *is whiter, than the driven* Snow,
Whoſe Viſage *doth, like flames of* Fire, *glow*;
His Loyns *begirt with golden* Belt, *his* Eyne
Like Titan, *riding in his Southern* Shine,

His

His Feet *like burning* Braſs, *and as the noiſe*
Of ſurgy Neptunes *roaring is his* Voice,
This is that Paſchal Lamb, *whoſe deareſt* Blood
Is ſovereign Drink, *whoſe* Fleſh *is ſaving* Food;
His precious Blood, *the Worthy's of the* Earth
Did drink, which (though but born of mortal *birth)*
Return'd them Deities: *For, who drinks* This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternal bliſs;
Himſelf's the Gift, *which* He *himſelf did give,*
His Stripes *heal us, and by* His *death we live:*
He *acting* God *and* Man, *in double Nature,*
Did reconcile Mankind, *and* Man's Creator.
I, here's a taſk *indeed; if* Mortals *could*
Not make a Verſe, yet Rocks *and* Mountains *would:*
The Hills *ſhall dance, the* Sun *ſhall ſtop his Courſe,*
Hearing the Subject *of this* high *Diſcourſe:*
The Horſe *and* Gryphin *ſhall together* ſleep,
The Wolf *ſhall fawn upon the ſilly* Sheep,
The crafty Serpent, *and the fearful* Hart,
Shall joyn in Conſort, *and each bear a part,*
And leap for joy, *when my* Urania *ſings,*
She *ſings the praiſes of the* King *of* Kings.

The Introduction.

THat Ancient Kingdom, that old *Aſſur* ſway'd,
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd:
Both mighty Great, but of unequal growth;
Both great in People, and in Building, both;
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?
Now graſs grows there, where theſe brave Cities ſtood.
The name of one great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high *Armenia* to the ruddy Seas,
And ſtores the Land with rich Commodities.
The other *Ninus*, *Niniveh* the *Great*;
So huge a Fabrick, and well-choſen Seat,
Don *Phœbus* fiery Steeds (with Manes becurl'd,
That circundates in twice twelve hours the world)
Ne'r ſaw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded in th' *Aſſyrians* Land.
On one hand, *Lycus* waſht her fruitful ſides,
On t' other, *Tygris* with her haſty tides.
Begirt ſhe was with walls of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fifty foot in meaſur'd height.
Upon their bredth (if ought we may rely
On the report of Sage Antiquity)
Three Chariots fairly might themſelves diſplay,
And rank together in a Battel-ray:
The circuit that her mighty Bulk imbraces,
Contains the mete of ſixty thouſand paces:
Within her well-fenc'd walls you might diſcover
Five hundred ſtately Towers, thrice told over;
Whereof the higheſt draweth up the eye;
As well the low'ſt, an hundred Cubits high;

All

All rich in thoſe things which to ſtate belong,
For beauty *brave*, and for munition *ſtrong*:
Duly, and daily this *great Work* was tended
With *ten thouſand Workmen*; begun and ended
In *eight years ſpace*: How beautiful! how fair
Thy Buildings! And how foul thy *Vices* are!
Thou Land of *Aſſur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Joy* be never dry'd,
Thou haſt a *Palace*, that's renown'd ſo much,
The like was never, is, nor will be ſuch.
Thou Land of *Aſſur*, treble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Tears* (do as thy *Cups* o'rflow)
For this thy *Palace* of ſo great renown,
Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batter'd down.
But chear up, *Niniveh*, thine inbred might
Hath means enough to quell thy *Foe-mans* ſpite:
Thy Bulwarks are like *Mountains*, and thy Wall
Diſdains to ſtoop to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchful *Towers* mounted round about,
Keep thee in ſafety, and thy *Foe-men* out:
I, but thy *Bulwarks* aid cannot withſtand
The direful ſtroke of the *Almightie*'s hand;
Thy wafer-walls at dread *Jehovah*'s blaſt
Shall quake, and quiver, and ſhall down be caſt:
Thy watchful *Towers* ſhall aſleep be found,
And nod their drowſie *heads* down to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proof; thy Wall
When *Juſtice* brandiſheth her Sword, muſt fall:
Thy lofty *Towers* ſhall be dumb and yield
To high *Revenge*; *Revenge* muſt win the field:
Vengeance cries loud from Heaven, ſhe cannot ſtay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her *Vials* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* ſhall be burnt, thy *People* ſlain;
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and ſwoln with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltleſs *blood* are dy'd;

Thy

Thy ſilly *Babes* do ſtarve for want of *Food:*
Whoſe tender *Mothers* thou haſt drencht in *Blood:*
Women with Child, lie in the ſtreets about,
Whoſe *Brains* thy ſavage hands have daſhed out;
Diſtreſſed *Widdows* weep, (but weep in vain)
For their dear *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* have ſlain.
By one man's *Force*, another man's devour'd;
Thy *Wives* are raviſht, and thy *Maids* deflour'd;
Where *Juſtice* ſhould, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac't
Thy *Altars* defiled and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* have taſted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* haſt left, thy *Children* have drunk up,
Thy bloody *ſins*, thine *Abels* guiltleſs *blood*,
Cries up to Heaven for *vengeance*, cries aloud;
Thy *ſins* are *ſeir*, and ready for the fire,
Here rouze, (my *Muſe*) and for a ſpace, reſpire.

TO

TO THE

Moſt High:

HIS

Humble Servant implores his favourable ASSISTANCE.

O All-ſufficient God, great Lord of Light,
Without whoſe gracious aid, and conſtant ſprite,
No labours proſper, (howſoe'r begun)
But flie like Miſts before the morning Sun:
O raiſe my thoughts, and clear my Apprehenſion,
Infuſe thy Spirit into my weak invention:
Reflect thy Beams upon my feeble Eyes,
Shew me the Mirror of thy Myſteries;
My Art-leſs Hand, my humble Heart inſpire,
Inflame my frozen tongue with holy fire:
Raviſh my ſtupid Senſes with thy Glory;
Sweeten my Lips with ſacred Oratory:
And thou (O Firſt and Laſt) aſſiſt my Quill,
That firſt and laſt I may perform thy will:
My ſole intent's to blazon forth thy Praiſe;
My ruder Pen expects no crown of Bays.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kiſt:
Crown me with Glory: Take the Bays that liſt.

A

FEAST

FOR

Worms.

By *FR. QUARLES.*

UMI

UMI

Jonah sent to Nineveh flees by lot is cast into the Sea, and swallowed by a Whale Jon: 1. 7. 15

And the Lord spake unto ye fish and it vomited out Jonah upon dry ground. Jon. 2. 10.

Jonah at Nineveh preacheth, they repent, and God allso repenteth. Jon. 3. 10.

Jonah is angry for the Gourd, but is reproved by that Type Jon: 4. 9. 10. 11.

this before Jonah

A Feast for WORMS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Word of God to Jonah *came,*
Commanded Jonah *to proclaim*
The vengeance of his Majesty,
Against the sins of Nineveh.

Sect. 1.

TH' Eternal Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,
Came down to *Jonah*, from the Heavens above,
Came down to *Jonah*, Heavens anointed Dove,
Jonah, the flower of old *Amittay*'s youth,
Jonah, the Prophet, Son, and Heir to Truth;
The blessed Type of him that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:

" *Arise*; *truss up thy loins, make all things meet,*
" *And put thy Sandals on thy hasty feet*;
" *Gird up thy reins, and take thy staff in hand,*
" *Make no delay, but go where I command*;
" *Me pleases not to send thee* (Jonah) *down,*
" *To sweet* Gath-Hepher, *thy dear native Town,*
" *Whose tender paps with plenty overflow,*
" *Nor yet unto thy brethren shalt thou go:*

" *Amongſt the Hebrews, where thy ſpreaden fame*
" *Fore-runs the welcome of thine honour'd name,*
" *No; I'le not ſend thee thither: up, ariſe,*
" *And go to* Niniveh, *where no Allies,*
" *Nor conſanguinity preſerves thy blood,*
" *To* Niniveh, *where ſtrangers are withſtood:*
" *To* Niniveh, *a City far remov'd*
" *From thine acquaintance, where thou'rt not belov'd:*
" *I ſend thee to Mount* Sinai, *not Mount* Sion,
" *Not to a gentle Lamb, but to a Lion:*
" *Nor yet to* Lydia, *but to bloody* Paſhur,
" *Not to the Land of* Canaan, *but to* Aſhur,
" *Whoſe Language will be riddles to thine ears,*
" *And thine again will be as ſtrange to theirs:*
" *I ſay, to* Niniveh, *the Worlds great Hall,*
" *The Monarch's ſeat, high Court Imperial.*
" *But terrible Mount* Sinai *will affright thee,*
" *And* Paſhur's *heavy hand is bent to ſmite thee:*
" *The Lions roar, the people's ſtrong and ſtout,*
" *The Bulwarks ſtand afront to keep thee out.*
" *Great* Aſhur *menaces with whip in hand,*
" *To entertain thee (welcome) to his Land.*
" *What then? Ariſe, be gone; ſtay not to think:*
" *Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting ſhrink.*
" *What then, if cruel* Paſhur *heap on ſtrokes?*
" *Or* Sinai *blaſt thee with her ſulph'rous ſmokes?*
" *Or* Aſhur *whip thee? or the Lions rent thee?*
" *Piſh, on with a courage; I the Lord have ſent thee:*
" *Away, away, lay by thy fooliſh pity,*
" *And go to* Niniveh, *that mighty City;*
" *Cry loud againſt it, let thy dreadful voice,*
" *Make all the City eccho with the noiſe:*
" *Not like a* Dove *but like a* Dragon *go,*
" *Pronounce my Judgment, and denounce my Woe;*
" *Make not thy head a fountain full of tears,*
" *To weep in ſecret for her ſins. Thine ears*

" *Shall*

" *Shall hear ſuch things will make thine eyes run over,*
" *Thine eyes ſhall ſmart with what they ſhall diſcover.*
" *Spend not in private thoſe thy zealous drops,*
" *But hew, and hack; ſpare neither trunc nor lops;*
" *Make Heaven and Earth rebound, when thou diſcharges,*
" *Plead not (like* Paul*) but roar (like* Boanarges*:)*
" *Nor let the beauty of the buildings blear thee;*
" *Let not the terrors of the Rampiers fear thee;*
" *Let no man bribe thy fift, (I well adviſe thee)*
" *Nor foul means ſorce thee, nor let fair entice thee;*
" *Ram up thine ears: Thine heart of ſtone ſhall be:*
" *Be deaf to them, as they are deaf to me;*
" *Go, cry againſt it. If they ask thee, why?*
" *Say, Heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry:*
" *My Altars ceaſe to ſmoak; their holy fires*
" *Are quencht; and where prayers ſhould, there ſin aſpires:*
" *The fatneſs of their fornication fries*
" *On coals of raging luſt, and upward flies,*
" *And makes me ſick: I hear the mournful groans,*
" *And heavy ſighs of ſuch, Whoſe aking bones*
" *Th' Oppreſſor grinds: Alas, their grief implores me,*
" *Their pray'rs, preferr'd with tears, plead loud before me:*
" *Behold, my ſons, they have oppreſt and kill'd,*
" *And hath'd their hands within the Blood they ſpill'd:*
" *The ſtream of guiltleſs blood makes ſuit unto me,*
" *The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;*
" *The vile profaner of my ſacred Names,*
" *He tears my titles, and my honour maims,*
" *Makes Rhet'rick of an oath, ſwears and forſwears,*
" *Recks not my mercy, nor my judgment ſears:*
" *They eat, they drink, they ſleep, they tire the night*
" *In wanton dalliance, and unclean delight.*
" *Heavens winged Herald* Jonas*, up and go,*
" *To mighty* Niniveh*, denounce my woe.*
" *Advance thy voice, and when thou haſt advanc'd it,*
" *Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out againſt it:*

" *Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath*
" *Proclaim my ſudden coming, and their death.*

The Author's APOLOGY.

IT was my morning Muſe; A Muſe whoſe ſpirit
Tranſcends (I fear) the fortunes of her merit;
Too bold a Muſe, whoſe feathers (yet in blood)
She never bath'd in the *Pyrenean* Flood;
A Muſe unbreath'd, unlikely to attain
An eaſie honour, by ſo ſtout a Train;
Expect no lofty *Hagard*, that ſhall fly
A leſſning pitch, to the deceived eye,
If in her Downy Soreage, ſhe but ruff
So ſtrong a Dove, may it be thought enough:
Bear with her; Time and Fortune may requite
Your patient ſufferance with a fairer flight.

The general Application.

TO thee (*Malfido*) now I turn my Quill;
That God is ſtill that God, and will be ſtill:
The painful Paſtors take up *Jonah's* room,
And thou the Ninivite, to whom they come.

Meditat. I.

HOW great's the love of God unto his creature?
Or is his Wiſdom, or his Mercy greater?
I know not whether: O th' exceeding love
Of higheſt God, that from his Throne above
Will ſend the brightneſs of his grace to thoſe
That grope in darkneſs, and his grace oppoſe:
He helps, provides, inſpires, and freely gives,
As pleas'd to ſee us ravel out our lives;

He gives us from the heap, he meaſures not,
Nor deals (like Manna) each his ſtinted lot,
But daily ſends the Doctors of his Spouſe,
(With ſuch like Oil as from the Widows Cruſe
Did iſſue forth) in fulneſs without waſting,
Where plenty ſtill was had, yet plenty laſting.
I, there is care in Heaven, and heavenly ſprights,
That guides the World, and guards poor mortal wights:
There is; elſe were the miſerable ſtate
Of man, more wretched and unfortunate
Than ſavage beaſts: But, O th' abounding love
Of higheſt God! whoſe Angels from above
Diſmount the Tower of Bliſs, fly to and fro,
Aſſiſting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is man, that God's regard is ſuch?
Or, why ſhould Heaven love wretchleſs man ſo much?
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?
A Feaſt for Worms: A bubble full of breath;
A looking-glaſs for grief; a flaſh, a minute;
A painted Tomb, with putrefaction in it;
A map of death; A burthen of a ſong;
A winters duſt; A worm of five foot long;
Begot in ſin; in darkneſs nouriſht; born
In ſorrow; naked, ſhiftleſs, and forlorn:
His firſt voice (heard) is crying for relief:
Alas! He comes into a World of grief;
His Age is ſinful, and his Youth is vain,
His life's a puniſhment, his Death's a pain;
His life's an hour of Joy, a World of Sorrow;
His death's a winters night, that finds no morrow:
Man's life's an Hour-glaſs, which being run,
Concludes that hour of joy, and ſo is done.
Jonah muſt go, nor is this charge confin'd
To *Jonah*, but to all the World enjoyn'd:
You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight
In dealing Juſtice, and maintaining right;

There lies your *Niniveh*; Merchants, arise,
And mingle conscience with your Merchandise:
Lawyers, arise, make not your righteous Laws
A trick for gain; Let justice rule the cause:
Tradesmen, arise, and ply your thriving shops
With truer hands, and eat your meat with drops:
Paul to thy Tents, and *Peter* to thy Net,
And all must go that course, which God hath set.
Great God awake us in these drowzy times,
Lest vengance find us sleeping in our Crimes!
Encrease succession in thy Prophets lieu,
For lo, thy Harvest's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGUMENT.

But Jonah *toward* Tharsis *went,*
A tempest doth his course prevent:
The Mariners are sore oppress,
While Jonah *sleeps and takes his rest.*

Sect. 2.

BUT *Jonah* thus bethought; *The City's great,*
And mighty Ashur *stands with deadly threat.*
Their hearts are hardened, that they cannot hear:
Will green wood burn, when so unapt's the fear?
Strange is the charge: Shall I go to a place
Unknown and forein? Aye me! hard's the case,
That righteous Isr'el *must be thus neglected,*
When miscreants and Gentiles are respected.
How might I hope my words should there succeed,
Which thrive not with the Flocks I daily feed?
I know my God is gentle, and inclin'd
To tender mercy, apt to change his mind.

Upon

Upon the leaſt repentance: Then ſhall I
Be deem'd, as falſe, and ſhame my Propheſie.

Oh heavy burden of a doubtful mind!
Where ſhall I go, or which way ſhall I wind?
My heart, like Janus, *looketh to and fro:*
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Go:
If Go, my Labour's loſt, my ſhame's at hand;
If ſtay, Lord! I tranſgreſs my Lord's command:
If go, from bad eſtate, to worſe I fall:
If ſtay, I ſlide from bad, to worſt of all.
My God bids Go, my Credit bids me Stay,
My guilty fear bids fly another way.

So *Jonah* ſtraight aroſe, himſelf bedight
With fit accoutrements for haſty flight:
Inſtead of ſtaff, he took a Shipmans weed;
Inſtead of going, lo, he flies with ſpeed.
Like as a Hawk (that over-matcht with might)
Doing ſad penance for th'unequal fight,
(Anſw'ring the Falk'ners ſecond ſhout) does flee
From fiſt, turns tail to foul, and takes a tree:
So *Jonah* baulks the place where he was ſent,
(To *Nineveh*) and down to *Jaffa* went:
He ſought, enquired, and at laſt, he found
A welcome Ship, that was to *Tharſis* bound,
Where he may flie the preſence of the Lord:
He makes no ſtay, but ſtraightway goes aboard:
His haſty purſe for bargain finds no leiſure,
(Where ſin delights, there's no account of treaſure)
Nor did he know, nor ask, how much his Fare:
He gave; They took: all parties pleaſed are,
(How thriftleſs of our coſt, and pains, are we,
Great God of Heaven, and Earth to flie from thee!
Now have the Sailors drunk their parting cup,
They go aboard, the Sails are hoyſting up;

The Anchor's weigh'd: the Keel begins t' obey
Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Key,
Divides the streams, and without Wind or Oar,
She easily glides along the moving shore;
Her swelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,
Sh'out-strips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean:
Forth to the Deep she launches, and out-braves
The prouder Billows, rides upon the Waves:
She plyes that course her Compass hath enjoyn'd her,
And soon hath left the less-ned Land behind her;
By this, the breath of Heaven began to cease;
Calm were the Seas; the Waves were all at peace;
The flagging Main-sayl flapt against her Yard,
The useless Compass, and the idle Card
Were both neglected: Upon every side
The gamesom Porpoise tumbled on the Tide
Like as a Mastiff, when restrain'd a while,
Is made more furious, and more apt for spoil:
Or when the breath of Man being barr'd the course,
At length breaks forth with a far greater force;
Even so the milder breath of Heaven, at last,
Lets fly more fierce, and blows a stronger blast:
All on a sudden darkned was the Sky
With gloomy clouds; Heaven's more refulgent eye
Was all obscur'd: The air grew damp and cold,
And strong-mouth'd *Boreas* could no longer hold:
Æolus lets loose his uncontrouled breath,
Whose language threatens nothing under death:
The Rudder fails; the Ship's at random driven;
The eye no object owns, but Sea and Heaven:
The Welkin storms, and rages more and more;
The rain powrs down; the Heavens begin to roar,
As they would split the massie Globe in sunder,
From those that live above, to those live under;
The Pilot's frighted, knows not what to do:
His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of woe;

Faces

Faces grow ſad, Prayers and complaints are riſe,
Each one's become an Orator for life:
The winds above, the waters underneath,
Joyn in rebellion, and conſpire death.
The Sea-mens courage now begins to quail,
Some ply the Pump, while others ſtrike the Sail.
Their hands are buſie, while their hearts deſpair,
Their fears and dangers move their lips to prayer:
They pray'd, but winds did ſnatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not go to whom they pray:
But ſtill they pray, but ſtill the wind and weather
Do turn both ſhip and pray'rs they know not whither.
Their gods were deaf, their danger waxed greater;
They caſt their wares out, and yet ne'r the better:
But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in ſleep,
And in the lower Deck was buried deep.

Meditat. 2.

BUT ſtay: This was a ſtrange and uncouth word,
Did *Jonah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
What miſter word is that? He that repleats
The mighty Univerſe, whoſe lofty ſeat's
Th' imperial Heaven, whoſe foot-ſtool is the face
Of maſſie Earth? Can he from any place
Be barr'd? or yet by any means excluded,
That is in all things? (and not yet included)
Could *Jonah* find a reſting any where
So void, or ſecret, that God was not there?
I ſtand amaz'd, and affrighted at this word:
Did *Jonah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
Mount up to Heaven, and there thou ſhalt diſcover
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power:
Beſtride the Earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he bears the Olive branch of Grace;

Dive

Dive down into th'extreme Abyss of Hell,
And there in Justice doth th'Almighty dwell,
What secret Cloister could there then afford
A Screen 'twixt faithless *Jonah*, and his Lord?
Jonah was charg'd to take a charge in hand:
But *Jonah* turn'd his back on God's command;
Shook off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was strictly charg'd, he quite rejected:
And so he fled the power of his Word;
And so he fled the presence of the Lord.
Good God! how poor a thing is wretched man?
So frail, that let him strive the best he can,
With every little blast he's overdone,
If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,
Cannot the danger of the Ax withstand,
Lord! how shall we, that are but bushes, stand?
How fond, corrupt, how sensless is mankind?
How faining deaf is he? how wilful blind?
He stops his ears, and sins; he shuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies:
He sins, despairs; and then to stint his grief,
He chuseth death, to baulk the God of life.
Poor wretched sinner! travel where thou wilt,
Thy travel shall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climb tops of hills, that prospects may delight thee,
There will thy sins (like Wolves and Bears) affright thee:
Fly to the valleys, that those frights may shun thee,
And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee:
Or to the raging Seas (with *Jonah*) go;
There will thy sins, like stormy Neptune flow.
Poor shiftless man! what shall become of thee?
Where-e're thou fly'st, thy griping sin will flee.
But all this while, the Ship where *Jonah* sleeps,
Is tost, and torn, and batter'd on the deeps,
And well-nigh split upon the threatning Rock,
With many a boisterous brush, and churly knock.

God

God help all desp'rate voyagers and keep
All such, as feel thy wonders in the deep.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Pilot thumps on Jonah's *breast,*
And rouzeth Jonah *from his rest:*
They all cast Lots, (being sore affrighted)
The sacred Lot on Jonah *lighted.*

Sect. 3.

THE amazed Pilot finding no success,
(But that the storm grew rather more, than less,
For all their toilsom pains, and needless prayers,
Despairing both of life and goods) repairs
To *Jonah's* drowzy Cabbin; mainly calls;
Calls, *Jonah, Jonah*; and yet louder yauls;
Yet *Jonah* sleeps, and gives a shrug, or two,
And snoars, (as greedy sleepers use to do.)
The woful Pilot jogs him, (but in vain)
(Perchance he dreams an idle word, or twain;)
At length he tugs and puls his heavy coarse,
And thunders on his breast with all his force:
But (after many yawns) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus bespake him:

"*Arise, O Sleeper, O arise, and see,*
"*There's not a twiny thred 'twixt death and thee:*
"*This darksom place (thou measur'st) is thy grave,*
"*And sudden Death rides proud on yonder wave:*
"*Arise, O sleeper, O arise, and pray;*
"*Perhaps thy God will hear, and not say Nay;*
"*Repair the loss of these our ill spent hours,*
"*Perchance thy God's more powerful than ours:*

"*Heaven's*

" *Heaven's hand may ceaſe, and have compaſſion on us,*
" *And turn away this miſchief it hath done us.*

The ſturdy Saylors (weary of their pain)
Finding their bootleſs labour loſt, and vain,
Forbear their toilſom taſk, and wrought no more,
Expecting death, for which they lookt before;
They call a parley, and conſult together,
They count their ſins, (accuſing one another)
That for his ſin, or his, this ill was wrought:
In fine, they all prove guilty of the fault:
But yet the queſtion was not ended ſo;
One ſays, *'Twas thine offence, but he ſays, No,*
But 'twas for thy ſake, that accuſes me;
Ruſht forth a third (the worſer of the three)
And ſwore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and ſaid, 'Twas thine, for ſwearing:
In comes a fifth, accuſing all; (replying
But little elſe) they all chid him for lying;
One ſaid it was, another ſaid 'twas not,
So all agreed to ſtint the ſtrife by Lot:
Then all was whiſt, and all to prayer went;
(For ſuch a buſineſs a fit complement)
The Lot was caſt; 't pleas'd God by Lots to tell:
The Lot was caſt; the Lot on *Jonah* fell.

Meditat. 3.

O Sacred ſubject of a Meditation!
Thy Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration;
Thy judgments are all juſt, ſevere, and ſure,
They quite cut off, or elſe, by lancing, cure
The feſtring ſore of a rebellious heart,
Leaſt foul infection taint th' immortal part.

How

How deep a Lethargy doth this diſeaſe
Bring to the ſlumbring ſoul, through careleſs eaſe!
Which once being wak'd, (as from a golden dream)
Looks up and ſees her griefs the more extreme.
How ſeeming ſweet's the quiet ſleep of ſin?
Which, when a wretched man's once nuzzled in,
How ſoundly ſleeps he, without fear or wit?
No ſooner do his arms infolded knit
A drowſie knot upon his careleſs breſt,
But there he ſnorts, and ſnoars in endleſs reſt;
His eyes are cloſed faſt, and deaf his ears,
And (like *Endymion*) ſleeps himſelf in years;
His ſenſe-bound heart relents not at the voice
Of gentle warning, neither does the noiſe
Of ſtrong reproof awake his ſleeping ear,
Nor louder threatnings thunder make him hear:
So deaf's the ſinners ear, ſo numb'd his ſenſe,
That ſin's no corroſive, breeds no offence;
For cuſtom brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the ſenſe, and takes away the ſmart.
But ſtay; Did one of God's elected number,
(Whoſe eyes ſhould never ſleep, nor eye-lids ſlumber)
So much forget himſelf? did *Jonah* ſleep,
That ſhould be watchful, and the Tower keep?
Did *Jonah* (the ſelected mouth of God)
Inſtead of roaring Judgments, does he nod?
Did *Jonah* ſleep ſo ſound? Could he ſleep then.
When (with the ſudden ſight of death) the men
(So many men) with yelling ſhriks, and crys,
Made very Heaven report? Were *Jonah*'s eyes
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven?
Hard muſt he wink that ſhuts his eyes from Heaven.
O righteous *Iſr'el*, where, O where art thou?
Where is thy Lamp? thy zealous Shepherd now?
Alas! the rav'nous Wolves will worr' thy Sheep;
Thy Shepherd's careleſs, and is faln aſleep;

Thy

Thy wandring flocks are frighted from their fold,
The Shepherd's gone, and Foxes are too bold;
They, they whose smooth-fac'd words become the Altar
Their words dissent, and first begin to faulter;
And they that should be Watch-lights in the Temple,
Are snuffs, and want the oyl of good example;
The chosen Watch-men that the Tow'r should keep,
Are waxen heavy-ey'd and fall asleep.
Lord, if thy Watch-men fall asleep, awake them,
Although they slumber, do not quite forsake them;
The flesh is weak, say not (if dulness seize
Their heavy eyes) sleep henceforth; take your ease:
And we poor weaklings, when we sleep in sin,
Knock at our drowzy hearts and never lin,
Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyes;
Least (drown'd in sleep) we sink and never rise.

THE ARGUMENT.

They question Jonah *whence he came,*
His Country, and his Peoples Name.
He makes reply: They moan their woe,
And ask his counsel what to do.

Sect. 4.

AS when a Theif's apprehended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,
A rude concourse of people straight accrues,
Whose itching ears even smart to know the news:
The guilty pris'ner (to himself betraid)
He stands dejected, trembling, and afraid:
So *Jonah* stood the Saylors all among,
Inclosed round amid the ruder throng.

As

As in a Summer's evening you shall hear
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your ear)
Confused buzzing, and seditious noise,
Such was the murmure of the Saylors voice.

" *What was thy sinful act, that causes this ?*
" *(Says one) wherein hast thou so done amiss ?*
" *Tell us, what is thine Art (another says)*
" *That thou professest ? Speak man, whence aways,*
" *From what Confines cam'st thou ? (a third replies)*
" *What is thy Country ? and of what allies ?*
" *What art thou born a Jew ? or Gentile ? whether ?*
" *E're he could lend an answer unto either ;*
" *A Fourth demands, Where hath thy breeding been ?*

All what they askt, they all askt o're agen.
In fine, their ears (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues, to hear what he could say.
So *Jonah* (humbly rearing up his eyes)
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies :

" *I am an Hebrew, Son of* Abraham,
" *From whom my Land did first derive her name ;*
" *Within the Land of* Jury *was I born ;*
" *My name is* Jonah, *wretchless and forlorn :*
" *I am a Prophet : ah ! but woe is me,*
" *For, from before the face of God I flee ;*
" *From whence (through disobedience) I am driven,*
" *I fear* JEHOVAH, *the great God of Heaven :*
" *I fear the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand,*
" *Did make this stormy Sea, and Massie Land.*

So sad, their ears with double ravishment,
Still hung upon his melting lips, attent,
Whose dreadful words their hearts so near impierc't ;
That from themselves, themselves were quite diverst.

As

As in a soultry Summers evening Tide,
(When lustful *Phœbus* re-salutes his Bride,
And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling)
A Herd of Deer are browzing in a Spring,
With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,
Nor in so deep a silence fearing ought;
A sudden crack, or some unthought-of sound,
Or bounce of fowlers Peece, or yelp of Hound,
Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,
Where (sensless half) through fear they stand at gaze:
So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted)
Entraunc'd with what this man of God recited:
Their tyred limbs do now wax faint, and lither,
Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together:
Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,
And left a faintness in their feeble parts:
Who (trembling out distracting language) thus:

"*Why hast thou brought this mischief upon us?*
"*what humor led thee to a place unknown,*
"*To seek out forrein Land, and leave thine own?*
"*what faith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,*
"*To think to fly the presence of thy God?*
"*Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgrest)*
"*The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest?*
"*Art thou a Prophet? and dost thou amiss?*
"*what is the cause? and why hast thou done this?*
"*What shall we do? the tempest lends no ear*
"*To fruitless chat, nor do the billows hear,*
"*Or mark our language: Waves are not attent:*
"*Our goods they float, our needless pains are spent;*
"*Our Bark's not weather proof; no Fort's so stout*
"*To keep continual siege and battery out.*
"*The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemn thee,*
"*The waves (thy deaths-men) strive to overwhelm thee;*

"*Wh*

" What ſhall we do? Thou Prophet, ſpeak, we pray thee:
" Thou fear'ſt the Lord; Alas! we may not ſlay thee:
" Or ſhall we ſave thee? No, for thou doſt flie
" The face of God, and ſo deſerv'ſt to die.
" Thou Prophet, ſpeak, what ſhall be done to thee,
" That angry Seas may calm and quiet be?

Meditat. 4.

Give leave a little to adjourn your Text,
And eaſe my ſoul, my ſoul with doubts perplext.
Can he be ſaid to fear the Lord, that flies him?
Can word confeſs him, when as deed denies him?
My ſacred Muſe hath rounded in mine ear,
And read the miſt'ry of a twofold fear:
The firſt, a ſervile fear, for judgments ſake;
And thus Hells Fire-brands do fear and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behind a tree:
And thus did bloody *Cain* both fear and flee.
Unlike to this there is a ſecond kind
Of fear, extracted from a zealous mind,
Full fraught with love, and with a conſcience clear
From baſe reſpects: It is a filial fear;
A fear whoſe ground would juſt remain, and level,
Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil.
Such was the fear that Princely *David* made
And thus our wretched *Jonah* fear'd and fled:
He fled aſham'd, becauſe his ſins were ſuch;
He fled aſham'd, becauſe his fear was much.
He fear'd *Jehovah*, other fear'd he none:
Him he acknowledg'd; him he fear'd alone:
Unlike to thoſe who (being blind with error)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terror.
Th' *Egyptians* god *Apis* did implore,
God *Aſſas* the *Chaldeans* did adore:

Babel to the *Devouring Dragon* seeks ;
Th' *Arabians Astaroth* ; *Juno*, the *Greeks* ;
The name of *Belus*, the *Assyrians* hallow ;
The *Trojans*, *Vesta* ; *Corinth*, wise *Apollo* ;
Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the *Sun* ;
To light-foot *Mercury*, bows *Macedon* :
To god *Volunus*, Lovers bend their knee :
To *Pavor*, those that faint, and fearful be :
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Murcia* those,
And to *Victoria*, they that fear to lose :
To *Muta*, they that fear a womans tongue :
To great *Lucina*, women great with young :
To *Esculapius*, they that live oppress :
And such to *Quies*, that desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antique times,
How blent with error, and how stuft with crimes
Your Temples were ! And how adulterate !
How clogg'd with needless gods ! How obstinate !
How void of reason, order, how confuse !
How full of dangerous and foul abuse !
How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable !
How many Deities ! yet how unable !

Implore these gods that list to howl and bark,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Ark :
But he to whom the seal of mercy's given,
Adores *Jehovah* the great God of Heaven :
Upon the mention of whose sacred Name,
Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame :
Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heav'n shall turn his course,
Mountains shall dance, and *Neptune* slake his force :
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,
Upon the mention of *Jehovah's* Name :
A Name that makes the roof of Heaven to shake,
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake :
A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps :
A Name, puts frolick man into his dumps,

(Though

(Though ne'r ſo blythe) A Name of high renown
It mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down:
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard and flinty ſtone
Extracteth hearts of fleſh, and makes relent
Thoſe hearts that never knew what mercy meant.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven?
To tender mouths of Sucklins thou haſt given
Coercive pow'r, and boldneſs to reprove,
When elder men do what them not behove.
O Lord! how great's the power of thine hand!
O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet doth his fault diſcover,
Perſwades the men to caſt him over:
They row, and toyl, but do no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Sect. 5.

SO *Jonah* fram'd this ſpeech to their demand,
"*Not that I ſeek to traverſe the command*
"*Of my dear Lord, and out of mind perverſe,*
"*T' avoid the* Ninivites, *do I amerce*
"*My ſelf; nor that I ever heard you threat,*
"*(Unleſs I went to* Niniveh *(the great)*
"*And do the meſſage ſent her from the Lord)*
"*That you would kill, or caſt me over-board,*
"*Do I do this; 'tis my deſerved fine:*
"*You all are guiltleſs, and the fault is mine.*

" *'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he;*
" *The tempest comes from Heaven, the cause from me:*
" *You shall not lose a hair for this my sin,*
" *Nor perish for the fault that mine hath been;*
" *Lo, I the man am here; Lo, I am he,*
" *The root of all; End your revenge on me;*
" *I fled th' Eternal God; O, let me then*
" *(Because I fled my God) so flie from men:*
" *Redeem your lives with mine; Ah, why should I*
" *Not guiltless, live; and you not guilty, die?*
" *I am the man for whom these billows dance,*
" *My death shall purchace your deliverance;*
" *Fear not to cease your fears, but throw me in;*
" *Alas! my soul is burthen'd with my sin,*
" *And God is just, and bent to his Decree,*
" *Which certain is, and cannot alter'd be;*
" *I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King*
" *Of Heaven and Earth; the winds with speedy wing*
" *Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount up on high,*
" *And cannot rest until the Traytor die;*
" *Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended;*
" *Let death make Justice mends which life offended;*
" *Oh, let the swelling waters me embalm;*
" *So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calm.*

So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,
New love abstracted, what old fear did add;
Love called pity; Fear call'd Vengeance in;
Love view'd the Sinner; Fear beheld the Sin;
Love cry'd out, Hold; for better sav'd than spill'd;
But fear cry'd Kill; O better kill than kill'd:
Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were
Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Fear;
Some cry'd out, Save: if this foul deed we do,
Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too:

Oth

Others cry'd, No: May rather death befal
To one (that hath deſerv'd to die) than all:
Save him (ſays one) Oh ſave the man that thus
His deareſt blood hath proffer'd to ſave us:
No, (ſays another) Vengeance muſt have blood,
And vengeance ſtrikes moſt hard, when moſt withſtood.
In fine (ſay all) Then let the Prophet die,
And we ſhall live; For Prophets cannot lie.
Loth to be guilty of their own, yet loth
To haſte poor *Jonah's* death, with hope, that both
Th'approaching evils might be at once prevented,
With prayers, and pains re-utterr'd, re-attended;
They tri'd new ways deſpairing of the old,
Love quickens courage, makes the ſpirits bold:
They ſtrove, in vain, by toyl to win the ſhore,
And wrought more hard than e'r they did before:
But now, both hands and hearts begin to quail,
(For bodies wanting reſt, muſt faint and fail;)
The Seas are angry, and the waves ariſe,
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice;
God's vengeance ſtormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appeaſe:
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free
What Heaven hath bound by a divine decree:
Jonah muſt die, Heaven hath decreed it ſo;
Jonah muſt die, or elſe they all die too;
Jonah muſt die, that from his Lord did flie;
The Lot determines, *Jonah* then muſt die;
His guilty word confirms the ſacred Lot:
Jonah muſt die then, if they periſh not.

"*If Juſtice then appoint (ſince he muſt die*
"*Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,*
"*(We beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)*
"*O pardon blood-ſhed, that we muſt intend;*

" *Though not our hands, yet ſhall our hearts be clear,*
" *Then let not ſtainleſs conſciences bear*
" *The pond'rous burden of a Murders guilt,*
" *Or pay the price of blood that muſt be ſpilt;*
" *For loe, (dear Lord) it is thine own decree,*
" *And we ſad miniſters of Juſtice be.*

Meditat. 5.

BUT ſtay awile; this thing would firſt be known:
Can *Jonah* give himſelf, and not his own?
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertains, ſo that a ſlender third is his.
Why then ſhould *Jonah* do a double wrong,
To deal himſelf away, that did belong
The leaſt unto himſelf? or how could he
Teach this, [*Thou ſhalt not kill*] if *Jonah* be
His life's own Butcher? What, was this a deed
That with the calling he profeſt agreed?
The purblind age (whoſe works (almoſt divine)
Did meerly with the oyl of Nature ſhine,
That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
To whip their conſcience with ſteely rod,)
How much did they abhor ſo foul a fact?
When (led by Natures glimpſe) they made an Act
Self-murderers ſhould be deny'd to have
The charitable honour of a Grave:
Can ſuch do ſo, when *Jonah* does amiſs?
What *Jonas*, *Iſr'els* Teacher, and do this?
The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
In this thing to do that which *Jonah* did;
Moreo'r, in Charity, 'Tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to think and ſpeak the beſt;
The mighty *Sampſon* did as much as this:
And who dare ſay that *Sampſon* did amiſs,

If

If Heavens high Spirit whiſper'd in his ear
Expreſs command to do't? no wav'ring fear
Drew back the righteous *Abram's* armed hand
From *Iſaac's* death, ſecur'd by Heav'ns command.
Sure is the knot that true Religion ties,
And Love that's rightly grounded never dies;
It ſeems a Paradox beyond belief,
That men in trouble ſhould prolong relief:
That Pagans (to withſtand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglective of their own eſtate.
Where is this love become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endleſs pilgrimage
From hence, and never to return (I doubt)
Till revolution wheel thoſe times about:
Chill breaſts have ſtarv'd her here, and ſhe is driven
Away; and with *Aſtræa* fled to Heaven.
Poor Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
Her honey's ſpent, and all her ſtore is done;
Her wingleſs Bees can find out ne'r a bloom,
And crooked *Ate* doth uſurp her room:
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drink,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flows above the brink.
Brave Mariners, the World your name ſhall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow:
Your friendſhip's rare, and your converſion ſtrange
From Pag'niſme to zeal: A ſudden change!
Thoſe men do now the God of Heaven implore,
That bow'd to Puppets but an hour before;
Their zeal is fervent, (though but new begun)
Before their Egg-ſhels were done off, they ran.
As when bright *Phœbus* in a Summer tide,
(New riſen from the boſome of his Bride)
Enveloped with miſty foggs, at length
Breaks forth, diſplays the miſt, with Southern ſtrength:
Even ſo theſe Mariners (of peerleſs mirror)
Their faith being veil'd within the miſt of error,

At length their zeal chac'd ignorance away,
They left their puppets and began to pray.
Lord, how unlimited are thy confines,
That still pursu'st man in his good designs!
Thy mercie's like the dew of *Hermon* hill,
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward still
From *Aaron's* head, to beard; from beard to foot;
So do thy mercies drench us round about:
Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free
To turn to Man, when Man returns to thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

They cast the Prophet over Board:
The storm allay'd; they fear the Lord:
A mighty Fish him quick devours,
Where he remained many hours.

Sect. 6.

EVen as a member, whose corrupted sore
Infests, and rankles, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies loss (if not prevented)
The wise Chyrurgion (all fair means attempted)
Cuts off, and with advised skill doth choose
To lose a part, than all the body lose;
Even so the feeble Saylors (that address
Their idle arms, where Heaven denies success)
Forbear their thriveless labours, and devise
To root that evil, from whence their harms arise:
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their ears
Danger revives the old, and adds new fears:
Their hearts grow fierce, and every soul applies
T' abandon mercy from his tender eyes:

They

They ceaſe t' attempt what Heav'n ſo long withſtood
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
They whiſper oft, each word is Death's Alarm:
They hoyſt him up, each lends a buſie arm,
And with united powers they entomb
His out-caſt body in *Thetis* angry womb:
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip'd his ſomy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace upon the South:
The winds were whiſt, the billows danc'd no more,
The ſtorm allay'd, the Heavens left off to roar,
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
Gave ready paſſage, and ſurceaſt their rage;
The ſkie grew clear, and now the welcome light
Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight:
Thus all on ſudden was the Sea tranquill,
The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were ſtill.
As when a friendly Creditor (to get
A long forborn, and much concerned debt)
Still plies his willing debtor with intreats,
Importunes dayly, dayly, thumps, and beats
The batter'd portals of his tired ears,
Bedeafing him with what he knows, and hears;
The weary debtor, to avoid the ſight
He loaths, ſhifts here and there, and ev'ry night
Seeks out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'rtheleſs (purſu'd and followed)
His ears are ſtill laid at with lowder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy
Sits down, and ſighs, and after long fore-flowing,
(T'avoid his preſence) pays him what is owing.
The thankfull Creditor is now appeas'd,
Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleas'd,
Even ſo theſe angry waves, with reſtleſs rage
Accoſted *Jonas* in his pilgrimage,
And thundred Judgment in his fearful ear,
Preſenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty fear?

The

The waves rose discontent, the Surges beat,
And every moment, death the billows threat:
The weather-beaten Ship did every minute
Await destruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deep, a debt, (through trespass, due)
The Sea grew kind, and all her frowns abated,
Her face was smooth to all that navigated.
'Twas sinful *Jonah* made her storm and rage,
'Twas sinful *Jonah* did her storm assuage.
With that the Mariners astonisht were,
And fear'd *Jehovah* with a mighty fear,
Off'ring up Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing solemn vows unto the Lord.
But he whose Word can make the earths foundation
Tremble, and with his Word can make cessation,
Whose wrath doth mount the Waves, and toss the Seas
And make them calm and smooth, when e'r he please:
This God, (whose mercy runs on endless wheele,
And pulls (like *Jacob*) Justice by the heel)
Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whose belly was both prison-house and baile,
For retchless *Jonah*. As the two leaf'd door
Opens, to welcome home the fruitful store,
Wherewith the harvest quites the Plowman's hope:
Even so the *Leviathan* set ope
His beam-like jaws, (prepar'd for such a boon)
And at a morsel swallowed *Jonah* down,
'Till dewy cheekt *Aurora's* purple die
Thrice dappled had the ruddy morning skie,
And thrice had spread the Curtains of the morn,
To let in *Titan* when the day was born,
Jonah was tenant to his living Grave,
Embowell'd deep in this stupendious Cave,

Meditat. 6.

LO, Death is now, as always it hath been,
The juſt procured ſtipend of our ſin:
Sin is a golden Cauſie, and a Road
Garniſht with joys, whoſe paths are even and broad,
But leads at length to death, and endleſs grief,
To torments, and to pains without relief.
Juſtice fears none, but maketh all afraid,
And then falls hardeſt, when 'tis moſt delaid.
But thou repli'ſt, thy ſins are dayly great,
Yet thou ſit'ſt uncontroul'd upon thy ſeat;
Thy wheat doth flouriſh, and thy barns do thrive,
Thy ſheep encreaſe, thy ſons are all alive,
And thou art buxom, and haſt nothing ſcant,
Finding no want of any thing, but want;
Whil'ſt others, whom the ſquint-ey'd world counts holy,
Sit ſadly drooping in a Melancholy,
With brow dejected, and down-hanging head,
Or take of alms, or poorly beg their bread:
But young man, know there is a Day of doom,
The Feaſt is good, untill the reck'ning come,
The time runs faſteſt, where is leaſt regard,
The ſtone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a Dying day, (thou proſp'rous fool)
When all thy laughter ſhall be turn'd to Dole,
Thy robes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;
Thy whoops of joy, to howls of ſad lamenting;
Thy tongue ſhall yell, and yawl, and never ſtop,
And wiſh a World to give for one poor drop
To flatter thine intolerable pain;
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtain
A minutes freedom from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fire burns, and never goeth out:

Not

Not houſe, nor land, nor meaſur'd heaps of wealth,
Can render to a dying man his health:
Our life on earth is like a thred of flax,
That all may touch, and being toucht it cracks.
As when an archer ſhooteth for his ſport,
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometimes 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th' left hand wide, ſometimes o'th' right,
At laſt (through often trial) hits the White!
So death ſometimes with her uncertain Rover
Hits our Superiours and ſo ſhoots over:
Sometimes for change ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our Inferiours (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes upon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes:
And ſometimes wide upon the right hand bends,
There with Imperial ſhafts ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length (through often trial) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes us into eternal night.
Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men, never out of date:
Her days Dominical are writ in blood:
She ſhews more bad days then ſhe ſheweth good:
She tells when days, and months, and terms expire,
Meas'ring the lives of mortals by her ſquire.
Death is a Purſuivant with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poor mens doors, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware betime, death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaves thee, ſo will judgment find thee.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Within the bowels of the fiſh,
Jonah *laments in great anguiſh;*
God heard his pray'r, at whoſe command
The fiſh diſgorg'd him on the Land.

Sect. 7.

THen *Jonah* turn'd his face to Heav'n, and pray'd
Within the bowels of the Whale, and ſaid,

" *I cry'd out of my baleful miſery*
" *Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;*
" *From out the paunch of Hell I made a noiſe,*
" *And thou haſt anſwer'd me, and heard my voice:*
" *Into the deeps and bottom thou haſt thrown me,*
" *Thy Surges and thy Waves have paſt upon me.*
" *Then Lord (ſaid I) from thy refulgent ſight*
" *I am expell'd, I am forſaken quite;*
" *Nay'the leſs, while theſe my wretched eyes remain,*
" *Unto thy Temple will I look again.*
" *The boyſtrous waters compaſs me about,*
" *My body threats to let her priſ'ner out;*
" *The boundleſs depth enclos'd me, (almoſt dead)*
" *The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;*
" *I live on earth rejected at thine hand;*
" *And a perpetual priſ'ner in the Land;*
" *Yet thou wilt cauſe my life t' aſcend at length,*
" *From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my ſtrength;*
" *When as my ſoul was overwhelm'd and faint,*
" *I had recourſe to thee, did thee acquaint.*

" *With*

" *With the condition of my woful case,*
" *My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.*
" *Whoso to vanities themselves betake,*
" *Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake;*
" *To thee I'l sacrifice in endless days:*
" *With voice of thanks, and ever sounding praise,*
" *I'l pay my vows; for all the World records*
" *With one consent,* Salvation is the Lords.

But he (whose word's a deed, whose breath's a law,
Whose just command implies a dreadful awe,
Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the deep,
To tend and wait for *Jonah's* fall, and keep
His out-cast body safe, and soul secure)
This very God (whose mercy must endure,
When Heav'n, and Earth, when Sea, and all things fail)
Disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale
To re-deliver *Jonah* to his hand;
Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the Land.

Meditat. 7.

I Well record a Holy Father says,
" *He teaches to deny that faintly prays:*
The suit surceases, when desire fails,
But whoso prays with fervency, prevails;
For prayr's the key that opes th' eternal gate,
And finds admittance, whether earl' or late:
It forces audience, it unlocks the ear
Of Heavens great God, (though deaf) it makes him hear.
Upon a time, *Babel*, (the World's fair Queen
Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with spleen)
Through fell disdain, derraigned war 'gainst them
That tender'd homage to *Jerusalem*:

A maiden fight it was, yet they were ſtrong
As men of War, the Battel laſted long,
Much blood was ſhed, and ſpilt on either ſide,
That all the ground with purple gore was dy'd:
In fine, a Souldier of *Jeruſalem*,
Chariſſa hight (the Almner of the Realm)
Chill'd with an ague, and unapt to fight,
Into *Juſtitia's* Caſtle took her flight,
Whereat great *Babels* Queen commanded all
To lay their ſiege againſt the Caſtle wall;
But poor *Tymiſſa* not with war acquainted,
Fearing *Chariſſa's* death, fell down, and fainted;
Dauntleſs *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
Where ſhe lay (pale and ſenſeleſs) in a ſwound;
She rubb'd her temples, and at length awaking,
She gave her water of *Fidiſſa's* making,
And ſaid, Chear up, (dear ſiſter) though our foe
Hath tane us Captives, thus beſieg'd with woe,
We have a King puiſſant, and of might.
Will ſee us take no wrong, and do us right,
If we poſſeſs him with our ſad complaint:
Chear up, we'll ſend to him, and him acquaint.
Tymiſſa (new awak'd from ſwound) replies,
Our Caſtle is begirt with enemies,
And troops of armed men beſiege our walls,
Then ſurely death, or worſe then death befals
To her, (who er' ſhe) that ſtirs a foot,
Or raſhly dares attempt to venture out;
Alas! what hope have we to find relief,
And want the means that may divulge our grief?
Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
Whoſe looks were fixt and ſad; her let hand held
A pair of equal ballances; her right
A two-edg'd ſword; her eyes were quick and bright;
Not apt to ſquint, but nimble to diſcern;
Her viſage lovely was, yet bold and ſtern;

Her

Her name *Juſtitia*; to her they make
Their moan, who well adviſ'd, them thus beſpake:
Fair Maidens, more beloved then the light,
I rue the ſuff'rance of your woful plight,
But pity's fond alone, recures no grief,
But fruitleſs fals, unleſs it yield relief.
Chear up, I have a Meſſenger in ſtore,
Whoſe ſpeed is much, but faithful truſt is more;
Whoſe nimble wings ſhall cleave the flitting ſkies,
And ſcorn the terrour of your Enemies;
Oratio hight, well known unto your King,
Your meſſage ſhe ſhall do, and tidings bring;
Provided that *Fidiſſa* travail with her,
And ſo (on Chriſt's Name) let them go together.
With that *Fidiſſa* having tane her errant,
And good *Oratio* with *Juſtitia's* warrant,
In ſilence of the midnight took her flight;
Arriving at the Court that very night;
But they were both as flames of fire hot,
For they did flie as ſwift as Canons ſhot:
But they (leaſt ſudden cold ſhould do them harm)
Together clung, and kept each other warm:
But now the Kingly gates were ſparr'd and lockt,
They call'd, but none made anſwer; then they knockt
Together joyning both their force in one,
They knockt again, yet anſwer there was none:
But they that never learn'd to take denial,
With importunity made further trial;
The King heard well, although he liſt not ſpeak,
Till they with ſtrokes the gate did well-nie break,
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide:
Oratio mov'd her ſuite; The King replide,
Oratio was a fair, and welcome gueſt:
So heard her ſuite, ſo granted her requeſt.
Frail man, obſerve; in thee the practice lies,
Let ſacred Meditation moralize:

Let pray'r be fervent, and thy faith intire,
And Heav'n at last, will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second time was Jonah *sent*
To Nineveh: *now* Jonah *went:*
Against her crying sins he cry'd,
And her destruction prophecy'd.

Sect. 8.

ONce more the voice of Heavens high Commander
(Like horrid claps of Heavens dividing thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise
Being heard far distant off) such was the voice)
Came down from Heav'n to *Jonah*, new-born Man,
To re-baptized *Jonah*, and thus began:
'Am I God? or art thou ought but dust?
More than a man? Or are my Laws unjust?
Am I a God, and shall I not command?
Art thou a man, and dar'st my Laws withstand?
Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake)
By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,
And thy presumption scape uncorrected?
Thy faith hath sav'd thee (*Jonah*:) Sin no more,
Lest worse things happen after, than before.
Arise; let all th'assembled pow'rs agree
To do th' Embassage I impose on thee;
Trifle no more; and, to avoid my sight,
Think not to balk me with a second flight.
Arise and go to *Nineveh* (the great)
Where broods of Gentiles have ta'ne up their seat:

'The great Queen Regent mother of the Land,
'That multiplies in people like the ſand;
'Away with wings of time, (I'l not eſſoin thee.)
'Denounce thoſe fiery judgments, I enjoyn thee.
Like as a youngling that to ſchool is ſent,
Scarce weaned from his mothers blandiſhment,
Where he was cocker'd with a ſtroking hand)
With ſtubborn heart denies the juſt command
His Tutor wils: but being once corrected,
His home-bred ſtomach's curb'd, or quite ejected:
His crooked natur's chang'd, and mollifi'd,
And humbly ſeeks what ſtoutly he deni'd:
So *Jonah's* ſtout, perverſe, and ſtubborn heart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the ſmart
Of Heav'ns avenging wrath, it ſtraight diſſolv'd;
And what it once avoided, now reſolv'd
T'effect with ſpeed, and with a careful hand,
Fully repleniſh'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniveh* he flieth like a Roe,
Each ſtep the other ſtrives to overgo:
And as an arrow to the mark does flie,
So (bent to flight) flies he to *Nineveh*:
Now *Nineveh*, a mighty City was,
Which all the Cities of the world did paſs;
A City which o'r all the reſt aſpires
Like midnight *Phœbe* 'mongſt the leſſer fires:
A City, which (although to men was given)
Better beſeem'd the Majeſty of Heaven:
A City great to God, whoſe ample wall,
Who undertakes to meet with paces, ſhall
Bring *Phœbus* thrice to bed, ere it be done,
(Although with dawning *Heſperus* begun.)
When *Jonas* hath approacht the City gate,
He made no ſtay to reſt, nor yet to bait,
No ſupple oyl his fainting head anoints,
Stays not to bathe his weather-beaten joynts,

Nor

Nor ſmooth'd his countenance, nor ſlick'd his skin,
Nor craved he the Hoſtage of an Inn,
To eaſe his aking bones (with travel ſore ;)
But went as ſpeedy as he fled before:
The Cities greatneſs made him not refuſe
To be the trump of that unwelcom news
His tongue was great with ; but like thunders noiſe)
His mouth flew ope, and out there ruſht a voice.
When dewy-cheek'd Aurora *ſhall diſpay*
Her golden locks, and ſummon up the day
Twice twenty times, and reſt her drowſie head
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons *bed,*
Then Nineveh, *this place of high renown,*
Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batter'd down.
He ſate not down to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent', or Salvage ; nor did he enquire
What place were moſt convenient for a Crier ;
Nor like a ſweet-lipt Orator did ſteer,
Or tune his language to the peoples ear ;
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majeſty,
Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,
When forty times Don Phœbus *ſhall fulfil*
His Journal courſe upon th'Olympian Hill,
Then Niniveh *(the Worlds great wonder) ſhall*
Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.
The diſmal Prophet ſtands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pity,
Th' approaching downfal of ſo brave a City,
But dauntleſs he his dreadful voice extends.
Reſpectleſs, whom this bolder cry offends ;
When forty days ſhall be expir'd, and run,
And that poor inch of time drawn out, and done,
Then Niniveh *(the Worlds Imperial throne)*
Shall not be left a ſtone upon a ſtone,

Meditat. 8.

BUT ſtay! Is God like one of us? Can he
When he hath ſaid it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of truth diſpence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Upon his ſacred Juſtice? Can his mind
Revolt at all; or vary like the wind?
How comes this alteration then, that he
Thus limitting th' effect of his Decree
Upon th' expiring date of forty days,
He then performs it not? But ſtill delays
His plagues denounc'd, and judgment ſtill forbears,
And ſtead of forty days gives many years?
Yet forty days, and *Niniveh* ſhall periſh;
Yet forty years, and *Niniveh* doth flouriſh:
A change in man's infirm, in God 'tis ſtrange;
In God to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are divers things: When he repents from ill,
He wills a Change; he changes not his will;
The ſubject's chang'd, which ſecret was to us,
But not the mind, that did diſpoſe it thus;
Denounced Judgment God doth oft prevent,
But neither changes counſel, nor intent;
The voice of Heaven doth ſeldom threat perdition,
But with expreſs, or an impli'd condition,
So that, if *Niniveh* return from ill,
God turns his hand, he doth not turn his Will.
The ſtint of *Niniveh* was forty days,
To change the bias of her crooked ways:
To ſome the time is large; to others ſmall;
To ſome 'Tis many years; And not at all
To others; Some an hour have, and ſome
Have ſcarce a minute of their time to come:

Thy ſpan of life (*Malfido*) is thy ſpace
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.
Lord! what is man, but like a worm that crawls,
Open to danger every foot that falls?
Death creeps (unheard) and ſteals abroad (unſeen,)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrows keen;
Uncertain when, but certain ſhe will ſtrike;
Reſpecting King and Beggar both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it ſoon or late,
Which once being ſtruck, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
Then live to day, as thou may'ſt die to morrow.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Ninivites *believe the word,*
Their hearts return unto the Lord;
In him they put their only truſt:
They mourn in Sackcloth, and in duſt.

Sect. 9.

SO ſaid, the *Ninivites* believ'd the Word,
Believed *Jonas*, and believ'd the Lord;
They made no pauſe, nor jeſted at the news,
Nor ſleighted it, becauſe it was a Jew's
Denouncement: No, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with ſuch novelties)
Admire the ſtrangers garb, ſo quaint to theirs,
No idle chat poſſeſt their itching ears
The whilſt he ſpake: nor were their tongues on fire
To rail upon, nor interrupt the Crier:
Nor did they queſtion whether true the Meſſage,
Or falſe the Prophet were, that brought th' Embaſſage.

But they gave faith to what he said; relented,
And (changing their mis-wandred ways) repented:
Before the searching Air could cool his word,
Their hearts returned, and believ'd the Lord;
And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere
With cates, and viands, and with wanton chear
Do now enjoyn their palats not to taste
The offal bread; (for they proclaim'd a Fast)
And they, whose looser bodies once did lie
Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of Princely Dye,
Lo now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourn,
And all their Silks do into Sackcloth turn:
They read themselves sad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peer,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
The old man was not freed, (whose hoary age
Had ev'n almost outworn his Pilgrimage)
Nor yet the young, whose glass (but new begun)
By course of Nature had an age to run:
For when that fatal Word came to the King,
(Convey'd with speed upon the nimble wing.
Of flitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Throne,
Forsakes his Chair of State he sate upon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashe; grov'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling corps again,
(His hair all filthy with the dust he lay in)
He clad in pensive Sackcloth, did depose
Himself from State Imperial, and chose
To live a Vassal, or a baser thing,
Than to usurp the Scepter of a King:
(Respectless of his pomp) he quite forgate
He was a Monarch mindless of his State,
He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,
Nor with his sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat.

Meditat. 9.

IS faſting then the thing that God requires?
Can faſting expiate, or ſlake thoſe fires
That ſin hath blown to ſuch a mighty flame?
Can ſackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a ſhame?
Can aſhes clenſe thy blot? or purge thy offence!
Or do thy hands make Heaven a recompence,
By ſtrowing duſt upon thy briny face?
Are theſe the tricks to purchaſe heav'nly grace?
No, though thou pine thy ſelf with willing want;
Or face look thin, or Carkaſs ne'r ſo gaunt;
Although thou worſer weeds than ſackcloth wear,
Or naked go: or ſleep in ſhirts of hair;
Or though thou chuſe an Aſh-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghil on thy head;
Thy labor is not pois'd with equal gains,
For thou haſt nought but labor for thy pains:
Such holy madneſs God rejects, and loaths,
That ſinks no deeper than the skin, or cloaths:
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weep by art)
Look red with tears, (not guilty of thy heart)
'Tis not the holding of thy hands ſo high,
Nor yet the purer ſquinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your mimick mouth, your antick faces,
Your Scripture phraſes, or affected Graces,
Your prodigal up-banding of thine eyes,
Whoſe gaſhful bals do ſeem to pelt the skies;
'Tis not the ſtrict reforming of your hair
So cloſe, that all the neighbour skull is bare;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head ſo low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy ſullen brow,
Nor wolviſh howling that diſturbs the air,
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer;

No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Such sort of fools their own applause rewards;
Such puppet-plays to Heaven are strange and quaint,
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint;
Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain,
But true repentance runs in other strain;
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences, hates the bosom sin
The most, which most the soul took pleasure in
No crime unfitted, no sin unpresented
Can lurk unseen, and seen, none unlamented;
The troubled soul's amaz'd with dire aspects
Of lesser sins committed and detects
The wounded Conscience; it cries amain
For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries again;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
It yerns for grace, reforms, returns, repents,
I, this is incense whose accepted favour:
Mounts up the Heavenly Throne, and findeth favour:
I, this is it, whose valour never fails,
With God it stoutly wrastles, and prevails:
I, this is it that pierces Heaven above,
Never returning home (like *Noah's* Dove)
But brings an olive leaf, or some encrease,
That works Salvation, and Eternal Peace.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prince and people faſts, and prays:
God heard, accepted, lik'd their ways:
Upon their timely true repentance,
God reverſt, and cang'd his ſentence.

Sect. 10.

THen ſuddenly, with holy zeal inflam'd,
He cauſ'd a general Act to be proclaim'd,
By ſage advice, and counſel of his Peers;
'Let neither man, or child, of youth, or years,
'From greateſt in the City, to the leaſt,
'Nor herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beaſt,
'Nor any thing that draweth air, or breath,
'On forfeiture of life, or preſent death,
'Preſume to taſte of nouriſhment, or food,
'Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud;
'From out their eyes let Springs of water burſt,
'With tears (or nothing) let them ſlake their thirſt:
'Moreo'r, let every man (what e'r he be)
'Of higher quality, or low degree,
'D'off all they wear, (excepting but the ſame
'That nature craves, and that which covers ſhame)
'Their nakedneſs with ſackcloth let them hide,
'And mue the veſtments of their ſilken pride;
'And let the brave carier ing Horſe of War,
'Whoſe rich Capariſons, and trappings are
'The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors ſhow)
'Let him diſrobe, and put on ſackcloth too;
'The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Aſs (for load)
'The Horſe (as well for race, as for the road)

The

'The burthen-bearing Camel (strong and great)
'The fruitful Kine, and every kind of Neat,
'Let all put sackcloth on, and spare no voice,
'But cry aloud to Heaven, with mighty noise;
'Let all men turn the bias of their ways,
'And change their fiercer hands to force of praise:
'For who can tell, if God (whose angry face
'Hath long been waining from us) will embrace
'This slender pittance of our best indeavour?
'Who knows, if God will his intent persevere?
'Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love
'Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove
'And change his high decree, and turn his sentence
'Upon a timely, and unfain'd repentance?
'And who can tell, if Heaven will change the Lot,
'That we and ours may live, and perish not?

So God perceiv'd their works, and saw their ways,
Approv'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
Approv'd their faith, approv'd their works the rather
Because their faith and works went both together:
He saw their faith, because their faith abounded;
He saw their works, because on faith they grounded;
He saw their faith, their works, and so relented;
H' approv'd their works, their faith, and so repented;
Repented of the plagues they apprehended;
Repented of the evil that he intended;
So God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,
He took no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
The evil, that once he meant, he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Meditat. 10.

SEE, into what an ebbe of low estate
The soul that seeks to be regenerate

Must

Muſt firſt deſcend, before the ball rebound,
It muſt be thrown with force againſt the ground;
The ſeed encreaſes not in fruitful ears,
Nor can ſhe rear the goodly ſtalk ſhe bears,
Unleſs beſtrow'd upon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious by a ſecond birth:
So man, before his wiſdom can bring forth
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
Or hope the granting of his ſins remiſſion,
He muſt be humbl'd firſt in ſad contrition.
The plant (through want of ſkill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Suns reflect,
Or lack the dew of ſeaſonable ſhowers:
Decays, and beareth neither fruit, nor flowers:
So wretched man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sun-ſhine of a lively Faith,
Or not bedew'd with ſhowrs of timely tears,
Or works of mercy, (wherein Faith appears)
His prayers, and deeds, and all his forced grones,
Are like the howls of dogs, and works of drones.
The wiſe Chyrurgion, (firſt by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient ere he does him good;
Before the ſoul can a true comfort find,
The body muſt be proſtrate; and the mind
Truly repentive, and contrite within,
And loath the fawning of a boſome ſin.
But Lord! Can man deſerve? Or can his beſt
Do Juſtice equal right, which he tranſgreſt?
When Duſt and Aſhes mortally offends,
Can Duſt and Aſhes make eternal mends?
Is Heaven unjuſt? Muſt not the recompence
Be full equivalent to the offence?
What mends by mortal Man can then be given
To the offended Majeſty of Heaven?
O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my ſoul relies,
On thee we build our faith, we bend our eyes;

Thou

Thou fill'ſt my empty ſtrain, thou fill'ſt my tongue;
Thou art the ſubject of my Swan-like ſong;
Like pinion'd priſn'rs at the dying tree,
Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee;
(Arraign'd at Juſtice Rar) prevent our doom:
To thee with joyful hearts we chearly come;
Thou art our Clergy; Thou that deareſt Book,
Wherein our fainting eyes deſire to look;
In thee, we truſt to read (what will releaſe us)
In bloody Characters, that name of JESUS.
What ſhall we then return the God of Heaven?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;
Our ſouls, our bodies, ſtrength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours:
Or ſhall we burn (until our life expires)
An endleſs Sacrifice in holy fires?
My Sacrifice ſhall be my heart intire,
My Chriſt the Altar, and my Zeal the Fire.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet diſcontented prays
To God, that he would end his days:
God blames his wrath ſo unrepreſt,
Reproves his unadvis'd requeſt.

Sect. II.

BUT this diſpleaſing was in *Jonah's* eyes,
His heart grew hot, his blood began to riſe,
His eyes did ſparkle, and his teeth ſtruck fire,
His veins did boil, his heart was full of ire:
At laſt brake forth into a ſtrange requeſt,
Theſe words he pray'd, and mumbl'd out the reſt:

'Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)
'Before I fled? Nay, was not this my word,
'The very word my jealous language vented,
'When this miſhap might well have been prevented:
'Was there, O was there not a juſt ſuſpect,
'My preaching would procure this effect?
'For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love;
'I knew the pow'r, thou gav'ſt my tongue, would move
'Their adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
'Their frozen ſpirits, and breed relenting awe;
'I knew (great God) upon their true repentance
'That thou determin'dſt to reverſe thy ſentence;
'For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,
'Of long forbearance, ſlow to uſe the Rod;
'I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent
'The ſtrength of all thy other works outwent;
'I knew thy tender kindneſs, and how loath
'Thou wert to puniſh, and how ſlow to wrath;
'Turning thy Judgments, and thy plagues preventing;
'Thy mind reverſing, and of ev'l repenting;
'Therefore (O therefore) upon this perſwaſion
'I fled to *Tarſhiſh*, there to make evaſion,
'To ſave thy credit (*Lord*) to ſave mine own:
'For when this blaſt of zeal is over-blown,
'And ſackcloth left, and they ſurceaſe to mourn,
'When they (like dogs) ſhall to their vomit turn,
'They'll vilipend thy ſacred Word, and ſcoff it,
'Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet?
'They'll ſcorn thy judgments, and thy threats deſpiſe,
'And call thy Prophets, Meſſengers of lies.
'Now therefore (Lord) bow down attentive ear,
'For ah! my burthen's more than fleſh can bear)
'Make ſpeed (O Lord) and baniſh all delays,
'T' extinguiſh now the Taper of my days:
'Let not the minutes of my time extend,
'But let my ſtretched hours find an end:

'Let

'Let not my fainting ſpirit longer ſtay
'In this frail manſion of diſtemper'd clay;
'The thred's but weak, my life depends upon,
'O cut that thred, and let my life be done;
'My breaſt ſtands fair, ſtrike then, and ſtrike again;
'For nought but dying can aſſwage my pain:
'O may I rather die than live in ſhame;
'Better it is to leave, and yield the game,
'Than toil, for what, at length, muſt needs be loſt;
'O kill me, for my heart is ſore imboſt:
'This latter boon unto thy ſervant give,
'For better 'tis for me to die, than live.
So wretched *Jonah*. But *Jehovah* thus:
'What boots it ſo to ſtorm outragious?
'Becomes it thus my ſervant's heart to ſwell?
'Can anger help thee, *Jonah*, doſt thou well?

Meditat. 12.

HOW poor a thing is Man! How vain's his mind!
How ſtrange! how baſe! and wav'ring like the wind!
How uncouth are his ways! how full of danger!
How to himſelf, is he himſelf a ſtranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain;
His actions ſinful, aud his words profane;
His will's deprav'd, his ſenſes are beguil'd,
His reaſon's dark, his members all defil'd;
His haſty feet are ſwift and prone to ill;
His guilty hands are ever bent to kill;
His tongue's a ſpunge of venome, (or of worſe)
His practice is to ſwear, his ſkill to curſe;
His eyes are fire-bals of luſtful fire,
And outward helps to inward foul deſire;
His body is a well erected ſtation,
But full of folly and corrupted paſſion:

Fond

Fond love, and raging luſt, and fooliſh fears;
Griefs overwhelmed with immod'rate tears;
Exceſſive joy; prodigious deſire;
Unholy anger, red and hot as fire;
Theſe daily clog the ſoul, that's faſt in priſon,
From whoſe encreaſe this luckleſs brood is riſen,
Reſpectleſs Pride, and luſtful idleneſs,
Baſe ribauld talk, and loathſom Drunkenneſs,
Faithleſs Deſpair, and vain Curioſity:
Both falſe, yet double-tongu'd Hypocriſie;
Soft flattery, and haughty ey'd Ambition;
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and ſquint-ey'd Suſpition;
Self-eating Envy, envious Detraction,
Hopeleſs diſtruſt, and too too ſad Dejection;
Revengeful Malice, helliſh Blaſphemy,
Idolatry, and light Inconſtancy;
Daring Preſumption, wry-mouth'd Deriſion,
Damned Apoſtaſie, fond Superſtition.
What heedful watch? Ah what continuall ward?
How great reſpect, and howerly regard
Stands man in hand to have; when ſuch a brood
Of furious hell-hounds ſeek to ſuck his blood?
Day, night, and hour, they rebel, and wraſtle,
And never ceaſe, till they ſubdue the Caſtle.
How ſlight a thing is man? how frail and brittle?
How ſeeming great is he? how truly little?
Within the boſom of his holieſt works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks,
Which oftentimes in men of pureſt ways,
Burſt out in flame, and for a ſeaſon blaze.
Lord, teach our hearts and give our ſouls directions,
Subdue our paſſions, curb our ſtout affections;
Nip thou the bud before the bloom begins:
Lord ſhield thy ſervants from preſumptuous ſins.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

A Booth for ſhelter Jonah *made;*
God ſent a Gourd for better ſhade;
But by the next approaching light,
God ſent a Worm conſum'd it quite.

Sect. 12.

SO *Jonah* (ſore oppreſt and heavy-hearted)
From out the Cities circuit ſtraight departed.
Departed to the Eaſtern borders of it,
Where ſick with anguiſh ſate this ſullen Prophet,
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he ſate,
(Until ſome few days had expir'd their date
With over-tedious pace) where he might ſee
What would betide to threatned *Niniveh.*
A trunk that wanteth ſap, is ſoon decay'd;
The ſlender booth of boughs and branches made,
Soon yielding to the Suns conſuming Ray,
Crumbled to duſt, and early dri'd away:
Whereat the great *Jehovah* ſpake the word,
And over *Jonah's* head there ſprang a Gourd,
Whoſe roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gave it nouriſhment, as well as birth:
God raiſed up a Gourd, a Gourd ſhould laſt,
Let wind, or ſcorching Sun, or blow, or blaſt.
As coals of fire rak'd up in embers, lie
Obſcure, and undiſcerned by the eye;
But being ſtirr'd, regain a glimm'ring light,
Revive, and glow, burning afreſh, and bright:
Lo *Jonah* 'gan to chear through this relief,
And joyful was, devoided all his grief,

He

He joy'd to ſee that God had not forgot
His drooping ſervant, and forſook him not;
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd ſtrange wonder, will
Perſwade the people, he's a Prophet ſtill;
The freſh aſpect did much refreſh his ſight;
The herbal ſavour gave his ſenſe delight:
Thus *Jonah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleaſures that it did afford.
But, Lord! What earthly thing can long remain?
How momentany are they! and how vain!
How vain is Earth, that man delighted in it!
Her pleaſures riſe, and vaniſh in a minit:
How fleeting are the joys we find below,
Whoſe tides (uncertain) oftner ebb, than flow!
For ſee! this Gourd (that was ſo fair and ſound)
Is quite conſum'd and eaten to the ground;
No ſooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head,
From off the pillow of his ſaffron bed,
But Heav'n prepar'd a ſilly, ſilly worm,
(Perchance brought thither by an Eaſtern ſtorm)
The worm that muſt obey, and well knew how,
Conſum'd the Gourd, nor left it root nor bough;
Conſum'd it ſtraight within a minutes ſpace,
Left nought, but (ſleeping) *Jonas* in the place.

Meditat. 12.

THE pleaſures of the World (which ſoon abate)
Are lively Emblems of our own eſtate,
Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'ral ſhow)
But ſweeten grief, and ſerve to flatter wo.
Pleaſure is fleeting ſtill, and makes no ſtay,
It lends a ſmile or twain, and ſteals away.
Man's life is fickle, full of winged haſte,
It mocks the ſenſe with joy, and ſoon does waſte:

Pleaſure does crown thy youth, and luſls thy wants;
But (ſullen age approaching) ſtraight avaunts.
Man's life is joy, and ſorrow ſeeks to baniſh,
It doth lament and mourn in age, and vaniſh.
The time of pleaſures, like the life of Man;
Both joyful, both contained in a ſpan;
Both highly priz'd, and both on ſudden loſt;
When moſt we truſt them, they deceive us moſt;
What fit of madneſs makes us love them thus?
We leave our lives, and pleaſure leaveth us:
Why, what is pleaſure? But a golden dream,
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extreme.
And what is life? A bubble full of care,
Which (prickt by death) ſtraight empties into air:
The flowers (clad in a far more rich aray,
Then e'r was *Solomon*) do ſoon decay;
What thing more ſweet, or fairer than a flower?
And yet it blooms and fades within an hour;
What greater pleaſure than a riſing Sun?
Yet is this pleaſure every evening done:
But thou art heir to *Cræſus*, and thy treaſure
Being great and endleſs, endleſs is thy pleaſure:
But thou (thou *Cræſus* heir) conſider muſt,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to duſt:
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place upon a lofty ſeat;
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are ſuch,
That better 'twere he were not known ſo much.
Another binds his ſoul in *Hymens* knot,
His Spouſe is chaſte, unblemiſht with a ſpot;
But yet his comfort is bedaſht, and done,
His grounds are ſtockt, and now he wants a ſon.
How fickle and unconſtant's Man's eſtate!
Man fain would have, but then he knows not what:
And having, rightly knows not how to prize it,
But like that fooliſh Dunghil-Cock, imploys it.

But who deſires to live a life content,
Wherein his Cruſe of joy ſhall ne'r be ſpent,
With fierce purſuit let him that good deſire,
Whoſe date no change, no fortune can expire.
For that's not worth the craving to obtain
A happineſs that muſt be loſt again.
Nor that, which moſt do covet moſt, is beſt;
Beſt are the goods, mixt with contented reſt;
Gaſp not for honour, wiſh no blazing glory,
For theſe will periſh in an ages ſtory;
Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd
To fools, as well as thee, that haſt deſerv'd:
Thirſt not for Lands nor Money; wiſh for none:
For wealth is neither laſting, nor our own:
Riches are fair enticements to deceive us,
They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jonas *deſires to die, the Lord*
Rebukes him, he maintains his word:
His anger he doth juſtifie,
God pleads the cauſe for Ninivie.

Sect. 13.

WHen ruddy *Phœbus* had with morning light
Subdu'd the Eaſt, and put the Stars to flight.
Heav'ns hand prepar'd a fervent Eaſtern wind,
Whoſe drought together with the Sun combin'd,
The one as bellows blowing t'others fire,
With ſtrong united force did both conſpire
To make aſſault upon the fainting head
Of helpleſs *Jonah*, that was well-nigh dead,

Who turning ofr, and tossing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments use to do)
And (restless) finding no success of ease,
But rather that his tortures still increase;
His secret passion to his soul betraid,
Craving no sweeter boon than death, and said,
'O kill me (Lord) or lo my heart will rive,
'For better 'tis for me to die, than live.
So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,
And said, 'How now, is this a seemly fashion?
'Doth it become my servant's heart to swell?
'Can anger help thee? *Jonah*, dost thou well?
'Is this a fit speech? or a well-plac'd word?
'What art thou angry *(Jonah)* for a Gourd?
'What if th' *Arabians* with their ruder train,
'Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattel slain?
'What if consuming fire (fal'n from Heaven)
'Had all thy servants of their life bereaven,
'And burnt thy sheep? What if by strong oppression
'The *Chaldees* had usurp'd unjust possession
'Upon thy Camels? Or had *Boreas* blown
'His full-mouth'd blast and cast thy houses down,
'And slain thy sons amid their jollities?
'Or hadst thou lost thy Vineyard full of trees?
'Hadst thou been ravish'd of thine only sheep,
'That in thy tender bosom us'd to sleep?
'How would thy hasty spirit then been stirr'd,
'If thou art angry, *Jonah*, for a Gourd?
To which thus *Jonah* vents his idle breath,
'Lord, I do well to vex unto the death;
'I bless not to acknowledge and profess
'Deserved rage, I'm angry, I confess:
''Twould make a spirit that is thorow frozen,
'To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen:
'Why dost thou ask that thing that thou canst tell?
'Thou know'st I'm angry, and it beseems me well.

So

'So ſaid, the Lord to *Jonah* thus beſpake;
'Doſt thou bemoan and ſuch compaſſion take
'Upon a Gourd; whoſe ſeed thou didſt not ſowe,
'Nor move thy buſie hands to make it grow:
'Whoſe beauty ſmall, and value was but ſlight,
'Which ſprang as alſo periſht in a night?
'Hadſt thou (O duſt and aſhes) ſuch a care,
'Such inbred-pity a trifling plant to ſpare?
'Hadſt thou (O hard and incompaſſionate,
'To wiſh the razing of ſo brave a State)
'Hadſt thou (I ſay) compaſſion to bewail
'The extirpation of a Gourd ſo frail?
'And ſhall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
'Whoſe Fountain's never dry, but ſtill affords
'Sweet ſtreams of mercy, with a freſh ſupply,
'To thoſe that thirſt for grace: What ſhall not I
'That am the God of mercy, and have ſworn
'To pardon ſinners whenſoe'r they turn?
'(I ſay) ſhall I diſclaim my wonted pity,
'And bring to ruine ſuch a goodly City,
'Whoſe hearts (ſo truly penitent) implore me,
'Who day and night pour forth their ſouls before me?
'Shall I deſtroy the mighty *Niniveh*,
'Whoſe people are like ſands about the Sea?
'Mong which are ſixſcore thouſand Babes (at leaſt)
'That hang upon their tender Mothers breſt,
'Whoſe pretty ſmiles could never yet deſcry
'The dear affection of their mothers eye?
'Shall I ſubvert, and bring to deſolation
'A City (nay, more aptly term'd, a Nation)
'Whoſe walls boaſt leſs their beauty than their might?
'Whoſe hearts are ſorrowful, and ſouls contrite?
'Whoſe Infants are in number ſo amounting?
'And beaſts, and cattel endleſs, without counting?
'What, *Jonah*, ſhall a Gourd ſo move thy pity?
'And ſhall not I ſpare ſuch a goodly City?

Meditatio ultima.

MY heart is full, my vent is too too ſtrait;
My tongue's too truſty to my poor conceit;
My mind's in labour, and finds no redreſs;
My heart conceives, my lips cannot expreſs;
My Organs ſuffer through a main defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect
To blazon forth the tithe of what I muſe;
The more I meditate, the more accrews;
But lo, my faultring tongue muſt ſay no more,
Unleſs ſhe ſtep where ſhe hath trod before.
What? ſhall I then be ſilent? No, I'll ſpeak
(Till tongue be tired, and my lungs be weak)
Of deareſt Mercy, in as ſweet a ſtrain,
As it ſhould pleaſe my Muſe to lend a vein;
And when my voice ſhall ſtop within her ſourſe,
And ſpeech ſhall faulter in this high diſcourſe;
My tyred tongue (unſhamh'd) ſhall thus extend
Only to name, Dear Mercy and ſo end.

O high Imperial King, Heavens Architect
Is Man a thing befitting thy reſpect?
Lord, thou art Wiſdom, and thy ways are holy,
But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly;
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
And in his Soul he bears thy glorious brand,
Howe'r defaced with the ruſt of ſin,
Which hath abus'd thy ſtamp, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailty of Man's corrupted nature,
Makes thee aſham'd t'acknowledge man thy creature;
But like a tender Father, here on earth,
(Whoſe child by nature, or abortive birth,
Doth want that ſweet and ſavorable relliſh,
Wherewith her creatures Nature doth imbelliſh)

Reſpect;

Reſpects him ne'rtheleſs; even ſo thy grace
(Great God extends to Man; though ſin deface
The glorious pourtrature that man doth bear,
Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appear,
Yet thou (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deep gulfs of Mercy, (ſweet beyond compare)
Regard'ſt, and lov'ſt (with rev'rence be it ſaid)
Nay, ſeem'ſt to dote on Man; when he hath ſtraid,
Lord, thou haſt brought him to his fold again;
When he was loſt, thou didſt not then diſdain
To think upon a vagabond, and give
Thy deareſt Son to die, that he might live.
How poor a mite art thou content withal,
That Man might ſcape his down approaching fall;
Though baſe we are, yet thou doſt not abhor us,
But (as our Story ſpeaks) art pleading for us,
To ſave us harmleſs from our Fo-mans jaws;
Art thou turn'd Orator to plead our cauſe?
How are thy mercies full of admiration!
How ſoveraign! how ſweet's their application!
Fatning the ſoul with ſweetneſs, and repairing
The rotten ruines of a Soul deſpairing.
Lo here (*Malfido*) is a Feaſt prepar'd;
Fall to with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd;
Taſte freely of it, Here's no Miſers Feaſt;
Eat what thou can'ſt, and pocket up the reſt:
Theſe precious Viands are Reſtoratire,
Eat then; and if the ſweetneſs make thee dry,
Drink large Carouſes out of the Mercies Cup,
The beſt lies in the bottom, Drink all up;
Theſe Cates are ſweet Ambroſia to the Soul;
And that which fills the brim of mercies bowl,
It's dainty Nectar; eat and drink thy fill;
Spare not the one, nor yet the other ſpill;
Provide in time: Thy banquet is begun,
Lay up in ſtore againſt the Feaſt be done:

For lo, the time of banquetting is ſhort,
And once being done, the World cannot reſtor't;
It is a Feaſt of Mercy, and of Grace:
It is a Feaſt for all, or high, or baſe:
A Feaſt for him that begs upon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter ſway;
A Feaſt for him that hourly bemoans
His deareſt ſins, with ſighs, and tears, and groans;
A Feaſt for him, whoſe gentle heart reforms;
A Feaſt for Men; and ſo *A Feaſt for Worms.*

'Dear liefeſt Lord, that feaſt'ſt the World with grace
'Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face.
'Bid joyful welcom to thy hungry gueſt,
'That we may praiſe the Maſter of the Feaſt;
'And in thy mercy grant this boon to me,
'That I may die to ſin, and live to thee.

FINIS.

S. AMBROSE.

Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum.

The general uſe of this Hiſtory.

WHen as the ancient World did all imbark
Within the compaſs of good *Noah's* Ark,
Forth to the new-waſht earth a Dove was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related,
How that the waters were at length abated.
Thoſe ſwelling waters is the wrath of God,
And like the Dove, are Prophets ſent abroad;
The Olive-leaf's a joyful type of peace,
A faithful ſign God's vengeance doth decreaſe;
They ſalve the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tidings to the drooping ſoul,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for grace,
Mercy to thoſe that Mercy will embrace.
Malfido, thou, in whoſe diſtruſtful breſt,
Deſpair hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſs brood,
To feed upon thy heart, and ſuck thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtom and permiſſion
Preſcribe a title, and ſo claim poſſeſſion.
Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoop
Under the terror of thy ſins, and droop
Through dull deſpair, whoſe too too ſullen grief
Makes Heav'n unable to apply relief;
Whoſe ears are dull'd with noiſe of whips and chains,
And yells of damned ſouls, through tort'red pains:
Come here, and rouze thy ſelf, unſettle thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpair clos'd up; Ariſe, Ariſe,
And go to *Niniveh* the Worlds great Palace
Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace
And burthen of her bulk, is nought but ſin,
Which (wilful) ſhe commits and wallows in;

Be-

Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying sins, her vile abominations:
Behold the guiltless blood that she did spill
Like Spring-tides in the streets and reeking still:
Behold her scorching lusts and taint desire
Like sulph'rous *Ætna* blaze, and blaze up higher;
She rapes, and rends, and theeves, and there is none
Can justly call the thing he hath his own:
That sacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,
Instead of worshipping she tears in sunder;
She's not inthrall'd to this sin or another,
But like a Leper's all infected over;
Nor only sinful, but in sins subjection;
She's not infected, but a meer infection.

No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'ns great Spy)
Begun an onset to his lowder Cry,
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious hair, and garments that she wore:
She sate in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that grief cannot be sadder;
She calls a Fast, proclaims a prohibition
To man and beast (sad tokens of contrition.)

No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pitied; No sooner griev'd, but moan'd;
Timely repentance speedy grace procur'd,
The sore that's salv'd in time is easily cur'd,
No sooner had her trickling tears o'r-flown
Her blubber'd cheeks, but Heav'n was apt to mone
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,
And gently stroak'd her cheeks, and bid her rise;
No faults were seen, as if no fault had been,
Dear Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

Malfido, rouze thy leaden spirit, bestir thee,
Hold up thy drouzy head, here's comfort for thee:
What if thy zeal be frozen hard? what then?
Thy Saviour's blood will thaw thy frost agen:

Thy pray'rs, that ſhould be fervent, hot as fire,
Proceed but coldly from a dull deſire;
What then? Grieve uly, but do not diſmay,
Who hears thy pray'rs, will give thee ſtrength to pray:
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n ore,
where ſin abounds, there Grace aboundeth more.
This, this is all the good that I can do thee,
To eaſe thy grief; I here commend unto thee
A little Book, but a great myſtery,
A great delight, a little Hiſtory;
A little branch ſlipt from a ſaving tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great might be;
A ſmall abridgement of thy Lord's great love;
A meſſage ſent from Heaven by a Dove:
It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Paſtors, People, all Eſtates
Their ſev'ral Duties.
Peruſe it well, and bind it to thy breſt,
There reſts the cauſe of thy defect of reſt:
But read it often, or elſe read it not,
Once read is not obſerv'd, and ſoon forgot:
Nor is't enough to read, but underſtand,
Or elſe thy tongue for want of wit's profan'd.
Nor is't enough to purchaſe knowledge by it,
Salve heals no ſore, unleſs the party apply it;
Apply it then, which if thy fleſh reſtrains,
Strive what thou canſt, and pray for what remains.

The particular Application.

THou then that art oppreſt with ſad deſpair,
Here ſhalt thou ſee the ſtrong effect of pray'r:
Then pray with faith, and (fervent) without ceaſing:
(Like *Jacob*) wreſtle, till thou get a bleſſing.
Here ſhalt thou ſee the type of Chriſt thy Saviour;
Then let thy ſuits be through his name and favour.

Here

Here shalt thou find repentance, and true grief
Of sinners like thy self, and their belief;
Then suit thy grief to theirs, and let thy soul
Cry mightily, until her wounds be whole.
Here shalt thou see the meekness of thy God,
Who on Repentance turns, and burns the Rod;
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
Here may he hear him stoutly pleading for ye:
Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
Instead of plagues and direful punishment,
Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'ns applause,
And God of Heav'n himself will plead thy cause,
Here hast thou then compil'd within this treasure,
First the Almightie's high and just displeasure
Against foul sin, and such as sinful be,
Or Prince, or poor, or high, or low degree.
Here is descri'd the beaten Road to Faith:
Here mayst thou see the force that preaching hath:
Here is describ'd in brief, but full expression,
The nature of a Convert, and his passion:
His sober diet, which is thin and spare:
His clothing which is Sackcloth; and his pray'r
Not faintly sent to Heaven, nor sparingly,
But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:
Here mayst thou see how pray'r and true repentance
Do strive with God, prevail, and turn his sentence
From strokes to stroaking, and from plagues infernal,
To boundless Mercies, and to life Eternal.
Till *Zephyr* lend my Bark a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Sail.

FINIS.

O dulcis Salvator Mundi! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in Cruce, sint ultima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius effari non possum, exaudi tu cordis mei desiderium.

A HYMN to GOD.

WHO gives me then an Adamantine quill?
A marble table? and a *David's* ſkill?
To blazon forth the praiſe of my dear Lord
In deep grav'n Characters upon record
To laſt, for times eternal proceſs, ſure,
So long as Sun, and Moon, and Stars endure.
Had I as many mouths, as ſands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for every Star,
And every word I ſpeak a Character,
And ev'ry minutes time ten ages were,
To chaunt forth all thy praiſe, it nought avail;
For tongues, and words, and times, and all would fail:
Much leſs can I, poor weakling, tune my tongue,
To take a taſk befits an Angel's ſong:
Sing what thou canſt, when thou canſt ſing no more,
Weep then as faſt, that thou canſt ſing no more;
Be-blur thy Book with tears, and go thy ways,
For every blur will prove a Book of praiſe.
Thine eyes that view the moving Sphears above,
Let it give praiſe to him that makes them move:
Thou riches haſt, thy *hands* that hold, and have them,
Let them give praiſe to him that freely gave them:
Thine *arms* defend thee; then for recompence,
Let them praiſe him that gave thee ſuch defence:
Thy *tongue* was given to praiſe thy Lord, the Giver;
Then let thy *tongue* praiſe higheſt God for ever:
Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will ſave thee:
Then let thine *ears* praiſe him that hearing gave thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him whoſe hands did make it,
My Son, give me thy heart; *Lord, freely take it:*
Eyes, hands, and *arms, tongues, ears,* and *hearts* of Men
Sing praiſe, and let the people ſay, *Amen.*

Tune

Tune you your Inſtruments, and let them vary,
Praiſe him upon them in his Sanctuary:
Praiſe him within the higheſt Firmament,
Which ſhews his Power, and his Government:
Praiſe him, for all his mighty Acts are known,
And ſuit thy praiſes to his high Renown:
Praiſe him with Trump victorious, ſhrill, and ſharp;
With Pſaltry loud, and many ſtringed Harp;
With ſounding Timbrel, and the warbling Flute;
With (Muſicks full Interpreter) the Lute:
Praiſe him upon the Maiden Virginals,
Upon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,
Upon the ſweet Majeſtick Viols touch,
Double your joys, and let your praiſe be ſuch:
Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praiſe
To heav'ns eternal God, in endleſs days:
Let every ſoul, to whom a voice is given,
Sing holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Heaven;
For lo, a Lamb is found, that undertook
To break the ſeven-fold Seal, and ope the BOOK.
O let my life add number to my days,
To ſhew thy glory, and to ſing thy praiſe:
Let every minute in thy praiſe be ſpent;
Let every head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (dear Lamb;) Who ere thy praiſes hide,
Clos'd be his lips, and tongue for ever ty'd.

Halelujah.

Gloria DEO in excelſis.

Eleven Pious Meditations.

I.

WIthin the holy Legend I diſcover
Three ſpecial Attributes of God: his *Power*,
His *Juſtice*, and his *Mercy*; all uncreated,
Eternal all, and all unſeparated
From God's pure Eſſence, and from thence proceeding;
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:
And from that ſelf-ſame Text three names I gather,
Of great Jehovah; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;
The firſt denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Majeſty, Dominion;
The ſecond ſhews him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Ev'l with equal puniſhments;
The third deſcribes him on his Mercy-ſeat,
Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;
All three I worſhip, and before all three
My heart ſhall humbly proſtrate, with my knee;
But in my private choice, I fancy rather.
Then call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

II.

IN Hell no *Life*, in Heaven no *Death* there is;
In earth both *Life* and *Death*, both Bale and Bliſs;

In

In Heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new ſupplying;
In Hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying:
Earth (like a partial Ambodexter) doth
Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both:
Who lives to ſin, in Hell his portion's given,
Who dies to ſin, ſhall after live in Heaven.
Though Earth my *Nurſe* be, Heav'n, be thou my *Father*;
Ten thouſand deaths let me endure rather
Within my *Nurſes* arms, then One to *Thee*;
Earth's honour with thy frowns is death to me:
I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of ſorrow;
Lord, if thou pleaſeſt, end the *Play* to morrow:
I live on Earth, as in a Dream of pleaſure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leiſure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) *thou art in Heaven.*

III.

NOthing that e'r was made, was made for nothing,
Beaſts for thy food, their *ſkins* were for thy cloathing
Flowers for thy ſmell, and *Herbs* for cure good,
Trees for thy ſhade, their *Fruit* for pleaſing food.
The *Showers* fall upon the fruitful ground,
Whoſe kindly *Dew* makes tender *Graſs* abound;
The *Graſs* ſprings forth for beaſts to feed upon,
And *Beaſts* are food for *Man*; but *Man* alone
Is made to ſerve his *Lord* in all his ways,
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praiſe.
Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as braſs,
The *Earth* as iron, unapt for grain or graſs,
Then let my *Flocks* conſume, and never ſteed me,
Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed me,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy *Works*, thy *Word*.

O

) let the Trump of thine eternal Fame,
Teach us to anſwer, *Hallow'd be thy Name.*

IV.

GOD built the World, and all that therein is
He framed, yet how poor a part is his?
Quarter the Earth, and ſee how ſmall a room
Stiled with the name of *Chriſtendom*:
The reſt (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
O'r-run with *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Infidels*:
For yet is all this little quarter his,
For (though all know him) half know him amiſs,
Profeſſing Chriſt for lucre, (as they liſt)
And ſerve the triple Crown of *Antichriſt*:
Yet is this little handful much made leſſer,
There's many *Libertines* for one *Profeſſor*:
Nor do Profeſſors all profeſs aright,
Mong whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*.
O where, and what's thy Kingdom (bleſſed God?)
Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine iron *Rod*?
Reduce thy reck'nings to their total ſum,
O let thy Power, and *thy Kingdom come.*

V.

MAN in himſelf's a little *World*, Alone,
His *Soul's* the *Court*, or high Imperial Throne,
Wherein as *Empreſs* ſits the *Underſtanding*,
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
Her Handmaid's *will*: *Affections*, Maids of Honour,
All following cloſe, and duly waiting on her:
But *Sin*, that always envi'd man's Condition,
Within this Kingdom raiſed up *Diviſion*,

Withdrawn the *Will*, and brib'd the falſe *Affection*,
That *This*, no order hath; nor *That*, Election;
The *Will* proves traytor to the *Underſtanding*;
Reaſon hath loſt her power, and left commanding;
She's quite depos'd, and put to foul diſgrace,
And tyrant *Paſſion* now uſurps her place.
Vouchſafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
To reign, that I may reign with *Thee* in thine:
And ſince my *Will* is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done on Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

VI.

WHO live to ſin, are all but *theeves* to Heaven
And Earth; They ſteal from God, and take ungive
Good men they *rob*, and ſuch as live upright,
And (being baſtards) ſhare the Freemans right;
They'r all as owners, in the owners ſtead,
And (like to *Dogs*) devour the childens bread;
They have, and lack, and want what they poſſeſs;
Unhappy moſt, in their moſt happineſs:
They are not *goods*, but riches, that they waſte;
And not be'ng goods, to *ev'ls* they turn at laſt.
(Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,
And *thee* in it, or elſe take it from *me*;
My *ſtore* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flouriſh*,
So ſhall my comforts neither change, nor periſh;
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making me (that am a Sinner) *thine:*
'Tis thou or none that ſhall ſupply my need,
Great God, *Give us this day our daily bread.*

VII.

THE quick conceited *School-men* do approve
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*:
Love is a vertue, whereby we explain
Our ſelves to *God*, and *God* to *us* again:
But *Charity's* imparted to our Brother,
Whereby we traffick, *one* man with *another*:
The *firſt* extends to *God*; the *laſt* belongs
To *Man*, in giving *right*, and bearing *wrongs*:
In number they are *twain*; in vertue *one*:
For one not truly being, t' others none.
In loving *God*, if I neglect my *Neighbour*,
My *love* hath loſt his proof, and I my labour.
My *Zeal*, my *Faith*, my *Hope*, that never fails me,
(If *charity* be wanting) nought avails me.
(Lord) in my ſoul, a Spirit of *Love* create me,
And I will love my Brother, if he hate me:
In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters;
And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my Debtors.*

VIII.

I Find a true reſemblance in the growth
Of *Sin* and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;
The *Soul's* the *Mother*; and the *Devil*, *Syer*;
Who luſting long in mutual deſire,
Enjoy their *Wills*, and joyn in *Copulation*;
The *Seed* that fills her *Womb*, is foul *Tentation*;
The ſins *Conception*, is the Souls *conſent*;
And then it *quickens*, when it breeds *content*;
The birth of *Sin* is finiſht in the *action*,
And *Cuſtom* brings it to its full *perfection*.

O let my fruitleſs *Soul* be barren rather,
Than bring forth ſuch a *Child* for ſuch a *Father*:
Or if my Soul breeds *Sin* (not being wary)
Let not her womb bring forth, or elſe *miſcarry*;
She is thy Spouſe (O Lord) do thou adviſe her,
Keep thou her chaſte; Let not the *Fiend* entice her:
Try thou my heart, thy *Tryals* bring *Salvation*,
But *let me not be led into Temptation.*

IX.

Fortune (that blind ſuppoſed Goddeſs) is
Still rated at, if ought ſucceed amiſs:
'Tis ſhe (the vain abuſe of Providence)
That bears the blame, when others make th' offence;
When this man's *barn* finds not her wonted *ſtore*,
Fortune's condemn'd, becauſe ſhe ſent no more;
If this man die, or that man live too long,
Fortune's accus'd, and ſhe hath done the wrong;
Ah fooliſh *Dolts*, and (like your *Goddeſs*) blind!
You make the *fault*, and call your *Saint* unkind;
For when the cauſe of *Ev'l* begins in *Man*,
Th' effect enſues from whence the cauſe began;
Then know the reaſon of thy diſcontent,
The ev'l of *ſin*, makes the ev'l of *puniſhment.*
(Lord) hold me up, or ſpur me when I fall;
So ſhall my Ev'l be *juſt* or not *at all*;
Defend me from the *World*, the *Fleſh*, the *Devil*,
And ſo thou ſhalt *deliver me from evil.*

X.

THE Princely *skirts* of *Aaron's* holy Coat,
I kiſs, and to my morning *Muſe* devote:

Had never *King*, in any Age, or Nation,
Such glorious *Robes*, set forth in such a fashion,
With *Gold*, and *Gemms*, and *Silks* of Princely Dye,
And *stones* befitting more than *Majesty*;
The Persian *Sophies*, and rich *Sheba's* Queen
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had seen:
Upon the *skirts* (in order as they fell)
First, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell*;
By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appear;
Many *Pomegranates*, many *Bells* there were:
Pomegranats nourish, *Bells* do make a sound;
As *Blessings* fall, *Thanksgiving* must rebound.
If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Aaron's* tire,
My *tongue* shall praise, as well as heart desire.
My *tongue*, and pen shall dwell upon thy *Story*,
(Great God) *for thine is Kingdom, Power, Glory.*

XI.

THE antient *Sophists*, that were so precise,
(And oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice)
Aver, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on Man,
Three perfect *Souls*; When this I truly scan,
Methinks their *Learning* swath'd in Error lies;
They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise*;
Too curious wise; because they mention more
Than *one*; Not wise enough, because not *four*;
Nature, not *Grace*, is Mistress of their *Schools*;
Grace counts them *wisest*, that are veriest *Fools*:
Three *Souls* in man? *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,
The Soul of *Faith*: But this is *Greek* to you.
'Tis *Faith* that makes man *truly wise*: 'Tis *Faith*
Makes him possess that thing he never hath.

This Glorious Soul of *Faith* beſtow on me,
(O Lord) or elſe take thou the *other three:*
Faith makes Men *leſs* than Children, *more* than Men,
It makes the Soul cry *Abba*, and *Amen.*

THE END.

Pente-

Pentelogia.

Mors tua, Mors Chriſti, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,
Et Dolor Inferni, ſunt meditanda tibi.

Thy Death, the Death of Chriſt, the Worlds Tentation,
Heavens joy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.

Mors Tua.

[1.]

METhinks I ſee the nimble-aged *Sire*
Paſs ſwiftly by, with feet unapt to tire:
Upon his head an *Hour-glaſs* he wears,
And in his wrinkled hand a *Sythe* he bears;
(Both *Inſtruments* to take the lives from *Men*)
Th' one ſhews with *what*, the other ſheweth *when*
Methinks I hear the doleful *Paſſing-bell*;
Setting an *onſet* on his louder *knell*;
(This moody muſick of impartial *death*
Who dances after, dances out of *breath*)
Methinks I ſee my deareſt friends *lament*,
With *ſighs*, and *tears*, and woful *dryriment*,
My tender *Wife*, and *Children* ſtanding by,
Dewing the *death-bed*, whereupon I lie:
Methinks I hear a *voice* (in ſecret) ſay,
Thy glaſs is run, and thou muſt die to day.

Mors Chriſti.

[2.]

AND am I here, and my *Redeemer* gone?
Can *He* be dead, and is not *my life* done?
Was he tormented in *exceſs* of meaſure?
And do I *live* yet? and yet *live* in pleaſure?
Alas! could *ſinners* find out ne'r a one,
More fit than *Thee*, for them to ſpit upon?
Did *thy Cheeks* entertain a *Traytors* lips?
Was thy dear *Body* ſcourg'd, and torn with *Whips*?
So that the guiltleſs *Blood* came trickling after?
And did thy fainting *brows* ſweat *blood* and *water*?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the *Curſed Tree*;
O world of grief! And was all this for *me*?

Eurſt

Burſt forth, my *tears*, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my *nights* of grief find ne'r a *morrow*;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy *ſervant* room,
With his *heart*, to build thy *heart* a *Tomb*.

Fraus Mundi.

[3.]

WHat is the *world*? a great *Exchange* of ware,
Wherein all *ſorts*, and *ſexes*, cheapning are:
The *Fleſh*, the *Devil* ſit, and cry, *What lack ye?*
When moſt they fawn, they moſt intend to rack ye:
The wares are cups of *Joy*, and beds of *Pleaſure*,
There's goodly *choice*, down *weight*, and flowing *meaſure*,
A ſoul's the *price*, but they give time to pay,
Upon the *Death-bed*, on the *dying day*.
Hard is the bargain, and unjuſt the *meaſure*.
When as the *price* ſo much out-laſts the *pleaſure*;
The joys that are on Earth, are *counterfeits*;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th' are true *deceits*:
They flatter, fawn, and (like the *Crocodile*)
Kill where they laugh, and *murther* where they ſmile:
They daily dip within thy *Diſh*, and cry,
Who hath betrayed thee? Maſter, *Is it I?*

Gloria Cœli.

[4.]

WHen I behold, and well adviſe upon
The Wiſemans ſpeech, *There's nought beneath the Sun*
But vanity, my ſoul rebels within,
And loaths the dunghil-priſon ſhe is in:
But when I look to New *Jeruſalem*,
Wherein's reſerv'd my *Crown*, my *Diadem*,
O what a *Heaven of bliſs* my ſoul enjoys,
On ſudden rapt into that Heaven of joys!

Wher

Where raviſht (in the depth of *meditation*)
She well diſcerns, with eyes of *contemplation*,
The glory of *God*, in his *Imperial Seat*,
Full ſtrong in *Might*, in *Majeſty* compleat,
Where troops of *Powers*, *Vertues*, *Cherubims*,
Angels, *Archangels*, *Saints*, and *Seraphims*,
Are chaunting *praiſes* to their Heavenly King,
Where *Hallelujah* they for ever ſing.

Dolor Inferni.

[5.]

LET Poets pleaſe to torture *Tantalus*,
Let griping Vultures gnaw *Prometheus*,
And let poor *Ixion* turn his endleſs wheel,
Let *Nemeſis* torment with whips of ſteel;
They far come ſhort, t'expreſs the pains of thoſe
That rage in *Hell*, enwrapt in endleſs woes:
Where *Time* no end, and *Plagues* find no exemption;
Where *cries* admit no help, nor *Place* redemption;
Where fire lacks no *Flame*, the flame no *Heat*,
To make their *Torments* ſharp, and *Plagues* complete;
Where wretched Souls to *Tortures* bound ſhall be,
Serving a *World of years*, and not be *Free*;
Where nothing's heard but *Yells*, and *ſudden Cries*;
Where *Fire* never ſlakes, nor *Worm* e'r dies.
But where this *Hell* is plac'd (*my Muſe*) ſtop there;
Lord, ſhew me *what* it is, but never *where*.

Mors Tua.

[1.]

CAN he be *fair*, that withers at a blaſt?
Or he be *ſtrong*, that airy breath can caſt;
Can he be *wiſe*, that knows not how to live?
Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give?

Can

Can he be *young*, that's feeble, weak and wan?
So *fair*, *ſtrong*, *wiſe*, ſo *rich*, ſo *young is Man.*
So fair is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting blaſt)
Blaſts his fair flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at laſt;
So ſtrong is *Man*, that with a gaſping *Breath*
He totters, and bequeaths his *ſtrength* to *Death*;
So wiſe is *Man*, that if with *Death* he ſtrive,
His wiſdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
His wealth's the winding-ſheet wherein he's laid;
So young is *Man*, that (broke with *Care* and *ſorrow*)
He's old enough to day, to *die to morrow:*
Why bragg'ſt thou then, thou *worm* of five-foot long?
Th' art neither *fair*, nor *ſtrong*, nor *wiſe*, nor *rich*, nor
[*young.*

Mors Chriſti.

[2.]

I *Thirſt*, and who ſhall quench this eager *Thirſt*?
I grieve, and with my *grief* my heart will burſt;
I grieve, becauſe I *thirſt* without relief;
I thirſt, becauſe my ſoul is burnt with *grief*;
I thirſt, and (dry'd with *grief*) my heart will die;
I grieve, and *thirſt* the more, for ſorrow's *dry*:
The more *I grieve*, the more my *thirſt* appears:
Would God I had not griev'd out all my *tears:*
I thirſt, and yet my griefs have made a *Flood*,
But *tears* are ſalt; *I grieve*, and *thirſt* for *blood*:
I grieve for *blood*, for *blood* muſt ſend *relief:*
I thirſt for *blood*, for *blood* muſt eaſe my *grief:*
I thirſt for *ſacred* blood of a dear *Lamb*;
I grieve to think from whence that dear *blood* came:
'Twas ſhed for *me*, O let me drink my *fill*,
Although my *grief* remain *entire* ſtill:
O ſoveraign pow'r of that Vermillian *Spring*,
Whoſe vertue, neither *heart* conceives, no *tongue can ſing.*

Fram

Fraus Mundi.

[3.]

I Love the *World* (as Clients love the *Laws*)
To manage the uprightneſs of my *Cauſe:*
The *World* loves me, as *Shepherds* do their *flocks*,
To *rob* and *ſpoil* them of their fleecy locks:
I love the *World*, and uſe it as mine *Inn*,
To bait, and reſt my tired *Carcaſs* in:
The *World* loves me: For what? To make her game
For filthy *ſin*, ſhe ſells me timely *ſhame*;
She's like the *Baſiliſk*, by whoſe ſharp eyes
The living object, firſt diſcover'd dies;
Forth from her eyes empoys'ned beams do burſt;
Dies like a *Baſiliſk*, diſcerned firſt;
We live at *jarrs*, as froward Gameſters do,
Still *guarding*, not *regarding* others foe;
I love the *World*, *to ſerve my turn*, and leave her,
'Tis no *deceit* to *cozen a deceiver*;
She'll not miſs me; I, leſs the world ſhall miſs,
To loſe a *world* of *grief*, t' enjoy a *world* of *bliſs*.

Gloria Cœli.

[4.]

E*Arth* ſtands immov'd, and *fixt*; her ſcituation
Admits no local *change*, no alteration:
Heaven alway *moves*, renewing ſtill his place,
And ever ſees us with another *Face:*
Earth ſtandeth *fixt*, yet there I live *oppreſt*;
Heaven alway moves, yet there is all my *reſt:*
Enlarge thy ſelf, my *Soul*, with *meditation*;
Mount there, and there beſpeak thy *habitation*;
Where *joys* are full, and pure, not mixt with mourning
All endleſs, and from which is no returning:

N-

No *theft*, no cruel *murther* harbours there,
No hoary-headed-*Care*, no ſudden *fear*,
No pinching *want*, no (griping faſt) *oppreſſion*,
Nor *Death*, the ſtipend of our firſt *tranſgreſſion* :
But deareſt *Friendſhip*, *Love*, and laſting *Pleaſure*,
Still there abides, without or ſtint, or *meaſure* :
Fulneſs of Riches, *comfort* ſempiternal,
Exceſs without a ſurfetting ; and *Life Eternal*.

Dolor Inferni.

[5.]

THE *Trump* ſhall blow, the *Dead* (awak'd ſhall riſe,
And to the *Clouds* ſhall turn their wondring *Eyes* ;
The *Heav'ns* ſhall ope, the *Bridegroom* forth ſhall come
To *judge* the World, and give the World her *doom* :
Joy to the *Juſt*, to others endleſs *ſmart* ;
To *thoſe* the voice bids, *Come* ; to *theſe*, *Depart* :
Depart from *Life*, yet (dying) *live* for *ever* ;
For ever *dying* be, and yet *die never* :
Depart like *Dogs*, with *Devils* take your lot ;
Depart like *Devils*, for *I know you not*.
Like *Dogs*, like *Devils* go, Go howl, and bark ;
Depart in *darkneſs*, for your *deeds* were dark :
Let *roaring* be your *Muſick*, and your *Food*
Be fleſh of *Vipers*, and your drink, their *blood* ;
Let *Fiends* afflict you with *Reproach* and *Shame*,
Depart, *depart* into Eternal *flame* :
If *He'l* the Guerdion then of *Sinners* be,
Lord give me *Hell* on Earth, (Lord) give me Heaven
[with thee.

——————— *Jam deſine Tibia verſus.*

FINIS.

Hadaſſa.

HORAT. Ode 6.

Conamur tenues, grandia; nec pudor,
Imbelliſq; Lyræ, Muſa potens vetat.

By *FRA. QUARLES.*

A PREFACE TO THE READER.

A Sober vein beſt ſuits Theology: If therefore thou expecteſt ſuch Elegancy as takes the Times, affect ſome ſubject, as will bear it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flouriſhes, perhaps they had expoſed me cenſurable, and diſprized this ſacred Subject? Therefore I reſt more ſparing in that kind.

Two things I would treat of: Firſt, the matter; *ſecondly, the* manner *of this Hiſtory.*

As for the matter, (*ſo far as I have dealt*) *it is Canonical, and indited by the Holy Spirit of* GOD, *not liable to error, and needs no blanching.*

In it Theology ſits as Queen, attended by her Handmaid Philoſophy; both concurring to make

the understanding Reader a good Divine, and wise Moralist.

As for the Divinity, it discovers the Almigh in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, d livering his Church; in his Justice, confound her Enemies.

As for the Morality, it offers to us the wh practick part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethick Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. *The Ethical part (the object whereof is t manners of a private man) ranges through the wh Book, and empties it self into the Catalogue of M ral vertues; either those that govern the Body, Foritude,* chap. 9, 2. *and Temperance,* chap. 1. *or those which direct the Soul, either in outwa thing, as Liberality,* chap. 1. 3. *Magnificenc* chap. 1. 6. *Magnanimity,* chap. 2. 20. *a Modesty,* chap. 6. 12. *or in Conversation, Justice,* chap. 7. 9. *Mansuetude,* chap. 5. *&c.*

2. *The Political part (the object whereof publick society) instructs, First, in the behavio of a Prince to his Subject, in punishing his vic* chap. 7. 10. *in rewarding of vertues,* chap. 2, 15. *Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subj to his Prince, in observing his Laws, and disc vering his Enemies,* chap. 2. 22. *Thirdly, th behaviour of a Subject to a Subject, in mutuali of love,* chap. 4. 7. *in propagation of peace,* chap 10. 3. 3. *Th*

3. *The Oeconomical part (the object whereof private Society) teacheth, First, the carriage of Wife, to her Husband. in obeying*, chap. 1. 22. *the Husband to his Wife, in ruling*, chap. 1. 22. *Secondly, of a Father to his Child, in advising*, chap. 2. 7, 10. *of a Child to his Father, in obeying*, chap. 2. 20. *Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant, in commanding*, chap. 4. 5. *of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command*, chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this History the two principal faculties of the soul are (not in vain) imployed. First, The Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophical, which the great Master of Philosophy calls Wisdom: or Theological, which we point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Penman of this sacred History was, or why the Name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immaterial and doubtful. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious Questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: For the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveal his Name.

As for the Manner *of this History, (consisting in the Periphrase, the adjournment of the History, and interposition of Meditation) I hope it had not injured the Matter: For in this I was not*

the leaſt careful, to uſe the light of the beſt Ex-
ſitors, not daring to go un-led, for fear of ſtum-
bling. Some ſay, Divinity in Verſe is incongru-
and unpleaſing: ſuch I refer to the Pſalms *of D-*
vid, *or the* Song, *of his Son* Solomon, *to be cor-*
rected. But in theſe lewd times, the ſalt, and ſu-
of a Verſe, is obſcene ſcurrility, without which
ſeems dull, and liveleſs: And though the ſacre-
Hiſtory needs not (as humane do) Poetry, to per-
petuate the remembrance, (being by God's ow-
mouth bleſt with Eternity) yet Verſe (worki-
ſo near upon the ſoul, and ſpirit) will oft-time-
draw thoſe to have a Hiſtory in familiarity, w-
(perchance) before, ſcarce knew there was ſu-
a Book.

Reader, *Be more than my haſty pen ſtiles the-*
Read me with advice, and thereafter judge m-
and in that judgment cenſure me. If I jangl-
think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers i-
Farewel.

The Introduction.

WHen *Zedekiah* (he whoſe hapleſs hand
Once held the ſcepter of great *Judah's* Land)
Went up the Palace of proud *Babylon*
(The Prince *Serajah* him attending on)
dreadful Prophet, (from whoſe blaſting breath
me ſudden death, and nothing elſe but death)
o *Serajah's* peaceful hand betook
eſad Contents of a more diſmal Book.
reak ope the leaves, thoſe leaves ſo full of dread,
d (ſon of thunder) ſaid the Prophet, read;
thus, ſay freely thus, The Lord hath ſpoke it;
done, the world's unable to revoke it:
wo, and heavy woes ten thouſand more
de great Babylon, *that painted Whore;*
buildings, and thy fenced Towers ſhall
me on a ſudden, and to cinders fall;
e ſhall be left to wail thy griefs with howls:
ſtreets ſhall be peopl'd with Bats and Owls:
e ſhall remain to call thy places void,
e to poſſeſs, nor ought to be enjoy'd;
ght ſhall be left for thee to term thine own,
helpleſs ruines of a hapleſs Town.
aid then the Prophet, when thy language hath
ti'd thy cheeks of thisthy borrow'd breath,
then the Book, and bind a ſtone unto it,
t done, into the ſwift Euphrates *throw it;*

And let this following ſpeech explain withal
The Hieroglyphick of proud Babels fall:
Thus, thus ſhall Babel, *thus ſhall* Babels *glory,*
Of her deſtruction leave a Tragick Story:
Thus, thus ſhall Babel *fall, and none relieve her,*
Thus, thus ſhall Babel *ſink, thus ſink for ever.*
And ſaln ſhe is. Thus after-times made good
That ſacred Propheſie, confirm'd in blood.
Great Royal Dreamer, where is now that thing
Thou ſo much vaunted'ſt of? where O Sovereign King
Is that great *Babel*, that was rais'd ſo high
To ſhew the highneſs of thy Majeſty?
Where is thy Royal Off-ſpring to ſucceed
Thy Throne, and to preſerve thy Princely ſeed,
Till this time? Sleeping how could'ſt thou foreſee
That thing, which waking, thou thoughtſt ne'r would be
And thou *Belſhazzar*, (full of youthful fire,
Unlucky Grandchild to a luckleſs Sire)
On thee the ſacred Oracles attended,
For with thy life great *Babels* Kingdom ended:
What made thy ſpirit tremble, and thy hair
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaſp for air?
A ſimple word upon a painted Wall?
What's that to thee? If ought, what harm at all?
Could words affright thee? O prepoſterous wit,
To fear the writing, not the hand that writ!
The hand that writ, it ſelf (unſeen) did ſhroud
Within the gloomy boſom of a Cloud;
The hand that writ, was bent, (not bent in vain)
To part the Kingdom, and the King in twain:
The hand that writ, did write the ſentence down,
And now ſtands armed to depoſe the Crown:
The hand that writ, did threaten to tranſlate
Thy Kingdom *Babel*, to the Perſian State:
Th' effect whereof did brook no long delays,
For when *Belſhazzar* had ſpun out his days.

(So

(Soon cut by that Avengers fatal knife)
Proud *Babels* Empire ended with his life.
As when that rare Arabian Bird doth reſt
Her bed-rid carkaſs in her Spicy neſt,
The quick-devouring fire of Heaven conſumes
The willing ſacrifice in ſweet perfumes,
From whoſe ſad cinders (balm'd in fun'ral Spices)
A ſecond Phœnix (like the firſt) ariſes:
So from the ruines of great *Babels* Seat,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* Monarchy grew great.
For when *Belſhazzar*, laſt of *Babels* Kings,
Yielded to death, (the ſum of mortal things)
Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
And lightning from the houſe of angry *Jove*,
Or like to billows in th' Eubœan Seas,
Whoſe ſwelling, nought but ſhipwrack can appeaſe,
So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
Marching with *Cyrus* into *Babylon*;
Two Armies Royal ſtourly following,
The one was *Medes*, the other *Perſia's* King.
As when the Harveſter with bubling brow,
(Reaping the intereſt of his painful Plough)
With crooked Sickle now a ſhock doth ſhear,
A handful here, and then a handful there;
Not leaving, till he nought but ſtubble leave;
Here lies a new-faln rank; and there a ſheave;
Even ſo the Perſian Hoſt it ſelf beſtirr'd,
So fell great *Babel* by the Perſian ſword.
Which, warm with ſlaughter, and with blood imbru'd,
Ne'r ſheath'd, till wounded *Babel* fell ſubdu'd.
But ſee: Theſe brave jointenants that ſurviv'd
To ſee a little world of men unliv'd,
Muſt now be parted: Great *Darius* dies,
And *Cyrus* ſhares alone the new-got prize:
He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he ſubdues;
He builds the Temple; he reſtores the Jews.

By him was *Zedekiah's* force disjointed,
Unknown to God he was, yet God's Anointed?
But mark the malice of a wayward Fate;
He whom ſucceſs crown'd always fortunate,
He that was ſtrong t'atchieve, bold to attempt,
Wiſe to foreſee, and wary to pervent,
Valiant in War, ſucceſsful to obtain,
Muſt now be ſlain, and by a Woman ſlain.
Accurſed be thy ſacrilegious hand,
That of her Patron rob'd the Holy Land;
Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,
And curs'd be all things that proud *Tomyris* hath.
O worſt that death can do, to take a life
Which (loſt) leaves Kingdoms to a Tyrant's Knife:
For now, alas! degenerate *Cambyſes*, [vices
(Whoſe hand was fill'd with blood, whoſe heart with
Sits crowned King to vex the Perſian State,
With heavy burthens, and with ſore regrate.
O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy Son,
Than in that ſtroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyſes now ſits King, now Tyrant (rather:)
(Unlucky Son of a renowned Father!)
Blood cries for blood: Himſelf revenged hath
His bloody Tyranny with his own death:
That cruel Sword on his own fleſh doth feed,
Which made ſo many loyal Perſians bleed.
Whoſe woful choice made an indiff'rent thing,
To leave their lives, or loſe their tyrant King:
Cambyſes dead, with him the lateſt drop
Of *Cyrus* blood was ſpilt, his death did ſtop
The infant ſource of his brave Sire's worth,
Ere after-times could ſpend his rivers forth.
Tyrant *Cambyſes* being dead and gone,
On the reverſion of his empty Throne
Mounts up a *Magus* with diſſembled right,
Forging the name of him whoſe greedy night

Too early did perpetuate her own,
And ſilent death had ſnatch'd away unknown.
But when the tidings of this Royal Cheat
Times loyal Trump had fram'd, th' uſurped Seat
Grew too too hot, and longer could not bear
So proud a burthen on ſo proud a Chair:
The Nobles ſought their freedom to regain,
Not reſting till the *Magi* all were ſlain;
And ſo renowned was that happy ſlaughter,
That it ſolemniz'd was for ever after;
So that what Pen ſhall write the Perſian ſtory,
Shall treat that Triumph, and write that days glory;
For to this time the Perſians (as they ſay)
Obſerve a Feaſt, and keep it holy day;
Now *Perſia* lacks a King, and now the State
Labors as much in want, as it of late
Did in abundance; Too great calms do harm
Sometimes as much the Seaman, as the Storm;
One while they think t' erect a Monarchy;
But that (corrupted) breeds a tyranny,
And dead *Cambyſes* freſh before their eyes,
Affrights them with their new-ſcap'd miſeries;
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
In change of Rule, expecting change of fate;
Others cri'd no, More Kings than one, incumber:
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number;
The rule of many doth diſquiet bring,
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:
One ſays, Let's rule our ſelves; let's all be Kings;
No, ſays another, that confuſion brings:
Thus modern danger bred a careful trouble,
Double their care is, as their fear is double;
And doubtleſs to reſolve of what concluſion,
To bar confuſion, thus they bred confuſion;
At laſt (and well adviſ'd) they put their choice
Upon the verdict of a Juries voice:

Seven

Seven his perfect number, then by ſeven
Be *Perſia*'s Royal Crown, and Scepter given:
'Now *Perſia*, do thy plagues or joys commence;
'God give thy Jury ſacred evidence.
Fearful to chuſe, and faithleſs in their choice,
(Since weal or wo depended on their voice)
A few from many they extracted forth,
Whoſe even-pois'd valour, and like equal worth
Had ſet a *Non-plus* on their doubtful tongues,
Unweeting where the moſt reward belongs,
They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) beſpake:
Since purblind mortals, of themſelves, can make
No difference 'twixt good, and evil, nor know
A good, from what is only good in ſhow,
But with unconſtant frailty, doth vary
From what is good, to what is clean contrary:
And ſince it lies not in the brain of man,
To make his drooping ſtate more happy, than
His unpropitious ſtars allot, much leſs
To lend another, or a State ſucceſs;
In vain you therefore ſhall expect this thing,
That we ſhould give you fortune, with a King,
Since you have made us means to propagate
The joyful welfare of our headleſs State,
(Bound by the tender ſervice that we bear
Our native ſoil, far, than our lives, more dear,)
We ſifted have, and bolted from the reſt,
Whoſe worſt admits no badneſs, and whoſe beſt
Cannot be better'd.
When Chanticlear (*the Bell-man of the morn*)
Shall ſummon twilight, with his Bugle horn,
Let theſe brave Heroes *dreſt in warlike wiſe,*
And richly mounted on their Palferies,
Attend our riſing Sun-god's ruddy face,
Within the limit of our Royal place.

And

And he, whoſe luſty Stallion firſt ſhall neigh,
To him be given the doubtful Monarchy:
The choice of Kings lies not in mortals breaſt;
This we; the gods and Fortune do the reſt.

So ſaid, the people tickled with the motion,
Some toſt their caps, ſome fell to their devotion,
Some clap their joyful hands, ſome ſhout, ſome ſing,
And all at once cry'd out, A King, a King.

When *Phœbus* Harbinger had chas'd the night,
And redious *Phoſphor* brought the breaking light,
Compleat in Arms, and glorious in their train,
Came theſe brave *Heroes* prancing o'r the Plain.
With mighty Streamers came theſe blazing ſtars,
Portending Wars, (and nothing elſe but Wars;)
Into the Royal Palace now they come:
There ſounds the Martial Trump, here beats the Drum:
There ſtands a Steed, and champs his frothy ſteel,
This ſtroaks the ground, that ſcorns it with his heel:
One ſnorts, another puffs out angry wind;
This mounts, before; and that curvets behind.

By this, the foamy Steeds of *Phaeton*
Puff too, and ſpurn the Eaſtern Horizon:
Whereat the Nobles proſtrate to the ground,
Ador'd their god, (their god was early found.
Forthwith from out the thickeſt of the crowd,
In depth of ſilence there was heard the loud
And luſtful language of *Darius* Horſe,
Who in the Dialect of his diſcourſe,
Proclaim'd his Rider King; whereat the reſt
(Patient to bear what cannot be redreſt)
Diſmount their lofty Steeds, and proſtrate bring
Their humbled bodies to their happy King;
God ſave the King, they joyntly ſay; God bleſs
Thy proſp'rous actions with a due ſucceſs;
The people clap their ſweaty palms, and ſhout;
The Bonfires ſmoke, the Bells ring round about,

The

The Minſtrels play; the Parrots learn to ſing,
(Perchance as well as they) *God ſave the King.*
Aſſuerus now's inveſted in the Throne,
And *Perſia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;
Prove happy *Perſia*: Great *Aſſuerus* prove
As equal happy in thy peoples love.
Enough; and let this broken breviate,
Suffice to ſhadow forth thy downfal ſtate
O mighty *Babel*, and the Conqueſt made
By the fierce *Medes* and *Perſians* conqu'ring blade;
Whoſe juſt ſucceſſion we have traced down,
Till great *Aſſuerus* wear the Perſian Crown;
Him have we ſought, and having found him, reſt;
To morrow go we to his royal Feaſt.

To

To the *HIGHEST*:

His Humble Servant implores his Gracious AID.

THou great Directer of the Hearts of Men,
From whence I propagate whate'r is mine,
Still my diſquiet thoughts; Direct my Pen,
No more mine own, if thou adopt it thine:
O Be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no Aid, no Muſe, but Thee.

Be thou the Load-ſtar to my wandring mind,
New rigg'd, and bound upon a new Adventure:
O fill my Canvaſs with a proſp'rous wind:
Unlock my ſoul, and let thy Spirit enter:
So bleſs my Talent with a fruitful Lone,
That it, at leaſt, may render two for one.

Unworthy I, to take ſo high a Task;
Unworthy I, to crave ſo great a Boon;
Alas! unſeaſon'd is my ſlender Cask,
My Winters day hath ſcarcely ſeen her Noon
But if the Childrens Bread muſt be deny'd,
Yet let me lick the Crums that fall beſide.

THE

THE HISTORY OF ESTHER

THE ARGUMENT.

The King Assuerus *makes two Feasts,*
Invites his great and meaner Guests:
He makes a Statute to repress
The loathsom sin of Drunkenness.

Sect. 1.

WHen great *Assuerus* (under whose Command
The worlds most part did in subjection stand,
Whose Kingdom was to East and West confin'd;
And streteh from *Ethiopia* unto *Ind*')
When this brave Monarch had with two years pow'r
Confin'd himself the Persian Emperor;
The peoples patience nilling to sustain
The hard oppretion of a third years Reign,
Softly began to grumble, sore to vex,
Feeling such tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly) hears;
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest ears)
Partly to blow the coals of old affection,
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection;

Partly

nd the King loved Esther
that he set the Royall crown
von her head. Est: 2. 17.

And the King took his ring
from his hand and gave it
unto Haman. Est. 3. 10. etc.

the King and Haman
ne to banquet to Esther
he Queene. Est. 7. 1. etc:

Then the King held out the
Golden Scepter to Esther etc
Esther: 8: 4. etc. to 15.

this before Ester

Partly to make his Princely might appear,
To make them fear for love, or love for fear,
He made a Feaſt: he made a Royal Feaſt,
Fit for himſelf, had he himſelf been Gueſt:
To which he calls the Princes of his Land,
Who (paying tribute) by his power ſtand;
To which he calls his Servants of Eſtate,
His Captains, and his Rulers of the State:
That he may ſhow the glory of his ſtore,
The like unſeen by any Prince before;
That he may boaſt his Kingdoms beauty forth,
His ſervant Princes, and their Princely worth.
That he may ſhew the Type of Sov'reignty,
Fulfill'd in th' honor of his Majeſty;
He made a Feaſt, whoſe Date ſhould not expire
Until ſeven Moons had loſt and gain'd their fire.
When as this Royal tedious Feaſt was ended.
(For good, more common 'tis, 'tis more commended)
For meaner ſort he made a ſecond Feaſt;
Hit Gueſts were from the greateſt to the leaſt
In *Suſa's* place: Seven days they did reſort
To feaſt i'th' Palace Garden of the Court:
Where, in the midſt, the houſe of *Bacchus* ſtands,
To entertain, when Bounty claps her hands:
The Tap'ſtry hangings were of divers hue,
Pure white, and youthful green, and joyful blue:
The main ſupporting Pillars of the Place,
Were perfect Marble of the pureſt race;
The beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
Of beaten Silver, and of burniſht Gold.
The Pavement was diſcoulour'd Porphory,
And during Marble, colour'd diverſly:
In laviſh Cups of oft-refined Gold,
Came Wine unwiſht, drink what the people would:
The Golden veſſels did in numbers paſs;
Great choice of Cups, great choice of Wine there was.

And

And since Abuse attends upon Excess,
Leading sweet Mirth to loathsom Drunkenness,
A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an undispos'd Appetite:
So that a sober mind may use his pleasure,
And measure drinking, though not drink by measure.

Meditat. 1.

NO man is born unto himself alone;
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none:
The World's a body, each man a member is,
To add some measure to the publick bliss:
Where much is giv'n, there much shall be requir'd;
Where little, less; for riches are but hir'd:
Wisdom is sold for sweat, pleasures for pain;
Who lives unto himself, he lives in vain:
To be a Monarch is a glorious thing;
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King:
The boundless glory of a King is such,
To sweeten Care, because his Care is much.
The Sun (whose radiant beams reflect so bright)
Comforts and warms, as well as it gives light;
By whose example *Phœbe* (though more dim)
Does counterfeit his beams, and shines from him;
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
To pearch in glory on the Princely Throne,
But to direct in Peace, command in War
Those Subjects, for whose sakes they only are;
So loyal Subjects must adopt them to
Such vertuous actions as their Princes do:
So shall his People, even as well as He,
Princes (though in a lesser volum be.
So often as I fix my serious eye
Upon *Assuerus* Feast, methinks, I spy

The

The Temple dance, methinks my raviſht ear,
(Rapt with the ſecret muſick that I hear)
Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
Reſounding forth this ſenſe-bereaving ſong;
Vaſhti *ſhall fall, and* Eſther *riſe,*
Sion *ſhall thrive, when* Haman *dies.*
Bleſt are the Meetings, and the Banquets bleſt,
Where Angels carol muſick to the Feaſt.
How do our wretched times degenerate
From former ages! How intemperate
Hath laviſh cuſtom made our bed-rid Age,
Acting obſcene Scenes on her drunken Stage!
Our times are guided by a lewder lot,
As if that world another world begot:
Their friendly Feaſts were fill'd with ſweet ſobriety;
Ours, with unclean delights, and baſe ebriety:
Theirs, the unvalued price of Love, intended;
Ours ſeek the cauſe whereby our Love is ended:
How in ſo blind an Age could thoſe men ſee!
And in a ſeeing Age, how blind are we!

THE ARGUMENT.

The King ſends for the Queen; the Queen
Denies to come; His haſty ſpleen
Inflames; unto the Perſian Laws,
He leaves the cenſure of his cauſe.

Sect. 2.

TO add more honour to this Royal Feaſt,
That Glory may with Glory be encreaſt,
Vaſhti the Queen (the faireſt Queen on earth)
She made a Feaſt, and put on jolly mirth,

To bid welcom with her Princely cheer
To all her Guests; her guests all, women were.
By this, the Royal bounty of the King
Hath well-nigh spent the seven days banquetting.
Six jovial days have run their hours out,
And now the seventh revolves the week about,
Upon which day (the Queens unlucky day)
The King with jollity entic'd away,
And gently having slipt the stricter reins
Of temperance (that over mirth restrains)
Rose up, commanded that without delay,
(Howe'r the *Persian* custom do gain-say
That men and married wives should feast together)
That fair *Queen Vashti* be conducted thither,
For him to shew the sweetness of her face,
And peerless beauty mixt with Princely grace:
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprise
The Princes with the Artillery of her eyes.
But fairest *Vashti* (in whose scornful eyes
More haughty pride, than Heavenly beauty lies)
With bold denial of a flinty breast,
Answer'd the longing of the Kings request;
And (fill'd with scorn) return'd this Message home,
Queen Vashti *cannot*, Vashti *will not come.*
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his blustering,
(When sturdy *Aries* ushers in the Spring)
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,
So storms the King; now pale, now fiery red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He sternly shakes, spits his inraged spleen,
Now on the messenger, now on the Queen:
One while he deeply weighs the foul contempt,
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt
A quick revenge; now creep into his thought
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault;

The

The place, the perſons preſent, and the time,
Increaſe his wrath, increaſe his Ladies Crime.
But ſoon as paſſion had reſtor'd the Rein
To righteous Reaſon's government again;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cauſe)
Referr'd the trial to the Perſian Laws:
He call'd his Learned Counſel, and diſplay'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and ſaid:

By vertue of a Husband, and a King,
To make compleat our Royal Banquetting)
We gave command, we gave a ſtrict command,
That by the office of our Eunuchs Band,
Queen Vaſhti *ſhould in ſtate attended be*
Into the preſence of our Majeſty:
But in contempt ſhe ſlacks our dread beheſt,
Neglects performance of our dear Requeſt,
And (through diſdain) diſloyally deni'd,
Like a falſe Subject, and a faithleſs Bride;
Say then (my Lords.) for you (being truly wiſe)
Have brains to judge, and judgments to adviſe;
Say boldly (ſay) What do the Laws aſſign?
What puniſhment? or what deſerved Fine?
Aſſuerus *bids, the mighty King commands;*
Vaſhti *denies, the ſcornful Queen withſtands.*

Meditat. 2.

VIl manners breed good Laws; and that's the beſt
That e'r was made of bad: the Perſian Feaſt
Finding the miſchief that was grown ſo rife)
Admitted not with men a married wife.
How careful were they in preſerving that,
Which we ſo watchful are to violate!
Chaſtity, the flower of the ſoul,
How is thy perfect fairneſs turn'd to foul!

How are thy Blossoms blasted all to dust,
By sudden Lightning of untamed Lust!
How hast thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet!
Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet!
Where are thy maiden-smiles, thy blushing cheek?
Thy Lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek?
Where is that spotless flower, that while ere
Within thy Lilly bosom thou didst wear?
Has wantton *Cupid* snatch'd it? Hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart?
Where do'st thou bide? the Country half disclaims thee
The City wonders when a body names thee:
Or have the rural woods engrost thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty Markets here?
Sure th'art not, or kept where no man shows thee;
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knows thee.
Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid,
Desired not the fruit she after did:
Had not the custom of those times ordain'd
That women from men feasts should be restrain'd
Perhaps (*Assuerus*) *Vashti* might have died
Unsent for, and thy self been undenied:
Such are the fruits of mirth's and wine's abuse,
Customs must crack, and love must break his truce;
Conjugal bands must loose, and sullen Hate
Ensues the Feast, where Wine's immoderate.
More difficult it is, and greater skill
To bear a mischief than prevent an ill:
Passion is natural, but to bridle passion,
Is more divine, and virtues operation:
To do amiss is natures Act: to err,
Is but a wretched mortals Character;
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than man, surpassing humane skill:
Who plays a happy game with crafty slight,
Confirms himself but Fortunes Favorites:

ut he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,
eſerves the credit of a Gameſters name.
ord, If my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
o play them wiſely, and make the beſt of ill.

THE ARGUMENT.

The learned Councel plead the Caſe;
The Queen degraded from her place:
Decrees are ſent throughout the Land,
That Wives obey, and Men command.

Sect. 3.

THE righteous Councel (having heard the cauſe)
Advis'd a while, with reſpite of a pauſe,
ill *Memucan* (the firſt that ſilence brake)
nſeal'd his ſerious lips, and thus beſpake:
The great Aſſuerus *Sovereign Lord and King,*
o grace the period of his Banquetting)
ath ſent to Vaſhti, Vaſhti *would not come,*
nd now it reſts in us to give the doom.
ut leſt that too much raſhneſs violate
he ſacred Juſtice of our happy State,
e firſt propound the height of her offence,
ext, the ſucceeding inconvenience,
hich through the circumſtances does augment,
nd ſo deſcend to th' equal puniſhment;
h' offence propounded, now we muſt relate
uch circumſtances that might aggravate,
nd firſt the place, (the Palace of the King)
nd next the time, the Time of Banqueting)
aſtly, the perſons, (Princes of the Land)
hich witneſs the contempt of the command;

The Place, the Persons present, and the Time,
Make foul the fault, make foul the Ladies crime
Nor was her fault unto the King alone,
But to the Princes and to every one:
For when this speech, divulg'd shall be,
Vashti *the Queen withstood the Kings Decree,*
Women (that soon can an advantage take
Of things, which for their private ends do make)
Shall scorn their coward Husbands, and despise
Their dear requests within their scornful eyes,
And say, if we deny your hests, then blame not,
Assuerus *sent for* Vashti, *but she came not:*
By Vashties *pattern others will be taught;*
Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
(Since he refers to us the censuring)
Let him proclaim (which untransgressed be)
His Royal Edict, and his just Decree,
That Vashti *come no more before his face,*
But leave the titles of her Princely place:
Let firm divorce unloose the Nuptial Knot,
And let the name of Queen be quite forgot:
Let her Estate, and Princely dignity,
Her Royal Crown, and seat assigned be
To one whose sacred vertue shall attain
As high perfection, as her bold disdain:
So when this Royal Edict shall be fam'd,
And through the several Provinces proclaim'd,
Disdainful Wives shall learn, by Vashties *fall,*
To answer gently to their Husbands call?

Thus ended *Memucan*, the King was pleas'd
(His blustring passion now at length appeas'd)
And soon appli'd himself to undertake,
To put in practice what his Counsel spake:
So into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters, with command

That Husbands rule their Wives, and bear the ſway,
And by ſubjection teach their Wives t' obey.

Meditat. 3.

WHen God with ſacred breath did firſt inſpire
The new made earth, with quick, and holy fire,
He (well adviſing what a goodly creature
He builded had, ſo like himſelf in feature)
Forthwith concluded by his preſervation
T' eternize that great ſtork of Mans creation;
Into a ſleep he caſt this living clay,
Lockt up his ſenſe with drouzy *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitful flank, and from his ſide
He drew the ſubſtance of his helpful Bride,
Fleſh of his fleſh, and bone made of his bone,
He framed Woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two, he did a new ordain
That theſe ſame Two, ſhould be made one again,
Till ſingling Death this ſacred knot undo,
And part this new-made our Once more in two.
Since of a Rib firſt framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hi'roglyphicks of their life:
Ribs coaſt the heart, and guard it round about,
And like a tender Watch keep danger out:
So tender Wives ſhould loyally impart
Their watchful care, to fence their Spouſes heart:
All members elſe from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and ſeldom move:
Women (like Ribs) muſt keep their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was raviſht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They break; If let alone, they bend enough;
Women muſt (unconſtrain'd) be pliant ſtill,
And gently bending to their Husbands will:

The ſacred Academy of man's life,
Is holy wedlock in a happy wife-
It was a wiſe man's ſpeech, *Could never they*
Know to command, that knew not firſt t'obey:
Where's then that high command? that ample fame
Your ſex, to glorifie their honor'd name,
Your noble ſex in former days atchiev'd?
Whoſe ſounding praiſe no after-times out-liv'd.
What brave exploits, what well-deſerving glory,
The ſubject of an everlaſting ſtory,
Their hands atchiev'd? they thruſt their Scepters th
As well in Kingdoms, as in hearts of men:
And ſweet obedience was the lowly ſtair,
Mounted their ſteps to that commanding chair.
A Womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a faſhion,
Only to guide her houſhold, and her paſſion:
And her obedience never's out of ſeaſon,
So long as either Husband laſts, or Reaſon:
Ill thrives the hapleſs Family, that ſhows
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crows:
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aſſuerus *pleas'd*; *his ſervants motion*
Propounded, gain his approbation.
Eſthers *deſcent, her Jewiſh race*;
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.

Sect. 4.

WHen Time (that endeth all things) did aſſwage
The burning Fever of *Aſſuerus* rage,

And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightful Julips to his troubled mind,
He call'd his old remembrance to account
Of *Vashti*, and her crimes that did amount
To th' sum of her divorcement; In his thought
He weigh'd the censure of her heedless fault:
His fawning servants willing to prevent him,
Lest too much thought should make his love repent him,
Said thus: *(If it should please our gracious Lord*
To crown with audience his servants word)
Let strict inquest, and careful inquisition
In all the Realm be made, and quick provision
Throughout the Medes and Persians all along
For comely Virgins, beautiful and young,
Which curiously selected, let them bring,
Into the Royal Palace of the King:
And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
Sweet Odours, choice Perfumes, and all things meet
To add a greater sweetness to their sweet:
And she, whose perfect beams shall best delight,
And seem most gracious in his Princely sight;
To her be given the conquest of her face,
And be enthron'd in scornful Vashties *place.*
The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires
That strict performance second their desires.
Within the walls of *Susa* dwelt there one,
By breeding, and by birth a Jew, and known
By th' name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,
Descended from the Tribe of *Benjamin*:
(Whose neck was subject to the slavish yoke,
When *Jechoniah* was surpriz'd and took,
And carried captive into *Babels* Land,
With strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand)
Within his house abode a Virgin bright,
Whose name was *Esther*, or *Hadassa* hight,

His

His brothers daughter, whom (her Parents dead)
This Jew did foster in her Fathers stead ;
She wanted none, though father she had none,
Her Unkles love assum'd her for his own :
Bright beams of beauty streamed from her eye,
And in her cheek sate maiden modesty ;
Which peerless beauty lent so kind a relish
To modest virtue, that they did imbellish
Each other ex'lence, with a full assent,
In her to beast their perfect complement.

Meditat. 4.

THE strongest Arteries that knit and tie
The members of a mixed Monarchy,
Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,
Rip'ned Advice, and sage Deliberations ;
And if those Kingdoms be but ill-be-blest,
Whose rule's committed to a young man's brest :
Then such Estates are more unhappy far,
Whose choicest Councellors but Children are :
How many Kingdoms blest with high renown,
(In all things happy else) have plac'd their Crown
Upon the Temples of a childish head,
Until with ruine, King, or State be sped ;
What Massacres (begun by factious jars,
And ended by the spoil of Civil wars)
Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
And raz'd the glory of many a mighty State ?
How many hopeful Princes (ill advis'd
By young and smooth-fac'd Counsel) have despis'd
The sacred Oracles of riper years,
Till dear Repentance wash the Land with tears ?
Witness thou luckless, and succeeding Son
Of (Wisdoms Favorite) great *Solomon* ;

How

How did thy rash and beardless Counsel bring
Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King?
And laying burthens on thy peoples neck,
The weight hung sadly on thy bended back.
Thou second *Richard*, once our Britain King,
Whose Syr's and Grandsir's fame the world did ring)
How was thy gentle nature led aside
By green advisements which thy State did guide,
Until the title of the Crown did crack,
And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) ware black?
Now glorious Britain, clap thy hands, and bless
Thy sacred fortunes; for thy happiness
(As doth thy Island) does it self divide,
And sequester from all the world beside;
Blest are thy open Gates with joyful peace,
Blest are thy fruitful Barns with sweet increase,
Blest in thy Councel, whose industrious skill
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still;
In all things blest, that to a State pertain;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Sovereign,
My sacred Sov'reign in whose only breast
A wise Assembl' of Privy Councels rest,
Who conquers with his Princely heart as far
By peace as *Alexander* did by War;
And with his Olive branch more hearts did board,
Than daring *Cæsar* did, with *Cæsars* sword:
Long maist thou hold within thy Royal hand,
The peaceful Scepter of our happy Land:
Great *Judah's* Lion, and the Flow'r of *Jesse*,
Preserve thy Lions, and thy Flowers bless.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Fair Virgins brought to Hege's *hand,*
The cuſtom of the Perſian Land:
Eſthers *neglect of rich attire,*
To whet the wanton Kings deſire.

Sect. 5.

AND when the luſtful Kings Decree was read
In every ear, and Shire proclaim'd and ſpread,
Forthwith unto the Eunuch *Hege's* hand
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
To gain the Conqueſt of a princely prize;
But none in peerleſs beauty ſhin'd ſo bright
As lovely *Eſther* did in *Hege's* ſight:
In loyal ſervice he obſerved her;
He ſent for coſtly Oiles, and fragrant Myrrhe,
To fit her for the preſence of the King:
Rich Tires, and change of Veſture did he bring;
Seven comely maids he gave to tend upon her,
To ſhew his ſervice, and increaſe her honor:
But ſhe was watchful of her lips, and wiſe,
Diſcloſing not her kindred, or allies,
For truſty *Mordocheus* tender care
Gave hopeful *Eſther* Items to beware
To blaze her kin, or make her people known,
Leſt for their ſakes her hopes be overthrown.
Before the Gates he to and fro did paſs,
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Eſther* was,
To underſtand how *Eſther* did behave her,
And how ſhe kept her in the Eunuchs favour.

Now

Now when as time had fitted every thing,
By courſe theſe Virgins came before the King.
Such was the cuſtome of the Perſian ſoil,
Six months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh and Oil,
Six months perfum'd in change of odours ſweet,
That perfect luſt, and great exceſs may meet;
What coſtly robes, rare jewels, rich attire,
Or curious fare, theſe Virgins did deſire,
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
Their bodies to be proſtrate to the King:
Each Virgin keeps her turn, and all the night
They lewdly laviſh in the Kings delight:
As ſoon as morning ſhall reſtore the day,
They in their boſoms bear black night away,
And (in their guilty breaſts, as their ſins,
Cloſe priſoners) in the houſe of Concubins
Remain, until the ſatiate King ſhall pleaſe
To lend their pamper'd bodies a releaſe.
Now when the turn of *Eſther* was at hand,
To ſatisfie the wanton Kings command,
She ſought not (as the reſt) with brave attire
To lend a needleſs ſpur t' unchaſte deſire,
Nor yet endeavors with a whoriſh Grace,
T' adulterate the beauty of her face;
Nothing ſhe ſought to make her glory braver,
But ſimply took what gentle *Hege* gave her:
Her ſober viſage daily wan her honour:
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that lookt upon her.

Meditat. 5.

WHen God had with his All-producing Blaſt
Blown up the bubble of the world, and plac'd
In order that, which he had made in meaſure,
As well for neceſſary uſe, as pleaſure:

Then

Then out of earthly mould he fram'd a creature,
Far more Divine, and of more glorious feature:
Than erſt he made, indu'd with underſtanding,
With ſtrength, victorious, and with awe commanding,
With Reaſon, Wit, repleat with Majeſty,
With heavenly Knowledge, and Capacity,
True embleme of his maker: Him he made
The Sov'reign Lord of all: Him all obey'd;
Yielding their lives as tribute to their King:
Both Fiſh, and Bird, and Beaſt, and every thing:
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye
Stand radiant beams of awful ſo'reignty;
All creatures elſe pore downward to the ground,
Man looks to Heaven, and all his thoughts rebound.
Upon the earth (where tides of pleaſures meet)
He treads and daily tramples with his feet;
Which reads ſweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,
And teach his luſtful heart to moralize:
Naked he liv'd, naked to the world he came;
For he had then no fault to hide, nor ſhame:
His ſtate was level, and he had free-will
To ſtand or fall, unforc'd to good or ill:
Man had (ſuch ſtate he was created in)
Within his pow'r, a power not to ſin:
But Man was tempted, yielded, ſinn'd, and fell.
Abus'd his free-will, loſt it, then befel
A worſe ſucceeding ſtate; who was created
Compleat, is now become poor, blind, and naked;
He's drawn with head-ſtrong bias unto ill,
Bereft of active pow'r *to will, or nill*;
A bleſſed Saint's become a baleful Devil.
His freerwill's only ſtinted now to evil:
Pleaſure's his Lords and in his Ladies eyes
His Chryſtal Temple of Devotion lies:
Pleaſure's the white, whereat he takes the level,
Which too much wronged with the name of evil)

With

With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,
Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great;
What's good (like Iron) rusts for want of use,
And what is bad, is worsed with abuse;
Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end
Is but to sweeten labour, and attend
The frailty of man, is now preferr'd so high,
To be his Lord, and bear the Sov'reignty,
Ruling his lavish thoughts, ignoble actions,
And gains the conquest of his best affections,
Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,
But force vain pleasures to unwonted height.
Who adds excess unto a lustful heart,
Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

THE ARGUMENT.

Esther's *belov'd, wedded, crown'd;*
A Treason, Mordecai *betrayed;*
The Traytors are pursu'd, and found,
And for that Treason well apaid.

Sect. 6.

NOW, now the time is come, fair *Esther* must
Expose her beauty to the Lechers lust;
Now, now must *Esther* stake her honor down,
And hazard Chastity, to gain a Crown;
Gone, gone she is, attended to the Court,
And spends the evening in the Princes sport:
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowr)
Picks here a Pink, and there a Gilly-flower,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primrose (the years Maiden-head)

There

There, nips the Briar; here, the Lovers Pauncy,
Shifting her dainty Pleasures, with her Fancy:
This on her arm, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosoms in her Lilly breast;
So when *Assuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of those Virgins bright,
He lik'd them all, but when with strict revie
He viewed *Esthers* face, his wounded eye
Sparkled, whil'st *Cupid* with his youthful Dart
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;
Esther is now his joy, and in her eyes
The sweetest flower of his Garland lies:
Who now but *Esther*? *Esther* crowns his bliss,
And he's become her prisoner, that was his:
Esther obtains the prize, her high desert
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;
Iô, now *Iô Hymen* sing, for she
That crowns his joy, must likewise crowned be;
The Crown is set on Princely *Esthers* head,
Esther sits Queen, in scornful *Vashties* stead.

To consecrate this day to more delights,
In due solemnizing the Nuptial Rites,
In *Esthers* name, *Assuerus* made a Feast,
Invited all his Princes, and releast
The hard taxation that his heavy hand
Laid on the Subjects of his groaning Land;
No rights were wanting to augment his joys,
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choice;
Yet had not *Esthers* lavish tongue descri'd
Her Jewish Kin, or where she was alli'd;
For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest
Within the Cabbin of her Royal breast,
Who was as pliant (being now a Queen)
To sage advice as e'r before sh'ad been.

It came to paſs as *Mardocheus* ſate
Within the Portal of the Princes gate,
He heard two ſervants of the King,
Cloſely combin'd in hollow whiſpering,
(Like whiſtling *Notus* that foretels a rain)
To breath out treaſon 'gainſt their Sovereign:
Which, ſoon as loyal *Mardocheus* heard;
Forthwith to *Eſthers* preſence he repair'd;
Diſclos'd to her, and to her care commended
The traitors, and the treaſon they intended:
Whereat the Queen (impatient of delay)
Betray'd the traytors, that would her betray,
And to the King unboſom'd all her heart,
And who her News-man was, and his deſert.
Now all in hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were fill'd with wonder, and report:
The watch was ſet, purſuit was made about,
To guard the King, and find the traytors out:
Who found, and guilty found, by ſpeedy trial,
(Where witneſs ſpeaks, what boots a bare denial?)
Were both hanged upon the ſhamefnl tree:
(To bear ſuch fruit let trees ne'r barren be;)
And what ſucceſs this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Perſian Chronicles recorded.

Meditat. 6.

THE hollow Concave of a humane breſt,
Is God's Exchequer, and therein the beſt,
And ſum of all his chiefeſt wealth conſiſts,
Which he ſhuts up, and opens when he liſts:
No power is of man; to love or hate,
Lies not in mortals breſt, or pow'r of Fate:
Man wants the ſtrength to ſway his ſtrong affections,
What power is, is from Divine directions;

Which oft (unseen through dulness of the mind)
We nick-name Chance, because our selves are blind
And that's the cause, man's first beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knows no reason why.
'Twas not the brightness of *Rebecca's* face,
Or servants skill, that wan the virgins grace;
'Twas not the wish or wealth of *Abraham*,
Or *Isaac's* fortune, or renowned name.
His comely personage, or his high desert,
Obtain'd the conquest of *Rebecca's* heart:
Old *Abra'm* wisht, in secret God directed;
'Twas *Abra'm* us'd the means, 'twas God effected.
Best marriages are made in Heaven; In Heaven
The hearts are joyn'd; in Earth the hands are given;
First God ordains, then man confirms the Love,
Proclaiming that on Earth was done above.
'Twas not the sharpness of thy wandring eye,
(Great King *Assuerus*) to pick Majesty
From out the sadness of a Captives face;
'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace;
Who mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down,
Gave thee the heart to chuse, gave her the Crown.
Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,
He blest thy fortunes with a second life;
That breast that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,
Stood fair to Treason, (by her means descride;)
With double fortunes, wert thou doubly blest,
To find so fair, and scape so foul a guest.
Thou aged Father of our years and hours,
(For thou as well discover'st as devours)
Search still the entrals of thy just Records,
Wherein are entred the diurnal words
And deeds of mortal men; bring (thou) to light
All treach'rous projects mann'd by craft or might:
With Tow'rs of brass, their faithful hearts imboss
That bear the Christian colours of the Cross.

And

And thou preserver of all mortal things,
Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings;
By whom all Kingdoms stand, and Princes reign,
Preserve thy CHARLES, and my dear Sovereign;
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes flie,
And on their heads pay tenfold usury;
His bosom tutor, and his safety tender:
O be thou his, as he's thy Faith's Defender:
That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,
And we of both may live and die possest.

THE ARGUMENT.

The line of Haman, *and his race.*
His fortunes in the Princely grace:
His rage to Mordecai *expresst,*
Not bowing to him, as the rest.

Sect. 7.

UPon a time, to Persia's Royal Court,
A forein stranger used to resort,
He was the Issue of a Royal breed,
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed
Of *Amalek*, from his descended right,
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite:
Haman his name; His fortunes did improve,
Increast by favour of the Princes love:
All great he grew, preferr'd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:
And since that honour and due reverence
Belong where Princes give pre-eminence;
The King commands the servants of his State
To suit respect to *Hamans* high estate,

And do him honor fitting his degree,
With vailed bonnet, and low bended knee:
They all observ'd; but aged *Mordecai*
(Whose stubborn joynts neglected to obey
The seed which Heaven with infamy had branded)
Stoutly refused what the King commanded;
Which when the servants of the King had seen,
Their fell disdain mixt with an envious spleen,
Inflam'd; they question'd how he durst withstand
The just performance of the King's Command:
Daily they check'd him for his high disdain,
And he their check did daily entertain
With silent slight behaviour, which did prove.
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.
Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer sufferance of his peevish pride)
(Whose scorching fires, passion did augment)
Must either break, or find a speedy vent:
To *Haman* they th' unwelcome news related,
And what they said their malice aggravated.
Envy did ope her snake-devouring jaws,
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her unked paws,
Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,
And pale as ashes look'd this angry Dame,
And thus bespake: *Art thou that man of might,*
That Impe of Glory? Times great Favourite?
Hath thy deserved worth restor'd again
The blemisht honour of thy Princely strain?
Art thou that Wonder which the Persian State
Stands gazing at so much, and pointing at?
Filling all wondring eyes with admiration,
And every loyal heart with Adoration?
Art thou that mighty He? How haps it then
That wretched Mordecai, *the worst of men,*
A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,
Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightful due?

Nor was his fault design'd with Ignorance,
The unfee'd Advocate of sin) or Chance,
But backt with arrogance and foul despight:
Rise up, and do thy suff'ring honour right.
Up like his deep Revenge) rose *Haman* then,
And like a sleeping Lion from his den,
Roar'd his resentless rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the news; Report did testifie,
His reason straight was heav'd from off his hinge,
And fury rounded in his ear Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser (thus began:
There's nothing (Haman) *is more dear to man,*
And cools his boyling veins with sweeter pleasure,
Than quick revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
Is but like feeding when the stomack's past,
Pleasing not eager appetite, nor taste:
Yet when delay returns Revenge the greater,
Like poynant sauce, it makes the meat the sweeter;
It fits not th' honour of thy personage,
Nor stands it with thy Greatness, to ingage
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poor,
To be reveng'd on one alone: thy sore
Needs many plaisters: make thy honour good,
Not with a drop, but with a World of blood:
Borrow the Sythe of Time, and let thy passion,
Mow down thy Jewish Foe, with all his Nation.

Meditat. 7.

Sights God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand
That once did curse, doth now the curse withstand:
God unjust? Is Justice fled from Heaven?
Or are the righteous Ballances un-even?
Is this that Just Jehovah's sacred Word,
Firmly inroll'd within the Laws Record,

I'll fight with Amalek, *deſtroy his Nation,*
And from remembrance blot his Generation?
What ſhall his curſe to *Amelek* be void?
And with thoſe plagues ſhall Iſr'l be deſtroy'd?
Ah ſooner ſhall the ſprightful flames of fire
Deſcend and moiſten, and dull earth aſpire,
And with her drineſs quench fair *Titans* heat,
Then ſhall thy words, and juſt Decrees retreat:
The day (as weary of his burthen) tires;
The year (full laden with her months) expires;
The heav'ns (grown great with age) muſt ſoon decay;
The pond'rous earth in time ſhall paſs away;
But yet thy ſacred words ſhall alway flouriſh,
Though days, and years, and Heaven, and Earth do perish.
How perks proud *Haman* then? What proſp'rous fate
Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate
Hath favour crown'd his times? Hath God decreed
No other curſe upon that curſed ſeed?
The mortal eye of man can but perceive
Things preſent; when his heart cannot conceive,
He's either by his outward ſenſes guided,
Or like a *Quare*, leaves it undecided:
The fleſhly eye that lends a feeble ſight,
Fails in extent, and hath no further might
Than to attain the object, and there ends,
His office, and of what it apprehends,
Acquaints the underſtanding, which conceives,
And deſcants on that thing the ſight perceives,
Or good, or bad; unable to project
The juſt occaſion, or the true effect:
Man ſeeks like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they preſent are, not as they end;
God ſees a King's heart in a Shepherds breaſt,
And in a mighty King he ſees a Beaſt:
'Tis not the ſpring tide of an high eſtate
Creates a man (though ſeeming) Fortunate:

The blaze of Honor. Fortunes ſweet exceſs,
Do undeſerve the name of Happineſs:
The frowns of indiſpoſed Fortune makes
Man poor, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poor,
And lets in fortune at a backer door.
Lord, let my fortunes be rich, or poor:
If ſmall, the leſs account, if great, the more.

THE ARGUMENT.

Unto the King proud Haman *ſues,*
For the deſtruction of the Jews:
The King conſents, and in his name
Decrees were ſent t' effect the ſame.

Sect. 8.

NOW when the year had turn'd his courſe about,
And fully worn his weary hours out,
And left his circling travel to his heir,
That now ſets onſet to the enſuing year,
Proud *Haman* (pain'd with travel in the birth,
Till after-time could bring his miſchief forth)
Caſt Lots, from month to month, from day to day,
To pick the choiceſt time when fortune may
Be moſt propitious to his damned plot;
Till on the laſt month fell the unwilling Lot:
So *Haman* guided by his Idol Fate,
(Cloaking with publique good his private Hate)
In plaintiff terms, where reaſon forg'd a reliſh,
Unto the King, his ſpeech did thus imbelliſh:
Upon the limits of this happy Nation,
There flotes a ſcum, an off-caſt Generation,

Dispers'd, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,
And Refractory to the Laws, to thy Command.
Not stooping to thy Power, but despising
All Government, but of their own deviſing,
Which ſtirs the glowing embers of diviſion,
The hateful mother of a States perdition,
The which (not ſoon redreſt by Reformation)
Will ruine breed, to thee and to thy Nation,
Begetting Rebels, and ſeditious broils,
And fill thy peaceful Land with bloody ſpoils:
Now therefore, if it pleaſe my gracious Lord,
To right this greevance with his Princely ſword,
That death and equal Juſtice may o'rwhelm
The ſecret Ruiners of thy ſacred Realm,
Unto the Royal Treaſure of the King,
Ten thouſand ſilver talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedleſs hand
His Ring to *Haman*, with that Ring command,
And ſaid: *Thy proffer'd wealth thy ſelf poſſeſs;*
Yet be thy juſt petition ne'rtheleſs
Entirely granted. Lo! before thy face
Thy vaſſals lie, with all their rebel race;
Thine be the people, and the power thine,
T' allot theſe Rebels their deſerved Fine.
Forthwith the Scribes were ſummon'd to appear,
Decrees were written, ſent to every Shire;
To all Lievtenants, Captains of the Band;
And all the Provinces throughout the Land,
Stil'd in the name and perſon of the King,
And made authentick with his Royal Ring;
By ſpeedy Poſt-men were the Letters ſent;
And this the ſum is of their ſad content:

ASSUERUS REX.

Let ev'ry Province in the Perſian Land,
(Upon the day prefixt) prepare his hand

To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,
And from the Earth to root the Jewish brood:
And let the softness of no partial heart,
Through melting pity, love or false desert,
Spare either young, or old, or man, or woman,
But like their faults, so let their plagues be common.
Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,
And given at Shushan *from our Royal Place.*

So *Haman* fill'd with joy, (his fortunes blest
With fair success of his so foul request)
Laid care aside to sleep, and with the King
Consum'd the time in jolly banquetting:
Mean while the Jews (the poor afflicted Jews,
Perplext and startled with the new-bred news)
With drooping heads and self embracing arms,
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harms.

Meditat. 8.

OF all Diseases in a Publick weal,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heal,
(Except a Tyrant King) than when great might
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight
To bathe and paddle in the blood of those
Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose:
For when as haughty power is conjoyn'd
Unto the will of a distemper'd mind,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it self hath power to fulfil:
What mischief then can linger, unattempted?
What base attempts can happen unprevented?
Statutes must break, good Laws must go to Wrack,
And (like a Bow that's overbent) must crack:
Justice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious:

Mercy

Mercy (the Stear of Justice) flies the City,
And falsly must be term'd a foolish pity:
Mean while the gracious Princes tender breast
(Gently possest with nothing but the best
Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd,
And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd.
The radiant beams that warm, and shine so bright,
Comfort this lower world with heat and light,
But drawn, and recollected in a glass,
They burn, and their appointed limits pass,
Even so the power from the Princes hand,
Directs the subject with a sweet command.
But to perverse fantasticks if conferr'd,
Whom wealth, or blinded fortune hath preferr'd,
It spurs on wrong, and makes the right retire,
And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:
Their foul intent, the Common good pretends,
And with that good they mask their private ends;
Their glory's dim, and cann't be understood,
Unless it shine in pride, or swim in blood:
Their will's a Law, their mischief Policy,
Their frowns are death, their power tyranny:
Ill thrives the State that harbours such a man,
That can what e'r he wills; wills, what he can.
May my ungarnisht quill presume so much
To glorifie it self, and give a touch
Upon the Island of my Sovereign Lord;
What language shall I use, what new-found word,
T'abridge the mighty volume of his worth,
And keep me blameless from th' untimely birth
Of (false-reputed) flattery? he lends
No curst *Human* pow'r to work his Ends
Upon our ruin, but transfers his grace
On just desert, which in the ugly face
Of foul detraction, (untoucht) can dare,
And smile, till black-mouth'd Envy blush, and tare

Her

Her ſnaky fleece. Thus, thus in a happy peace
He rules, to make our happineſs increaſe,
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his breaſt he bears a living Law:
Defend us thou, and Heavens thee defend,
And let proud *Haman* have proud *Haman's* end.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Jews and Mordecai *lament,*
And wail the height of their diſtreſſes:
But Mordecai *the Queen poſſeſſes,*
With cruel Haman's *foul intent.*

Sect. 9.

NOW when as Fame (the daughter of the Earth
Newly diſ-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings diſplay,
And pearcht in the ſad ears of *Mordecai*;
He rent his garment, wearing in their ſtead
Diſtreſſed Sackcloth: on his fainting head
He ſtrowed Duſt, and from his ſhowring eyes
Ran floods of ſorrow, and with bitter cries.
His grief ſaluted Heaven; his groans did borrow
No Art to draw the true pourtract of ſorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled breaſt alone,
(Too ſmall a ſtage for grief to trample on)
Did Tyrant ſorrow act her lively Scene,
But did inlarge (ſuch grief admits no mean)
The lawleſs limits of her Theatre
I'th' hearts of all the Jewiſh Nation, were
(With no diſſembled action) ſhe expreſt
The lively Paſſion of a penſive breſt.

Forth-

Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
T' acquaint Queen *Esther* with his sad estate,
But found no entrance: for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthful sport,
To jolly mirth, and such delightful things:
Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings:
There lies no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely place:
Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the Queen
(Unable of themselves to help) had seen,
Their Royal Mistress straight they did acquaint
With the dum shew of her sad Cozens plaint;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplext and forced by the tender Laws
Of dear affection, her gentle heart
Did sympathize, with his conceived smart:
She sent him change of raiment to put on,
To vail his grief, but he received none;
Then (sore dismai'd, impatient to forbear
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to hear)
She sent her servant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disastrous fortune
Had caus'd this strange and ill-apparell'd grief.
That she (if in her lies) may send relief:
To whom his sorrows made this sad Relation:
And this the tenour of his Declaration:

Haman's (*that cursed* Haman's *haughty pride,*
Because my knee deservedly deni'd
To make an Idol of his greatness) hath
Incenst the fury of his jealous wrath,
And proffer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood
Of me, and all the faithful Jewish brood:
Lo, here the Copy, granted by the King,
Stil'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring:
By vertue of the which, into his hands,
Curst Haman *hath ingrost our lives, our lands:*

Go tell the Queen, it reſteth in her powers
To help; the caſe is hers, as well as ours:
Go tell my Cozen Queen, it is her charge
To uſe the means whereby ſhe may inlarge
Her aged Kinſman's life, and all her Nation;
preferring to the King her ſupplication.

Meditat. 9.

WHO hopes t' attain the ſweet Elyſian Lays
To reap the harveſt of his well-ſpent days,
Muſt paſs the joyleſs ſtreams of Acheron,
The ſcorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
And ſable billows of the Stygian Lake:
Thus ſweet with ſowr each mortal muſt partake.
What joyful Harveſter did e'r obtain
The ſweet fruition of his hopeful gain,
Until his hardy labors firſt had paſt
The ſummers heat, and ſtormy winters blaſt;
A ſable night returns a ſhining morrow;
And days of joy enſue ſad nights of ſorrow:
The way to bliſs lies not on beds of Down,
And he that had no Croſs, deſerves no Crown:
Here's but one Heav'n, one place of perfect eaſe,
In man it lies, to take it where he pleaſe,
Above, or here below: and few men do
Enjoy the one, and taſte the other too:
Sweating, and conſtant labor wins the Goal
Of reſt; Afflictions clarifie the ſoul,
And like hard Maſters, give more hard directions,
Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections:
Wiſdom (the Antidote of ſad deſpair)
Makes ſharp Afflictions ſeem not as they are,
Through patient ſufferance; and doth apprehend,
Not as they ſeeming are, but as they end:

To

To bear affliction with a bended brow,
Or ſtubborn heart, is but to diſallow
The ſpeedy means to health; ſalve heals no ſore,
If miſappli'd, but makes the grief the more;
Who ſends Affliction, ſends an end, and He
Beſt knows what's beſt for him, what's beſt for me:
'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
Him pleaſes when he liſt to ſtroke or ſtrike:
I'll neither wiſh, nor yet avoid tentation,
But ſtill expect it, and make preparation:
If he think beſt, my Faith ſhall not be tri'd,
Lord keep me ſpotleſs from preſumptuous pride:
If otherwiſe with trial, give me care,
By thankful patience to prevent deſpair:
Fit me to bear what-e'r thou ſhalt aſſign;
I kiſs the Rod, becauſe the Rod is thine.
How-e'r, let me not boaſt, nor yet repine,
With trial, or without, (Lord) make me thine.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her aid implor'd, the Queen refuſes
To help them, and her ſelf excuſes:
But (urg'd by Mordecai*) conſents*
To die, or croſs their foes intents.

Sect. 10.

NOW when the ſervant had return'd the words
Of wretched *Mordecai*, like painted ſwords
They near impierc'd Queen *Eſthers* tender heart,
That we could pity, but no help impart;
Ballaic'd with grief, and with the burthen fol'd,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) ſhe thus recoil'd:

Go,

Go, Hatach, *tell my wretched kinſman thus,*
he concerns not you alone, but us:
e are the ſubject of proud Haman's *hate,*
s well as you; our life is pointed at,
s well as yours, or as the meaneſt Jew,
or can I help my ſelf, nor them, nor you:
u know the cuſtom of the Perſian State,
o King may break, no Subject violate.
ow may I then preſume to make acceſs
fore th' offended King? or rudely preſs
(Uncall'd) into his preſence? How can I
xpect my ſuit, and have deſerv'd to die?
ay my deſires hope to find ſucceſs,
hen to effect them, I the Law tranſgreſs?
heſe thirty days uncall'd for have I been
nto my Lord, how dare I now go in?
o, Hatach, *and return this heavy news,*
nd ſhew the truth of my enforc'd excuſe.

Whereof when *Mordecai* was full poſſeſt,
is troubled ſoul he boldly thus expreſt:
Go, tell the fearful Queen, too great's her fear,
o ſmall her zeal; her life ſhe rates too dear:
w poor's th' adventure, to engage thy blood,
ſave thy peoples life, and Churches good?
what advantage canſt thou more expoſe
y life than this? Th'aſt but a life to loſe:
ink not thy Greatneſs can excuſe our death,
ſave thy life, thy life is but a breath
s well as ours, (Great Queen) thou hop'ſt in vain,
ſaving of a life, a life to gain:
o knows if God on purpoſe did intend
y high preferment for this happy end?
at this needful time thou ſpare to ſpeak,
r ſpeedy help ſhall (like the morning) break
om Heaven, together with thy woes; and he
at ſuccors us, ſhall keep his plagues on thee.

Which

Which when Queen *Esther* had right well perus'd,
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,
Startled with zeal, not daring to deny,
She rouz'd her faith, and sent this meek reply:
Since Heaven it is endows each enterprize
With good success, and only in us lies
To plant and water; let us first obtain
Heavens high assistance, lest the work be vain:
Let all the Jews in Susa *summon'd be,*
And keep a solemn three days Fast, and we,
With all our servants, and our maiden-train,
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstain:
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repair,
Howe'r my boldness shall his Laws contrair)
And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
And scorn her power: If I die, I die.

Meditat. 10.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whose careful Summer Providence fore-sees
Th' approaching fruitless Winter, which denies
The crown of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to bear their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and some
Dispose the wax; others the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive,
Like armed Centinels; others distrain
The purer honey from the wax; some train,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish Drones from their deserved Hive:
Thus in the Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burger acts his busie part:
So man (whose first creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,

Than

Then (as a faithful Steward, to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live)
Must suit his dear endeavour to his might;
Each one must lift to make the burthen light,
Proving the power that his gifts afford
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breath, each his account must make,
Or more or less; and he whose power lacks
The means to gather honey, must bring wax:
Five talents double five; two render four,
Where's little, little's crav'd; where's much, there's more:
King's by their Royal priviledge may do,
What unbefits a mind to search into.
But by the force of their prerogatives,
They cannot free the custom of their lives:
The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled brows
Faint drops distil, through labour that she ows
Her needy life) must make her Audite too,
As well as King's and mighty Monarch's do:
The World's a Stage, each mortal acts thereon,
As well the King that glitters on the throne,
As needy Beggars; Heav'n Spectator is,
And marks who acteth well, and who amiss.
What part befits me best, I cannot tell:
It matters not how mean, so acted well.

THE ARGUMENT.

Unto the King Queen Esther *goes,*
He unexpected favour shows;
Demands her suit, she doth request
The King and Haman *to a Feast.*

Sect. II.

WHen as Queen *Esthers* solemn three days Fast
Had feasted Heaven with a sweet repast,
Her lowly bended body she unbow'd,
And like (fair *Titan* breaking from a Cloud)
She rose, and with her Royal Robe she clad
Her liveless limbs, and with a face as sad
As grief could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow
A needless help to counterfeit a sorrow.)
Softly she did direct her feeble pace
Unto the Inner-Court, where for a space
She boldly stood before the Royal Throne,
Like one that would, but durst not make her mone:
Which when her Princely Husband did behold,
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)
And to express a welcome unexpected,
Forth to the Queen his scepter he directed;
Whom (now imboldned to approach secur'd)
In gracious terms he gently thus conjur'd:

What is't Queen Esther *would? what sad request*
Hangs on her lips, dwels in her doubtful brest?
Say, say, (my life's preserver) what's the thing
That lies in the performance of a King,
Shall be deni'd? Fair Queen, whate'r is mine,
Unto the moity of my Kingdom's thine.

So *Esther* thus: *If in thy Princely eyes,*
Thy loyal servant hath obtain'd the prize
Of undeserved favour, let the King
And Haman *grace my this days banqueting,*
To crown the dainties of his hand-maids Feast,
Humbly devoted to so great a Guest.

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:
(To willing minds, no twice entreaty needed)
They came; but in Queen *Esthers* troubled face,
(Robb'd of the sweetness of her wonted grace)

The

The King read diſcontent; her face divin'd
The greatneſs of ſome further ſuit behind.
Say, ſay, (thou bounteous harveſt of my joys)
ſaid then the King) what dumpiſh grief annoys
hy troubled Soul? Speak Lady, what's the thing
hy heart deſires? By th' honour of a King,
y Kingdoms half, requeſted, I'll divide,
o fair Queen Eſther, *to my faireſt Bride.*
Lo then the tenour of my dear requeſt,
Replied the Queen) *Unto a ſecond Feaſt,*
hy humble Suitor doth preſume to bid
he King, and *Haman, as before ſhe did:*
ow therefore if it pleaſe my gracious Lord
o daign his Royal preſence, and afford
he peerleſs treaſure of his Princely Grace,
o dry the ſorrows of his Handmaids face,
hen to my Kingly, and thrice welcom Gueſt,
is ſervant ſhall unboſom her requeſt.

Meditat. 11.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feaſt,
(Adviſing well the greatneſs of his Gueſt)
uſt purge his dining Chamber from infections,
nd ſweep the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,
nd then provide ſuch Cates as moſt delight
s Palate, and beſt pleaſe his Appetite;
nd ſuch are holy works, and pious deeds,
heſe are the dainties whereon Heaven feeds:
ith plays the Cook, ſeaſons, directs, and guids;
man finds meat, ſo God the Cook provides:
s drink are tears, ſprung from a midnight-cry,
aven ſips out Nectar from a Sinners eye;
e dining Chamber is the ſoul oppreſt;
d keeps his Revels in a ſinners breſt:

The muſick that attends the Feaſt, are groans,
Deep ſounding ſighs, and loud lamenting moans:
Heav'n hears no ſweeter muſick, than complaints;
The Faſts of Sinners, are the Feaſts of Saints,
To which Heav'n deins to ſtoop, and Heav'ns high King
Deſcends, whilſt all the Quire of Angels ſing,
And with ſuch ſenſe-bereaving Sonnets fill
The hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill
(Dazell'd with too much light) it ſelf addreſſing
To blaze them forth, obſcures them in th' expreſſing:
Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feaſt,
Grac'd with the preſence of ſo great a gueſt!
To him are freely giv'n the privy keys
Of Heav'n and Earth, to open when he pleaſe,
And lock when e'r he liſt; In him it lies
To ope the ſhoring floodgates of the ſkies,
Or ſhut them at his pleaſure; in his hand
The Hoſt of Heaven is put; if he command,
The Sun (not daring to withſtand) obeys,
Out-runs his equal hours, flies back, or ſtays;
To him there's nought uneaſie to atchieve;
He'll rouze the Graves, and make the dead alive.
Lord, I'm unfit t' invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too courſe, too mean my Room:
Yet come and welcome: by thy power Divine,
Thy grace may turn my Water into Wine,

THE ARGUMENT.

Good Mordecai's *unreverence*
Great Haman's *haughty pride offends:*
H' accquaints his Wife with the offence;
The Counſel of his Wife and Friends.

Sect. 12.

THat day went *Haman* forth; for his swoln breſt
Was fill'd with joys, and heart was full poſſeſt
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To ſatisfie her prodigal Deſire.
But when he paſſed through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-ſore) aged *Mordocheus* ſate,
With head unbarr'd, and ſtubborn knee unbent,
Unapt to fawn, with ſlaviſh blandiſhment:
Which when great *Haman* ſaw, his boyling breſt
(So great diſdain unable to digeſt)
Ran o'r; his blood grew hot, and new deſires
Incenſt and kindled his avenging fires;
Surcharg'd with grief, and ſick with male-content
Through his diſtemper'd paſſion, home he went;
Where (to aſſwage the ſwelling of his ſorrow
With words the pooreſt helps diſtreſs can borrow)
His Wife and Friends he ſummon'd to partake
His cauſe of diſcontent, and thus beſpake:
See, ſee, how Fortune with a liberal hand,
Hath with the beſt and ſweeteſt of the Land,
Crown'd my deſires, and hath timely blown
My budded hopes, whoſe ripeneſs hath out-grown
The limits and the height of expectation,
Scarce to be had but in a contemplation:
See, ſee, how Fortune (to inlarge his breath,
And make me living in deſpight of Death)
Hath multiply'd my loyns, that after-Fame,
May in my ſtock preſerve my blood, my name.
To make my honour with my fortunes even,
Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
And truſted to my hand the ſword of Pow'r;
My life, or death lies where I laugh or lowr;
Who ſtands more gracious in my Princes eye?
How frowns the King, if Haman *be not by?*

Esther *the Queen hath made the King her guest,*
And wisely weighing how to grace the Feast
With most advantage (hath in policie)
Invited me: And no man else but I
Only (a fit companion for a King)
May taste the secrets of the banqueting.
Yet what avails my wealth, my place, my might?
How can I relish them? with what delight?
What pleasure is in dainties, if the taste
Be in it self distemper'd? Better fast:
In many sweets, one sowr offends the palate,
One loathsom weed annoys the choicest Salat:
What are my riches? what my honour'd place?
What are my Children? or my Princes Grace,
So long as cursed Mordecai *survives?*
Whose very breath infects, whose life deprives
My life of bliss, and visage sternly strikes
Worse venome to mine eyes than Basilisks.
When *Haman* then had launc'd his ripn'd grief,
In bloody terms they thus appli'd relief:
Erect a Gibbet, fifty Cubits high,
Then urge the King (what will the King deny
When Haman *sues?) that slavish* Mordecai
Be hang'd thereon; his blood will soon allay
The heat of thine; his cursed death shall fame
The highness of thy power, and his shame;
So when thy suit shall find a fair event,
Go banquet with the King, and live content.
The Counsel pleas'd: the Gibbet fairly stands,
Soon done, as said: *Revenge* finds nimble hands.

Meditat. 12.

SOme Ev'ls I must approve; all Goods, I dare not;
Some are, and seem not good; some seem, and are not

In chooſing goods my heart will make the choice,
My flatt'ring eye ſhall have no caſting voice:
No outward ſenſe may chuſe an inward bliſs,
For ſeeming happineſs leaſt happy is:
The Eye (the chiefeſt Cinque-port of the heart)
Keeps open doors, and plays the traytors part;
Lets painted pleaſures in, to bribe th' Affections,
Which masks foul faces under falſe complexions:
It hath no power to judge, nor can it ſee
Things as they are, but as they ſeem to be.
There's but one happineſs, one perfect bliſs;
But how obtain'd, or where, or what it is,
The world of nature ne'r could apprehend,
Grounding their labors on no other end
Than bare opinion, diverſly affecting
Some one thing, ſome another, ſtill projecting
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schools
Lent ſo much knowledge as to make them fools:
One builds his bliſs upon the blaze of glory:
Can perfect happineſs be tranſitory?
In ſtrength, another ſums felicity:
What horſe is not more happy far than he?
Some pile their happineſs on heaps of wealth:
Which (ſick) they'd loath, if Gold could purchaſe health:
Some, in the uſe of beauty place their end:
Some, in th' enjoyment of a Courtly friend:
Like waſted Lamps, ſuch happineſſes ſmother;
Age puffeth out the one; and want, the other.
The happineſs, whoſe worth deſerves the name
Of chief, with ſuch a fire doth inflame
The breſt of mortals, that Heaven thinks it fit
That men ſhould rather think, than taſte of it;
All earthly joys ſome other aim intend,
This, for it ſelf's deſir'd, no other end:
Thoſe (if enjoy'd) are croſt with diſcontent,
If not in the purſuit, in the event:

This (truly good) admits no contrariety,
Without defect, or yet a loath'd satiety.
The least is more than my desert can claim,
(Thankful for both) at this alone I aim.

THE ARGUMENT.

The King asks Haman, *what respects*
Befit the man that he affects;
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.

Sect. 13.

NOW when as *Morpheus* (Sergeant of the night)
Had laid his Mace upon the dawning light,
And with his lustless limbs had closely spred
The sable Curtains of his drouzy bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest
Kept midnight Revels.
Wherefore (to recollect his random thought)
He gave command the Chronicles be brought
And read before him; where, with good attention,
He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with fair prevention)
Of a foul treason 'gainst his blood intended,
His life, and State had loyally defended:
Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithful service with the least delay)
Gently demands what thankful recompence,
What worship, or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Justly repaid this loyal Liege-man's faith?
They answer'd, None: Now *Haman* (fully bent
To give the vessel of his poyson, vent)

Stood ready charg'd with full Revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward
The King intends: *Say* (Haman) *quoth the King*
What worſhip, or what honourable thing
Beſt fits the perſon, whom the King ſhall place
Within the bounty of his higheſt Grace?
So *Haman* thus bethought, *Who more than I*
Deſerves the Sun-ſhine of my Princes eye?
Whom ſeeks the King to honour more than me?
From Haman's *mouth ſhall* Haman *honour'd be;*
Speak freely then, and let thy tongue proclaim
An honour ſuiting to thy worth, thy name:
So *Haman* thus: *This honour, this reſpect*
Be done to him the King ſhall moſt affect,
In Robes Imperial be his body dreſt,
And bravely mounted on that very Beaſt
The King beſtrides; then be the Crown of State
Plac'd on his lofty brows: Let Princes wait
Upon his Stirrop, and in triumph lead
This Imp of Honour in Aſſuerus *ſtead;*
And to expreſs the glory of his name,
Like Heralds, let the Princes thus proclaim;
This peerleſs Honour, and theſe Princely Rites
Be done to him in whom the King delights.
Said then the King, *O ſudden change of Fate!*
Within the Portal of our Palace Gate
There ſits a Jew, whoſe name is Mordecai,
Be he the man; let no perverſe delay
Protract; but what thy laviſh tongue hath ſaid,
Do thou to him. So *Haman* ſore diſmaid
His tougue (ti'd to his Roof) made no reply,
But (neither daring anſwer, nor deny)
Perforce obey'd, and ſo his Page became,
Whoſe life he ſought to have bereav'd with ſhame:
The Rites ſolemniz'd, *Mordecai* return'd
Unto the Gate; *Haman* went home, and mourn'd,

(His

(His visage muffled in a mournful vale)
And told his wife this melancholy tale;
Whereat amaz'd, and startled at the news,
Despairing, thus she spake: *If from the Jews*
This Mordecai *derive this happy line,*
His be the palm of victory not thine:
The highest Heavens have still conspir'd to bless
That faithful seed, and with a fair success
Have crown'd their just designs: If Mordecai
Descend from thence, thy hopes shall soon decay,
And melt, like wax before the mid-day Sun.
So said, her broken speech not fully done,
Haman was hasted to Queen *Esthers* Feast,
To mirth and joy, an indispos'd Guest.

Meditat. 13.

THere's nothing under Heaven more glorifies
The name of King, or in a Subjects eyes
Wins more observance, or true loyalty,
Than sacred Justice shared equally:
No greater glory can belong to Might,
Than to defend the feeble in their right,
To help the helpless, and their wrongs redress,
To curb the haughty-hearted, and suppress
The proud; requiting ev'ry special deed
With punishment, or honorable meed:
Herein Kings aptly may deserve the name
Of gods, enshrined in an earthly frame;
Nor can they any way approach more nigh
The full perfection of a Deity,
Than by true Justice, imitating Heaven
In nothing more, than in the poyzing even
Their righteous ballance: Justice is not blind,
As Poets fein; but, with a sight refin'd,

Her

Her Lyncean eyes are clear'd and ſhine as bright
As do their errors, that deny her ſight;
The ſoul of Juſtice reſteth in her eye,
Her connemplation's chiefly to deſcry
True worth from painted ſhows; and loyalty,
From falſe, and deep diſſembled treachery,
A noble Stateſman, from a Paraſite;
And good, from what is meerly good in ſight;
Such hidden things her piercing eye can ſee:
If Juſtice then be blind, how blind are we!
Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to ſay,
From earth the fair *Aſtræa's* fled away,
And in the ſhining Baudrike takes her ſeat,
To make the number of the Signs compleat:
For why? *Aſtrea* doth repoſe and reſt
Within the Zodiack of my Sov'reigns breſt.
And from the Cradle of his Infancy
Hath train'd his Royal heart with induſtry,
In depth of righteous lore, and ſacred thews
Of Juſtice School, that this my Haggard Muſe
Cannot contain the freeneſs of her ſpright,
But make a Mounty at ſo fair a flight,
Perchance (though like a baſtard Eagle) daz'd
With too great light, ſhe wink, and fall amaz'd.
Heav'n make my heart more thankful in confeſſing
So high a bliſs, than skilful in expreſſing.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Queen brings Haman's *accuſation;*
The King's diſpleaſed, and grows in paſſion:
Proud Haman's *treachery deſcry'd;*
The ſhameful end of ſhameleſs pride.

Sect. 14.

FOrthwith to satisfie the Queens request,
The King and *Haman* came unto her Feast.
Whereat the King, (what then can hap amiss?)
Became her suitor, that was humbly his,
And fairly thus intreating, this bespake:
What is't Queen Esther *would? and for her sake*
What is't the King would not? prefer thy suit
Fair Queen: those that despair, let them be mute.
Clear up those clouded beams (my fairest Bride)
My Kingdoms half (requested) I'll divide.
Whereat the Queen, half hoping, half afraid,
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said:
If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,
Thy sad petitioner may find a place
To shrowd her most unutterable grief,
Which if not there, may hope for no relief;
If in the treasure of thy gracious eyes,
(Where mercy and relenting pity lies)
Thy hand-maid hath found favour; let my Lord
Grant me my life (my life so much abhord,
To do him service) and my peoples life,
Which now lie open to a tyrant's knife:
Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltless I,
Thy loyal Spouse, thy Queen, and hers must die:
The spotless blood of me, thy faithful Bride,
Must swage the swelling of a tyrant's pride:
Had we been sold for drudges, to attend
The busie Spindle; or for slaves to spend
Our weary hours, to deserve our bread,
So as the gain stood but my Lord in stead,
I had been silent, and ne'r spend my breath;
But neither he that seeks it, nor my death
Can to himself the least advantage bring,
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.

Like

Like to a Lion rouzed from his reſt,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage expreſt:
Who is the man that dares attempt this thing?
Where is the Traytor? What? Am I a King?
May not our Subjects ſerve, but muſt our Queen
Be made the ſubject of a villains ſpleen?
Is not Queen Eſther *boſom'd in our heart?*
What traytor then dares be ſo bold, to part
Our heart and us? who dares attempt this thing?
Can Eſther *then be ſlain, and not the King?*
Reply'd the Queen, *The man that hath done this,*
That curſed Haman, *wicked* Haman *is.*
Like as a Felon ſhakes before the Bench.
Whoſe troubled ſilence proves the Evidence,
So *Haman* trembled when Queen *Eſther* ſpake,
Nor anſwer, nor excuſe his guilt could make.
The King, no longer able to diſgeſt
So foul a treachery, forſook the Feaſt,
Walk'd in the Garden, where conſuming rage
Boyld in his heart, with fire (unapt to ſwage)
So *Haman* pleading guilty to the fault,
Beſought his life of her, whoſe life he ſought,
When as the King had walk'd a little ſpace,
(So rage and choler often ſhift their place)
In he return'd, where *Haman* fallen flat
Was on the bed whereon Queen *Eſther* ſat:
Whereat the King new cauſe of rage debates,
(Apt to ſuppoſe the worſt, of whom he hates)
New paſſion adds new fuel to his fire,
And fains a cauſe to make it blaze the higher.
Is't not enough for him to ſeek her death,
(Said he) but with a Letchers tainted breath,
Will he inforce my Queen before my face,
And make his Brothel in our Royal Place?
So ſaid, they veiled *Haman's* face, as he
Unfit were to be ſeen, or yet to ſee:

Then said an Eunuch sadly standing by,
In Haman's *Garden, fifty Cubits high,*
There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,
Made for thy loyal servant Mordecai,
Whose faithful lips thy life from danger freed,
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.
Said then the King, *It seemeth just and good,*
To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood;
Who plants the tree, deserves the fruit; 'tis fit
That he that bought the purchase hansel it:
Hang Haman *there; It is his proper good;*
So let the Horseleach burst himself with blood;
They straight obey'd: Lo here the end of Pride:
Now rests the King appeas'd and satisfi'd.

Meditat. 14.

CHear up, and carol forth your silver ditty,
(Heavens winged Quiristers, and fill your City
(The new *Jerusalem*) with jolly mirth:
The Church hath peace in Heaven, hath peace on Earth:
Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
The flitting skies; dismount, and quite bereave
Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,
For lo, there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth:
Let *Hallelujah* fill your warbling tongues,
And let the Air compos'd of Saintly songs,
Breath such celestial Sonnets in our ears;
That whosoe'r this heavenly musick hears,
May stand amaz'd, and (ravisht at the mirth)
Chant forth, there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth:
Let Mountains clap their joyful, joyful hands,
And let the lesser hills trace o'r the Lands
In equal measure; and resounding woods
Bow down your heads, and kiss your neigb'ring floods:

Let

Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth;
For now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on earth:
You holy temples of the higheſt King,
Triumph with joy; Your ſacred Anthems ſing;
Chant forth your Hymn's, and heav'nly roundelays,
And touch your Organs on their louder keys:
For *Haman's* dead, that danted all your mirth,
And now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth:
Proud *Haman's* dead, whoſe life diſturb'd thy reſt,
Who ſought to cut and ſear thy Lilly breſt;
The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring
Unto the Vineyard, is taken in a Spring.
ſeem'd not thy Spouſe unkind, to hear thee weep
And not redreſs thee? Seem'd he not a ſleep?
No (*Sion*) no, he heard thy bitter prayer,
But let thee weep, for weeping makes thee fair,
The morning Sun reflects, and ſhines moſt bright;
When Pilgrims grope in darkneſs all the night:
The Church muſt conquer, e'r ſhe gets the prize,
But there's no conqueſt, where's no enemies:
The day is thine; in triumph make thy mirth,
For now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth:
What man's ſo dull, or in his brains undone,
To ſay (becauſe he ſees not) there's no Sun?
Weak is the faith, upon a ſudden grief,
That ſays (becauſe not now) there's no relief:
God's bound to help, but loves to ſee men ſue:
Though dateleſs, yet the bond's not preſent due.
Like to the ſorrows of our Child-bed wives,
Is the ſad pilgrimage of humane lives:
But when, by throes, God ſends a joyful birth.
Then find we peace in Heav'n, and peace on Earth.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Upon the Queen and Mordecai
Dead Haman's *wealth and dignity*
The King bestows: to their discretion
Refers the Jews decreed oppression.

Sect. 15.

THat very day the King did freely add
More bounty to his gift: what *Haman* had
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repaid
To *Esthers* hand, and to her use convaid:
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King;
Upon his hand he put his Royal Ring,
Whose Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuse,
In late betraying of the guiltless *Jews*;
For now had *Esther* to the King descri'd
Her Jewish Kin, how near she was alli'd
To *Mordocheus*, whom (her father dead)
His love did foster in her fathers stead.
Once more the *Queen* prefers an earnest suit,
Her humble body lowly prostitute
Before his Royal feet, her cheeks o'rflown
With marish tears, and thus her painful moan,
Commixt with bitter singults, she expresst:
If in the Cabin of thy Princely brest
Thy loyal servant (undeserv'd) hath found
A place wherein her wishes might be crown'd
With fair success; If in thy gracious sight
I pleasing, or my cause seem just and right,
Be speedy letters written to reverse,
Those bloody Writs which Haman *did disperse*

Through-

Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content
Was the subversion of my innocent
And faithful people; Help (my gracious Lord)
The time's prefixt, wherein th' impartial Sword
Must make this Massacre, the day's at hand,
Unless thy speedy grace send countermand:
How can I brook within my tender brest,
To break the bonds of Natures high behest,
And see my people (for whose sake I breath)
Like stalled Oxen, brought and sold for death?
How can I see such mischief? how can I
Survive, to see my Kin, and people die?
Said then the King, *Lo cursed* Haman *hath*
The execution of our highest wrath,
The equal hire of his malicious pride:
His wealth to thee I gave; (my fairest Bride)
His honour (better plac'd) I have bestow'd
On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
Her five years breath, the trusty Mordecai,
Our loyal kinsman: Let his hand pourtray
Our pleasure, as best liketh him and thee;
Let him set down, and be it our Decree,
Let him confirm it with our Royal Ring,
And we shall sign it with the name of King:
For none may alter, or reverse the same
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.

Meditat. 15.

TO breath's a necessary gift of nature,
Whereby we may discern a living creature
From plants, or stones: 'tis but a meer degree
From vegetation; and this, hath she
Like equally shar'd out to brutish beasts
With man, who less observes her due behests

(Sometimes) then they; and oft, by accident,
Do leſs improve the gift in the event:
But man, whoſe Organs are more fairly dreſt,
To entertain a far more noble Gueſt,
Hath through the excellence of his Creation,
A Soul Divine; Divine by inſpiration;
Divine through likeneſs to that power Divine,
That made and plac'd her in her fleſhly ſhrine;
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative;
Beaſts only breath; 'tis man alone doth live;
One end of man's creation was Society,
Mutual Communion and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himſelf alone,
Subſiſts, and breaths, but lives not; Never one
Deſerv'd the moity of himſelf, for he
That's born, may challenge but one part of three;
Triparted thus; his Country claims the beſt;
The next his Parents; and himſelf the leaſt.
He husbands beſt his life, that freely gives
It for the publike good; he rightly lives,
That nobly dies: 'tis greateſt maſtery,
Not to be fond to live nor fear to die
On juſt occaſion; He that (in caſe) deſpiſes
Life, earns it beſt; but he that over-prizes
His deareſt blood, when honour bids him die,
Steals but a life, and lives by Robbery.
O ſweet Redeemer of the World, whoſe death
Deſerv'd a World of lives! Had thy dear breath
Been dear to thee; Oh hadſt thou but deni'd
Thy precious blood, the World for e'r had di'd:
O ſpoil my life, when I deſire to ſave it,
By keeping it from thee, that freely gave it.

THE ARGUMENT.

Letters are ſent by Mordecai,
That all the Jews, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withſtand
The fury of their fo-men's hand.

Sect. 16.

FOrthwith the *Scribes* were ſummon'd to appear;
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire,
Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed)
To all the *Jews* (the *Jews* ſo much dejected)
To all Lievtenants, Captains of the Band,
To all the States, and Princes of the Land,
According to the phraſe, and divers faſhion
Of Dialect, and ſpeech of ev'ry Nation;
All which was ſtyled in the name o'th' King,
Sign'd with his hand, ſeal'd with his Royal Ring:
Lo here the tenor of the King's Commiſſion;
Whereas of late (at Haman's *urg'd petition)*
Decrees were ſent, and ſpred throughout the Land,
To ſpoil the Jews, and with impartial hand
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill and ſlay;
We likewiſe grant, upon that very day,
Full power to the Jews, to make defence,
And quit their lives, and for a recompance,
To take the ſpoils of thoſe they ſhall ſuppreſs,
Shewing like mercy to the mercileſs.
By Poſts, as ſwift as time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; as faſt as day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and haſtn'd with the King's command,
Which ſtraight was nois'd, & publiſht through the Land,

As warning to the *Jews*, to make proviſion
To entertain ſo great an oppoſition.
So *Mordecai* (diſburth'ned of his grief,
Which now found hopeful tokens of relief)
Departs the preſence of the King, addreſt
In Royal Robes, and on his lofty Creſt
He bore a Crown of gold, his body ſpred
With Lawn, and Purple deeply coloured:
Fill'd were the *Jews* with triumphs, and with noiſe,
(The common Heralds to proclaim true joys.)
Like as a Pris'ner muffled at the tree,
Whoſe life's remov'd from death ſcarce one degree,
His laſt pray'r ſaid, and heart's confeſſion made,
(His eyes poſſeſſing death's eternal ſhade)
At laſt unlook'd for, comes a ſlow Reprieve,
And makes him (even as dead) once more to live:
Amaz'd, he rends death's muffler from his eyes,
And (over-joy'd) knows not he lives or dies;
So joy'd the *Jews*, whoſe lives this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and ſet free
Their gaſping ſouls, and (like a blazing light)
Diſperſt the darkneſs of the approaching night;
So joy'd the *Jews*: and with their ſolemn feaſts
They chas'd dull ſorrow from their penſive breaſts:
Mean while the people (ſtartled at the news)
Some griev'd, ſome envi'd, ſome (for fear) turn'd *Jews*

Meditat. 16.

AMong the noble *Greeks* it was no ſhame
To loſe a ſword; It but deſerv'd the name
Of wars diſaſtrous fortune; but to yield
The right and ſafe poſſeſſion of the ſhield,
Was foul reproach, and manleſs cowardize,
Far worſe than death to him that ſcorn'd to prize

His

His life before his Honour; Honour's won
Moſt in a juſt defence, Defence is gone,
The ſhield once loſt; the wounded Theban cri'd,
How fares my ſhield? which ſafe, he ſmil'd and di'd:
True honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right;
Scorns uſurpation, nor ſeeks ſhe blood,
And thirſts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a Right to man; to man, defence
To guard it giv'n; but when a falſe pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater Might,
What doth he elſe but war with Heav'n, and fight
With Providence? God ſets the Princely Crown
On heads of Kings; Who then may take it down?
No juſter quarrel, or more noble fight,
Than to maintain, where God hath giv'n a Right;
There's no deſpair of Conqueſt in that war,
Where God's the Leader; Policie's no bar
To his deſigns; no power can withſtand
His high exploits; within whoſe mighty hand
Are all the corners of the Earth; the hills
His fenſive bulwarks are, which when he wills,
His leſſer breath can bandy up and down,
And cruſh the World, and with a wink, can drown
The ſpacious Univerſe in ſuds of Clay;
Where Heav'n is leader, Heaven muſt win the day:
God reaps his honor hence; that combat's ſafe,
Where he's a Combatant, and ventures half:
Right's not impair'd with weakneſs, but prevails
In ſpight of ſtrength, when ſtrength and power fails:
Frail is the truſt repos'd on troops of Horſe;
Truth in a handful finds a greatet force.
Lord mail my heart with faith, and be my ſhield,
And if a World confront me, I'll not yield.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bloody Massacre: the Jews
Prevail; their fatal sword subdues
A World of men, and in that fray,
Haman's *ten cursed sons they slay.*

Sect. 17.

NOW when as time had rip'ned the Decree,
(Whose winter fruit, unshaken from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that day,
Wherein pretended mischief was to play
Her tragick Scene upon the Jewish State,
And spit the venom of her bloody rage
Upon the face of that dispersed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their desolation;
Upon that day (as patients in the fight)
Their scatter'd force the *Jews* did re-unite.
And to a head their stragling strength reduc'd,
And with their fatal hand (their hand disus'd
To bathe in blood) they made so long recoil,
That with a purple stream the thirsty soil
O'rflow'd; and on the pavement (drown'd with blood)
Where never was before they rais'd a flood:
There lies a headless body, there a lim
Newly dis-joynted from the trunk of him
That there lies groaning; here, a gasping head
Cropt from his neighbours shoulders; there, half dead
Full heaps of bodies, whereof some curse fate,
Others blaspheme the name of Heav'n, and rate
Their undispos'd stars; with bitter cries,
One pities his poor widow-wife, and dies;

Another

Another bans the night his ſons were born,
That he muſt die, and they muſt live forlorn;
Here (all beſmear'd in blood congeal'd) their lies
A throng of carcaſſes, whoſe liveleſs eyes
Are clos'd with duſt, and death: there, lies the Sire
Whoſe death the greedy heir did long deſire;
And here the ſon, whoſe hopes were all the pleaſure
His aged father had, and his lifes treaſure:
Thus fell their foes, ſome dying, and ſome dead,
And only they that ſcap'd the ſlaughter, fled;
But with ſuch ſtrange amazement were affrighted,
(As if themſelves in their own death's delighted)
That each his force againſt his friend addreſt,
And ſheath'd his ſword within his neighbours breſt;
For all the Rulers (being ſore afraid
Of *Mordocheus* name) with ſtrength and aid
Suppli'd the *Jews*; For *Mordocheus* name
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd fame
Was blaz'd through every Province of the Land,
And ſpread as far, as did the King's Command:
In favour he increaſt; and ev'ry hour
Did add a greater greatneſs to his pow'r:
Thus did the *Jews* triumph in victory,
And on that day themſelves were doom'd to die,
They ſlew th' appointed actors of their death,
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crowns a Victor with a Victors prize;
So fled their foes, ſo di'd their enemies:
And on that day at *Suſan* were imbru'd
In blood, five hundred men whom they ſubdu'd;
The curſed fruit of the accurſed tree,
That impious Decad, *Haman's* progeny,
Upon that fatal day, they overthrew,
But took no ſpoil, nor ſubſtance, where they ſlew.

Meditat. 17.

I Lately mus'd; and musing stood amaz'd,
My heart was bound, my sight was over-daz'd
To view a miracle: could *Pharo* fall
Before the face of *Israel*? could her small
And ill-appointed handful than prevail,
When *Pharo's* men of War, and Charr'ots fail?
These stood like Giants; those like Pigmy brats?
These soar'd like Eagles; those like swarms of gnats:
On foot these marcht; those rode on troops of horse:
These never better arm'd; they, never worse;
Strong backt with vengeance, and revenge were they;
These, with despair, themselves, themselves betray:
They close pursu'd; these (fearful) fled the field;
How could they choose, but win? or these but yield?
Sure 'tis not man, nor horse, nor sword avails,
When *Israel* conquers, and great *Pharo* fails;
Poor *Isr'el* had no man of War, but One;
And *Pharo* having all the rest, had none;
Heav'n fought for *Isr'el*, weakned *Pharo's* heart,
Who had no *Counter-god* to take his part:
What meant that cloudy Pillar, that by day
Did usher *Isr'el* in an unknown way?
What meant that fi'ry Pillar, that by night
Appear'd to *Isr'el*, and gave *Isr'el* light?
'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
That charm'd the Seas in 'twain; 'twas *Moses* God
That fought for *Isr'el*, and made *Pharo* fall;
Well thrives the fray where God's the General:
'Tis neither strength nor undermining slight,
Prevails, where Heaven's ingaged in the fight.
Me list not ramble into antique days,
To man this theam, lest while *Ulysses* strays,

His heart forget his home *Penelope*:
Our proſp'rous *Britain* make ſufficient Plea
To prove her bliſs, and Heav'ns protecting power,
Which had ſhe miſt, her glory in an hour
Had faln to Cinders, and had paſt away
Like ſmoke before the wind; Which happy Day
Let none but baſe-bred Rebels ever fail
To conſecrate; and let this Age entail
Upon ſucceeding times Eternity,
Heav'ns higheſt love, in that days memory.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sons of Haman *(that were ſlain)*
Are all hang'd up: the Jews obtain
Freedom to fight the morrow after,
They put three hundred more to ſlaughter.

Sect. 18.

WHen as the fame of that days bloody news
Came to the King, he ſaid, *Behold, the Jews,*
Have won the day, and in their juſt defence,
Have made their wrong, a rightful recompence;
Five hundred men in Suſan *they have ſlain,*
And that remainder of proud Haman's *ſtrain,*
Their hands have rooted out; Queen Eſther, *ſay,*
What further ſuit (wherein Aſſuerus *may*
Expreſs the bounty of his Royal hand)
Reſts in thy boſom? What is thy demand?
Said then the Queen: *If in thy Princely ſight,*
My boon be pleaſing, or thou take delight
To grant thy ſervants ſuit, Let that Commiſſion
(Which gave the Jews this happy days permiſſion

To

To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,
For their behalfs that only make recourse
To God, and thee; and let that cursed brood
(The sons of Haman, *that in guilty blood*
Lie all ingorg'd, unfit to taint a grave)
Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like Co-heirs) have
Like equal shares of that deserved shame,
Their wretched father purchas'd in his name.
The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was giv'n
From *Susan*, where betwixt the Earth and Heaven,
(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
These cursed ten (like twins) were born together.
When *Titan* (ready for his journal chase)
Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and Rosie face
Inricht with morning beauty, up arose
The Jews in *Susan*, and their bloody blows
So roughly dealt, that in that dismal day
A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
No hand was laid: So, sweet and jolly rest
The Jews enjoy'd, and with a solemn Feast
(Like joyful Victors, dispossest of sorrow)
They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
Before their mighty and victorious hand,
Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey
They seized not; and in memory of that day
They solemnized their victorious Guests,
With gifts and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Meditat. 18.

THE Doctrine of the School of Grace dissents
From Natures (more uncertain) Rudiments,
And are as much contrary, and opposite
As Yea, and Nay; as black and purest white:

For

For nature teaches firſt to underſtand,
And then believe; but Grace doth firſt command
Man to believe, and then to comprehend;
Faith is of things unknown, and muſt intend,
And ſoar above conceit; what we conceive,
We ſtand poſſeſt of, and already have:
But faith beholds ſuch things, as yet we have not,
Which *eye ſees not*, *ear hears not*, *heart conceives not*.
Hereon, as on our ground-work, our ſalvation
Erects her pillars; from this firm foundation,
Our ſouls mount up the New Jeruſalem,
To take poſſeſſion of her Diadem;
God loves no ſophiſtry; Who argues leaſt
In Graces School, concludes, and argues beſt;
A womans Logick paſſes there; for 'tis
Good proof to ſay, *'Tis* ſo, becauſe *it is*;
Had *Abraham* advis'd with fleſh and blood,
Bad had his faith been, though his reaſon's good;
If God bid do, for man to urge a Why,
Is, but in better language, a deny:
The fleſhy ballances of our conceits
Have neither equal poyſure, nor juſt weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, God's deſign;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And Moral; Lively faith may not depend
Either upon th' occaſion or the end.
The glorious Suns reflected beams ſuffice,
To lend a luſtre to the feebleſt eyes,
But if the eye, too covetous of the light,
Boldly out-face the Sun (whoſe beams ſo bright,
And undiſpers'd, are too-too much refin'd
For view) is it not juſtly ſtrucken blind?
I dare not taſk ſtout *Sampſon*, for his death;
Nor wandring *Jonah*, that bequeath'd his breath
To ragingSeas, when God commanded ſo;
Nor thee (great Queen) whoſe lips did overflow

With

With streams of blood; nor thee (O cruel kind)
To quench the fire of a woman's mind,
With flowing rivers of thy subjects blood;
From bad beginnings God creates a good,
And happy end; What I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my soul admire, and believe.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Feast of Purim consecrated:
Th' occasion why 'twas celebrated:
Letters were writ by Mordecai,
To keep the mem'ry of that day.

Sect. 19.

SO *Mordocheus* throughout all the Land
Dispers'd his Letters, with a strict command
To celebrate these two days memory
With feasts, and gifts, and yearly jollity,
That after-ages may record that day,
And keep it from the rust of time, that they
Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
Upon the joys, those happy days brought forth,
Which chang'd their sadness, and black nights of sorrow
Into the brightness of a gladsom morrow:
Whereto the Jews (to whom these Letters came)
Gave due observance, and did soon proclaim
Their sacred Festivals, in memory
Of that days joy, and joyful victory:
And since the Lots (that *Haman* did abuse,
To know the dismal day which to the Jews
Might fall most fatal, and to his intent
Least unpropitious) were in th' event

Croft

Croſt with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
To work his ruine, their deliverance:
They therefore in remembrance of the Lot
(Whoſe hop'd for ſad event ſucceeded not)
The ſolemn Feaſts of *Purim* did inveſt,
And by the name of *Purim* call their Feaſt;
Which to obſerve with ſacred Complement,
And ceremonial rites, their ſouls indent,
And firmly inrol the happy memory
Ith' hearts of their ſucceeding Progeny,
That time (the enemy of mortal things)
May not with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beat down the dear memorial of that time,
But keep it flowring in perpetual prime.
Now leſt this ſhining day in times progreſs
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulneſs,
Or leſt the gaulded Perſians ſhould debate
The bloody ſlaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-days, their former miſery,
And blur the glory of this days memory,
The Queen and *Mordecai* ſent Letters out
Into the Land diſperſed round about
To re-confirm, and fully ratifie
This Feaſt of *Purim* to Eternity;
That it to after-ages may appear,
When ſinners bend their hearts, Heaven bows his ear.

Meditat. 19.

AND are the Law's of God defective then?
Or was the Paper ſcant, or dull the Pen
That wrote thoſe ſacred lines? Could imperfection
Lurk cloſely there, where Heav'n hath giv'n direction?
How comes it then, new feaſts are celebrated,
Unmention'd in the Laſt, and uncreated.

By

By him that made the Law compleat and juſt;
Not to be chang'd as brain-ſick mortals luſt?
Is not Heavens deepeſt curſe, with death to boot,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds to't?
True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and ſquire
Whereby to limit man's uncurb'd deſire,
And with a gentle hand doth juſtly paize
The ballances of his unbevell'd ways.
True, 'tis accurs'd, and thrice accurs'd be he,
That ſhall detract, or change ſuch Laws as be
Directive for his worſhip, or concern
His holy Service, theſe we ſtrictly learn,
Within our conſtant breſt to keep inſhrin'd,
Theſe in all ſeaſons, and for all times bind:
But Laws (although Divine) that do reſpect
The publick reſt, and properly direct,
As Statutes politick, do make relation
To times, and perſons, places, and occaſion.
The Brazen Serpent, which by God's command
Was builded up, was by the Prophet's hand
Beat down again, as impious and impure,
When it became an Idol, not a Cure.
A moral Law needs no more warranty,
Than Lawful givers, and conveniency,
(Not croſſing the Divine:) It lies in King's
To act, and to inhibit all ſuch things
As in his Princely wiſdom ſhall ſeem beſt,
And moſt vantageous to the publick reſt,
And what before was an indifferent thing,
His Law makes good or bad: A lawful King
Is God's Lievtenant; in his ſacred ear
God whiſpers oft, and keeps his preſence there.
To break a lawful Princes juſt Command,
Is brokage of a ſin, at ſecond hand.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Aſſuerus *Acts upon Record,*
The juſt man's vertue and reward.

Sect. 20.

AND *Aſſuerus* ſtretch'd his heavy hand
Laying a Tribute both on Sea and Land;
What elſe he did, what *Trophees* of his fame
He left for time to glorifie his Name,
With what renown and grace he did appay
The faithful heart of loyal *Mordecai*;
Are they not kept in endleſs memory,
Recorded in the Perſian Hiſtory?
For *Mordecai* poſſeſt the ſecond ſeat
In all the Kingdom, and his name is great;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man much honour'd and belov'd;
Seeking his peoples good, and ſweet proſperity,
And ſpeaking joyful peace to his poſterity.

Meditat. 20.

THus thrives the man, thus proſper his endeavonrs,
That builds on faith, and in that faith perſevers:
It is no loſs to loſe; no gain, to get,
If he that loſes all, ſhall win the Set:
God helps the weakeſt, takes the loſers chair,
And ſetting on the King doth ſoon repair
His loſs with vengeance; He's not alway beſt,
That takes the higheſt place, nor he the leaſt

That

That ſits beneath: for outward fortunes can
Expreſs how great, but not how good's the man;
Whom God will raiſe, he humbles firſt a while;
And where he raiſes, oft he means to ſpoil.
It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead or whip me home to thee.

Here the Canonical Hiſtory of Queen
ESTHER *ends.*

JOB

JOB Militant.

Horat. Car. lib. ode 17.

———*Diis, pietas mea;*
Et Musa, cordi est———

By *FR. QUARLES.*

THE

Propoſition of the Work.

WOuldſt thou diſcover in a curious Map,
That Iſland, which fond worldlings call miſ-
Surrounded with a Sea of briny tears, (*hap,*
The rocky dangers, and the boggy Fears,
The ſtorms of trouble, the afflicted Nation,
The heavy ſoyl, the lowly ſituation?
On wretched Job *then ſpend thy weeping eye,*
And ſee the colour painted curiouſly.

Wouldſt thou behold a tragick Scene of ſorrow,
Whoſe woful Plot the Author did not borrow
From ſad invention? The ſable Stage,
The lively Actors with their equipage?
The Muſick made of Sighs, the Songs of Cries,
The ſad ſpectators with their watry Eyes?
Behold all this, comprized here in one:
Expect the Plaudit, when the Play is done.

Or wouldſt thou ſee a well built Pinace toſt
Upon the ſwelling Ocean, ſplit (*almoſt*)
Now on a churliſh Rock; now fiercely ſtriving
With labouring Winds; now deſperately driving

Upon the boyling Sands, her ſtorm-rent Flags,
Her Main-Maſt broke, her Canvas torn to rags,
Her treaſure loſt, her men with lightning ſlain,
And left a wreck to the relentleſs Main?
This, this and more, unto your moiſtned eyes,
Our patient Job *ſhall lively moralize.*

Wouldſt thou behold unparalleld diſtreſs,
Which minds cannot out-think, nor tongues expreſs
Full to the life, the Anvil, whereupon
Miſchief doth work her Maſter-piece for none
To imitate; the dire Anatomy
Of (curiouſly diſſected) Miſery;
The face of Sorrow in her ſterneſt looks,
The rueful Arg'ment of Tragick Books?
In brief, Would tender eyes endure to ſee
(Summ'd up) the greateſt ſorrows that can be:
Behold they then, poor Job *afflicted here,*
And each Beholder ſpend (at leaſt) his tear.

TO THE GREAT

TETRAGRAMMATON,

LORD

PARAMOUNT

OF

HEAVEN and *EARTH:*

His Humble Servant Dedicates Himſelf, and implores the Enfranchiſing of his MUSE.

1.

GReat God, the indebted praiſes of thy glory,
If man ſhould ſmother, or his Muſe *wax faint*
To number forth; the ſtones would make complaint,
And write a never ending-Story,
And, not without juſt reaſon, ſay,
Mens hearts are more obdure, than they.

2.

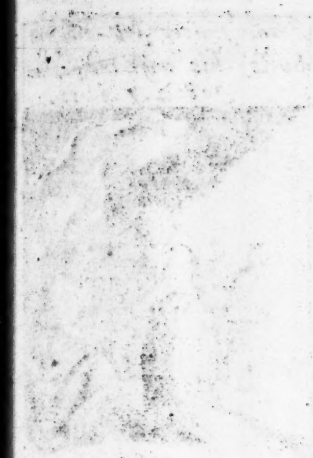
Diſmount from Heaven (O thou Diviner Power)
Hanſel my ſlender Pipe, breath (thou) upon it,
That it may run an everlaſting Sonet,
Which envious time may not devour:

Oh, let it ſing to after days
(When I am Duſt) thy louder Praiſe.

3.

Direct the footſteps of my ſober Muſe,
To tread thy glorious path: For be it known,
She only ſeeks thy Glory not her own,
Nor rouzed for a ſecond uſe;
If otherwiſe, O may ſhe never
Sing more, but be ſtruck dumb for ever.

JOB



Job by foure Messengers heare of his loss of all his goods and Children Job: 1: 14: etc

Satan smiteth Job with sore boils, his wife tempts him Job: 2. 7. 9. 10.

Job sate downe among the Ashes. His friends condole him. Job. 2. 8. 11. etc.

And the Lord turned the Captivity of Job etc: also gave him twice so much. Job. 42. 10. etc.

The before Job

JOB *MILITANT.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Job's *Lineage, and Integrity,*
His Iſſue, Wealth, Proſperity,
His Childrens holy Feaſt: His wiſe
Forecaſt, and zealous Sacrifice.

Sect. I.

NOT far from *Caſius*, in whoſe bounteous womb,
Great *Pompey's* duſt lies crowned with his tomb,
Weſtward, betwixt *Arabia* and *Judæa*,
Is ſituate a Countrey call'd *Idumæa*,
There dwelt a man (brought from his Lineage,
That for his belly ſwopt his Heritage,)
His name was *Job*, a man of upright Will,
Juſt, fearing Heaven, eſchewing what was ill,
On whom his God had heap'd in higheſt meaſure,
The bounteous riches of his boundleſs Treaſure,
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit;
As did his Name, his wealth did daily wex,
His ſeed did germinate, in either ſex,
A hopeful Iſſue, whoſe deſcent may keep
His righteous race on foot; ſeven thouſand ſheep
Did pay their Summer-tribute, and did add
Their Winter bleſſings to his Fold: He had
Three thouſand Camels, able for their load,
Five hundred Aſſes furniſht for the Road,

As many yoke of Oxen, to maintain
His houſhold, for he had a mighty train;
Nor was there any in the Eaſt, the which
In vertue was ſo rare, in wealth ſo rich.
Upon a time, his children (to improve
Their ſweet affection of their mutual love)
Made ſolemn feaſts; each feaſted in his turn,
(For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourn)
And who, by courſe was Maſter of the Feaſt,
Unto his home invited all the reſt.
Even as a Hen (whoſe tender brood forſake
The downy cloſet of her wings, and take
Each its affected way) marks how they feed,
This, on that crum; and that, on t'other ſeed;
Moves, as they move; and ſtays when as they ſtay,
And ſeems delighted in their infant play:
Yet fearing danger with a buſie eye,
Looks here and there, if ought ſhe can eſpy,
Which unawares might ſnatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that paſs, and watches every comer:
Even ſo th' affection of this tender Sire,
(Being made more fervent with the ſelf-ſame fire
Of deareſt love, which flamed in their breſts,
Preſerved (as by fewel) in thoſe feaſts)
Was raviſht in the height of joys to ſee
His happy childrens ten-fold unity:
As was his joy, ſuch was his holy fear,
Leſt he that plants his Engines every where,
Baited with golden ſins, and re-inſnares
The ſoul of man, turning his wheat to tares,
Should ſeaſon Error with the taſte of truth,
And tempt the frailty of their tender youth,
No ſooner therefore had the dapled ſky
Opened the twilight of her waking eye,
And in her breaking light had promis'd day,
But up he roſe, his holy hands did lay

Upon the ſacred Altar (one by one)
An early Sacrifice for every Son:
For who can tell? (ſaid he) my Sons (perchance)
Have ſlipt ſome ſin, which neither ignorance
Pleaded, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure;
Sin ſteals unſeen, when men ſleep moſt ſecure.

Meditat. 1.

WAnt is the badg of poverty: then he
That wanteth moſt, is the moſt poor, ſay we,
The wretch that hunger drives from door to door,
Aiming at preſent Alms, deſires no more.
The toyling Swain, that hath with pleaſing trouble
Cookt a ſmall fortune, would that fortune double,
Which dearly bought with ſlav'ry, then (alas)
He would be deem'd a man, that's well to paſs:
Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,
But to deſerve that glorious ſtile of rich.
That done, h' enjoys the crown of all his labour,
Could he but once out-noſe his right-hand neighbour:
Lives he at quiet now? Now he begins
To wiſh that Us'ry were the leaſt of ſins:
But great, or ſmall he tries, and ſweet's the trouble,
And for it's ſake he wiſheth all things double;
Thus wiſhing ſtill, his wiſhes never ceaſe,
But as his wealth, his wiſhes ſtill encreaſe.
Wiſhes proceed from want: the richeſt then,
Moſt wiſhing, want moſt, and are pooreſt men:
If he be poor, that wanteth much, how poor
Is he that hath too much, and yet wants more?
Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of Heaven,
Sufficient, with a ſparing hand, hath given:
'Tis Grace, not Gold, makes great; ſever but which,
The rich man is but poor, the poor man rich.

The

The faireſt Crop, of either Graſs, or Grain,
Is not for uſe, undew'd with timely rain,
The wealth of *Cræſus*, were it to be given,
Were not thank-worthy, if unbleſt by Heaven.
Even as fair *Phœbe*, in Diameter,
(Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sun and her)
Suffers Eclips, and is diſrobed quite
(During the time) of all her borrowed light;
So Riches, which fond Mortals ſo imbrace,
If not enlightned with the beams of Grace,
B'ing interpoſed with too groſs a Care,
They lie obſcured; and no riches are.
My ſtint of wealth lies not in my expreſſing,
With *Jacob's* Store (Lord) give me *Jacob's* Bleſſing,
Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazar's* Boon,
Let *Dives* Dogs lick all my ſores at noon:
Lord, pare my wealth by my Capacity,
Leſt I, with it, or it ſuit not with me.
This humbly do I ſue for at thy hand,
Enough, and not too much for thy command.
Lord, what thou lend'ſt, ſhall ſerve but in the place
Of reckoning Counters, to ſum up thy Grace.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan appears, and then profeſſes
Himſelf man's Enemy; confeſſes
God's love to Job, *maligns his Faith*
Gains power over all he hath.

Sect. 2.

UPon a time, when Heaven's ſweet quire of Saints
(Whoſe everlaſting Hallelujah chaunts

The

The higheſt praiſe of their celeſtial King)
Before their Lord did their preſentment bring
Of th' execution of his ſacred Will,
Committed to their function to fulfil:
Satan came too (that Satan, which betraid
The ſoul of man to death's eternal ſhade;
Satan came too) and in the midſt he ſtands,
Like to a Vulture 'mongſt a herd of Swans.
Said then th' Eternal; *From what quarter now*
Hath buſineſs brought thee? (Satan) whence com'ſt thou?
The Lord of Heaven (ſaid th' infernal) ſince
Thou haſt entitled me the Worlds great Prince,
I have been practiſing mine old profeſſion,
And come from compaſſing my large Poſſeſſion,
Tempting thy ſons, and (like a roaring Lion)
Seeking my prey, diſturb the peace of Sion;
I come from ſowing Tares among thy Wheat,
To him that ſhall diſſemble Peter's *ſeat,*
I have been plotting how to prompt the death
Of Chriſtian Princes, and the bribed breath
Of cheapned Juſtice, hath my fire inflam'd.
With ſpirit of boldneſs, for a while, unſham'd
I come from planting ſtrife and ſtern debate,
'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State and State,
Subverting truth with all the power I can,
Accuſing Man to God; and God to Man:
I daily ſow freſh Schiſmes among thy Saints;
I buffet them, and laugh at their complaints;
The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my Home,
I round the World, and ſo from thence I come.
Said then th' Eternal: *True, thou haſt not fail'd*
Of what thou ſay'ſt; thy ſpirit hath prevail'd
To vex my little Flock: thou haſt been bold
To make them ſtray, a little, from their Fold,
But ſay; In all thy hard Adventures, hath
Thine eye obſerved Job *my Servant's faith?*

Hath

Hath open force, or ſecret fraud beſet
His bulwark ſo impregnable as yet?
And haſt thou (without envy) yet beheld,
How that the World his ſecond cannot yield?
Haſt thou not found, that he's of upright will,
Juſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
True Lord (repli'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath
A ſtrong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith.
A forced love needs no ſuch great applauſe,
He loves but ill, that loves not for a cauſe:
Haſt thou not heap'd his Garners with exceſs?
Inricht his paſtures? Doth not he poſſeſs
All that he hath, or can demand from thee?
His Coffers fill'd, his Land ſtock'd plenteouſly?
Hath not thy love ſurrounded him about,
And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?
But ſmall's the trial of a faith, in this,
If thou ſupport him, 'tis thy ſtrength, not his.
Can then my power, that ſtands by thy permiſſion,
Encounter, where thou mak'ſt an oppoſition?
Stretch forth thy hand, and ſmite but what he hath,
And prove thou then the temper of his faith:
Ceaſe cock'ring his fond humor, veil thy Grace,
No doubt but he'll blaſpheme thee to thy face.
Lo, (ſaid th' Eternal) to thy curſed hand,
I here commit his mighty ſtock, his land,
His hopeful Iſſue, and Wealth, though ne'r ſo much;
Himſelf, alone, thou ſhalt forbear to touch.

Meditat. 2.

SAtan begg'd once, and found his pray'rs reward:
We often beg, yet oft return unheard.
If granting be th' effect of love, then we
Conclude our ſelves to be leſs lov'd, than he:

True

True, Satan begg'd, and begg'd his ſhame, no leſs;
'Twas granted; ſhall we envy his ſucceſs?
We beg, and our requeſt's (perchance) not granted;
God knew, perhaps, it were worſe had, than wanted.
Can God and *Belial* both joyn in one will;
The one to ask, the other to fulfil?
Sooner ſhall Stygian darkneſs blend with light,
The Froſt with Fire, ſooner day with Night.
True, God and Satan will'd the ſelf-ſame Will,
But God intended Good; and Satan, Ill:
That Will produc'd a ſeveral concluſion;
He aim'd at Man's, and God at his confuſion:
He that drew Light from out the depth of Shade,
And made of nothing, whatſoe'r he made,
Can out of ſeeming Evil, bring good events;
God worketh Good, though by ill Inſtruments.
As in a Clock, one motion doth convey
And carry divers wheels a ſeveral way:
Yet all together, by the great Wheels force,
Direct the hand unto his proper courſe:
Even ſo, that ſacred Will, although it uſe
Means ſeeming contrary; yet all conduce
To one effect, and in a free conſent
They bring to paſs Heaven's high decreed intent,
Takes God delight in humane weakneſs, then?
What glory reaps he, from afflicted men?
The Spirit gone, can fleſh and blood indure?
God burns his Gold, to make his Gold more pure:
Even as a Nurſe whoſe Child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kiſſing, ſets him down, to go,
Nor does uphold him for a ſtep or two;
But when ſhe finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kiſſes him withal:
So God from man ſometimes withdraws his hand
A while, to teach his infant-faith to ſtand;

But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again,
Lord, I'm a child; so guide my paces, than,
That I may learn to walk an upright man:
So shield my faith, that I may never doubt thee,
For I shall fall, if e'r I walk without thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

The frighted Messengers tell Job
His four-fold loss: he rends his Robe;
Submits him to his Makers tyuit,
Whom he concludeth to be just.

Sect. 3.

UPon that very day, when all the rest
Were frolick at their elder Brother's feast,
A breathless man, prickt on with winged fear,
With staring eyes distracted here and there,
(Like kindled exhaltations in the Air
At midnight glowing) his stiff-bolting hair,
(Not much unlike the Pens of Porcupines)
Crossing his arms, and making woful signs.
Perboil'd in sweat, shaking his fearful head,
That often lookt behind him, as he fled,
He ran to *Job*, still ne'rtheless afraid,
His broken blast breath'd forth these words, and said;
Alas! (dear Lord) the whiles thy servant pli'd
Thy painful Plough, and whilst on every side
Thy Asses fed about us as we wrought,
There sallied forth on us (suspecting nought,
Nor ought intending but our cheerful pain)
A rout of rude *Sabæans* with their Train

Armed

Armed with death, and deaf to all our Cries,
Which with ſtrong hand did in an hour ſurprize
All that thou hadſt, and whilſt we ſtrove in vain
To guard them, their impartial hands have ſlain
Thy faithful ſervants with their thirſty Sword,
I only ſcap'd to bring this woful word.
No ſooner had he clos'd his lips, but ſee!
Another comes, as much agaſt as he:
A flaſh of fire (ſaid he) new faln from Heaven,
Hath all thy ſervants of their lives bereaven,
And burnt thy ſheep; I, I alone am he
That's left unſlain, to bring the news to thee.
This tale not fully told, a third enſues,
Whoſe lips in labour with more heavy news,
Brake thus; the forces of a triple band
Brought from the fierce *Chaldeans*, with ſtrong hand
Hath ſeiz'd thy Camels, murther'd with the Sword
Thy ſervants all, but me that brings thee word.
Before the air had cool'd his haſty breath:
Ruſht in a fourth, with viſage pale as death:
The while (ſaid he) thy children all were ſharing
Mirth at a feaſt of thy firſt ſon's preparing,
Aroſe a wind, whoſe errand had more haſte,
Than happy ſpeed, which with a full-mouth'd blaſt
Hath ſmote the houſe, which hath thy children reft
Of all their lives, and thou art childleſs left;
Thy children all are ſlain, all ſlain together,
I only ſcap'd to bring thee tidings hither.
So ſaid, Behold the man, whoſe wealth did flow
Like to a ſpring-tide, one bare hour ago,
With the unpattern'd height of fortunes bleſt,
Above the greateſt dweller in the Eaſt;
He that was Sire of many ſons but now,
Lord of much people, and while-e'r could ſhow
Such herds of Cattel: He, whoſe fleecy ſtock
Of ſheep could boaſt ſeven thouſand in a flock,

See

See how he lies, of all his wealth despoil'd,
He now hath neither servant, sheep, nor child;
Like a poor man arose the patient *Job*,
(Stun'd with the news) and rent his purple Robe,
Shaved the hair from off his woful head,
And prostrate on the floor he worshipped:
Naked, ah! Poor and naked did I come
Forth from the closet of my mothers womb,
And shall return (alas!) the very same
To th' Earth, as poor and naked as I came:
God gives, and takes; and why should he not have
A priviledge, to take those things he gave?
We men mistake our tenure oft, for He
Lends us at will, that we miscal as Fee;
He re-assumes his own, takes but the same,
He lent a while. Thrice blessed be his Name,
In all this passage, *Job*, in heart, nor tongue
Thought God unjust, or charg'd his hand with wrong.

Meditat. 3.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit,
Was but to win the World, whereby t' inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory,
And glozing title of an Ages Glory;
Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he?
Subdue thy self, thy self's a World to thee:
Earth's but a Ball that Heaven hath quilted o'r
With wealth and honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle fortunes false and slippery Court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying;
To still the fondlings of the World from crying,
And he whose merit amounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But

But wouldſt thou conquer, have thy conqueſt crown'd
By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the ſound
Of Heaven's loud Trumpet, warbled by the ſhrill
Celeſtial Quire, recorded with a Quill,
Pluckt from the Pinion of an Angels wing.
Confirm'd with joy, by Heaven's Eternal King;
Conquer thy ſelf, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chaſe thoſe falſe affections that rebel.
Hath Heaven diſpoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?
Nipt thy ſucceeding Bloſſoms? or bereaven thee
Of thy dear lateſt hope thy boſom Friend?
Doth ſad Deſpair deny theſe griefs an end?
Deſpair's a whiſp'ring Rebel, that within thee,
Bribes all thy Field, and ſets thy ſelf again thee:
Make keen thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy ſhield of Patience to thy head,
And when grief ſtrikes, 'twill ſtrike the ſtriker dead.
The patient man in ſorrow ſpies relief,
And by the tail he couples Joy with Grief.
In adverſe fortunes be thou ſtrong and ſtout,
And bravely win thy ſelf, Heaven holds not out
His Bow, for ever bent. The diſpoſition
Of nobleſt ſpirits, doth, by oppoſition
Exaſperate the more: A gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more bright:
A blade well tri'd, deſerves a treble price,
And Virtue's pureſt, moſt oppos'd by Vice:
Brave minds, oppreſt, ſhould (in deſpight of Fate)
Look greateſt (like the Sun) in loweſt ſtate:
But ah! ſhall God thus ſtrive with fleſh and blood;
Receives he glory from, or reaps he Good
In Mortals Ruine, that he leaves man ſo
To be o'rwhelmed by his unequal foe?
May not a Potter, that from out the ground
Hath fram'd a Veſſel, ſearch if it be ſound?

Or if by furbuſhing he take more pain
To make it fairer, ſhall the Pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but Clay: then ſhall not he
That fram'd thee for his ſervice, ſeaſon thee?
Man, cloſe thy lips, be thou no undertaker
Of Gods deſigns, Diſpute not with thy Maker.
Lord, 'tis againſt thy nature to do ill,
Then give me power to bear, and work thy Will;
Thou know'ſt what's beſt, make thou thine own conclu-
Be glorifi'd, although in my confuſion. (ſion,

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan the ſecond time appears
Before th' Eternal, boldly dares
Malign Job's *tried faith afreſh,*
And gains the afflicting of his Fleſh.

Sect. 4.

ONce more, when Heaven's harmonious Quiriſters
Appear'd before his Throne, (whoſe miniſters
They are, of his concealed Will) to render
Their ſtrict account of Juſtice, and to tender
Th' accepted Sacrifice of higheſt praiſe,
(Warbled in Sonnets, and cœleſtial Lays)
Satan came too, bold, as an hungry Fox,
Or ravenous Wolf amid the tender Flocks.
Satan, (ſaid then th' Eternal) from whence now
Hath thy employment driven thee? Whence com'ſt thou?
Satan replies: Great God of Heaven and Earth,
I come from tempting, and from making mirth,
To hear thy deareſt Children whine and roar:
In brief, I come, from whence I came before.

Said

aid then th' Eternal, Haſt thou not beheld
y ſervants Faith, how like a ſeven-fold ſhield,
hath defended his integrity
gainſt thy fiery Darts? Hath not thine Eye
Thine envious eye) perceiv'd how purely juſt
e ſtands, and perfect, worthy of the truſt
lent into his hand, perſiſting ſtill
iſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
Twas not the loſs of his ſo fair a flock,
or ſudden rape of ſuch a mighty Stock;
Twas neither loſs of Servants, nor his Son's
ntimely ſlaughter (acted all at once)
ould make him quail, or warp ſo true a Faith,
r ſtain ſo pure a Love, Say (Satan) hath
hy hand (ſo deeply counterfeiting mine)
ade him miſtruſt his God, or once repine?
an there in all the Earth, ſay, can there be
man ſo perfect, and ſo juſt, as he?
eplies the Tempter: Lord, an outward loſs
opes for repair, it's but a common croſs:
know thy ſervant's wiſe, a wiſe forecaſt
rieves for things preſent, not for things are paſt;
erchance the tumor of his ſullen heart
rooks loſs of all, ſince he hath loſt a part;
y ſelf have ſervants, who can make true boaſt,
hey gave away as much as he hath loſt:
thers (which Learning made ſo wiſely mad)
efuſe ſuch Fortunes as he never had;
Faith's not tri'd by this uncertain Touch;
thers, that never knew thee, did as much:
end me thy power then, that I might once
ut Sacrifice his Fleſh, afflict his Bones,
nd pierce his Hide, but for a moments ſpace,
hy Darling then would curſe thee to thy face.
To which, th' Eternal thus: *His bodie's thine,*
o plague thy fi", withal I do confine

Thy power to her lists: Afflict and tear
His flesh at pleasure: But his life forbear.

Meditat. 4.

BOth Goods and Body too, who can stand?
Expect not *Job's* uprightness, at my hand,
Without *Job's* aid; the temper of my Passion,
(Untam'd by thee) can brook no *Job's* Temptation;
For I am weak and frail, and what I can
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinful Man*;
Things that I should avoid, I do; and what
I am injoyn'd to do, that do I not.
My flesh is weak, too strong in this, alone,
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
But thee; my spirit's faint, and hath been never
Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.
My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
Marble to good, and wax to what is ill;
Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit,
By interposing Earth 'twixt Heaven and it:
My Mem'ry's like a Searce of Lawn (Alas!)
It keeps things gross, and lets the purer pass.
What have I then to boast? What title can
I challenge more, than this, *A sinful Man?*
Yet do I sometimes feel a warm desire,
Raise my low thoughts and dull affections higher,
Where, like a soul entranc'd, my spirit flies,
Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
Half way to Heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims,
And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
From whence I look askauns adown the Earth,
Pity my self, and lose my place of birth?
But while I thus my lower state deplore,
I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.

Even

Even as the Needle that directs the hour,
(Toucht with the Loadſtone) by the ſecret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole;
Even ſo the wav'ring powers of my ſoul,
Toucht by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee,
From what is Earth, and point alone to Thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the Hand,
I walk ſecurely, and methinks I ſtand
More firm, than *Atlas*; but when I forſake
The ſafe protection of thine Arm, I quake
Like wind-ſhak'd Reed, and have no ſtrength at all,
But like a Vine, (the prop cut down) I fall.
Yet wretched I, (when as thy juſtice lends
Thy glorious preſence from me) ſtraight am friends
With fleſh and blood, forget thy Grace, flie from it,
And, like a Dog, return unto my vomit;
The fawning World to pleaſure then invites
My wandring eyes; the Fleſh preſents delights
Unto my yielding heart, which thinks thoſe pleaſures
Are only bus'neſs now, and rareſt treaſures,
Content can glory in, whilſt I, ſecure,
Stoop to the painted Plumes of Satans Lure:
Thus I captiv'd, and drunk with pleaſures Wine,
Like to a mad-man, think no ſtate like mine.
What have I then to boaſt, what title can
I challenge more than this, *A ſinful Man?*
I feel my grief enough, nor can I be
Redreſt by any, but (great God) by thee.
Too great thou art to come within my Roof,
Say but the word, *Be whole*, and 'tis enough;
Till then, my tongue ſhall never ceaſe, mine eyes
Ne'r cloze, my lowly bended knees ne'r riſe:
Till then my ſoul ſhall ne'r want early ſobs,
My cheeks no tears, my penſive breſt no throbs,
My heart ſhall lack no zeal, nor tongue expreſſing,
I'll ſtrive, like *Jacob*, till I get my Bleſſing:

Say then, *Be clean*, I'll never ſtop till then;
Heaven ne'r ſhall reſt, till Heaven ſhall ſay, *Amen.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Job ſmote with Ulcers, groveling lies;
Plung'd in a Gulf of Miſeries;
His Wife to blaſphemy doth tempt him;
His three Friends viſit, and lament him.

Sect. 5.

LIke as a Truant-Scholar (whoſe delay
Is worſe than whipping) having leave to play,
Makes haſte to be inlarged from the Jayl
Of his neglected School, turns ſpeedy tail
Upon his tedious book (ſo ill befriended)
Before his Maſter's *Ite* be full ended:
So thankleſs Satan, full of winged haſte,
Thinking all time, not ſpent in miſchief, waſte,
Departs with ſpeed, leſs patient to forbear
The patient *Job*, than patient *Job* to bear.
Forth from the furnace of his Noſtril flies
A ſulph'rous vapour, which (by the envious eyes
Of this foul Fiend inflam'd) poſſeſt the fair
And ſweet complexion of th' abuſed Air,
With Peſtilence, and (having power ſo far)
Took the advantage of his worſer Star,
Smote him with Ulcers, (ſuch as once befel
Th' Egyptian Wizzards) Ulcers hot and fell,
Which like a ſearching Tetter uncorrected,
Left no part of his body unaffected,
From head to foot no empty place was found,
That could b'afflicted with another wound:

So

So noyſom was the nature of his grief,
That (left by friends and wife, that ſhould be chief
Aſſiſters) he, poor he, alone remain'd
Groveling in Aſhes, being (himſelf) conſtrain'd
With Pot-ſheards to ſcrape of thoſe rip'ned coars,
(Which dogs diſdain'd to lick) from out his ſores.
Which when his wife beheld, aduſt and keen
Her paſſion waxt, made ſtrong with ſcorn and ſpleen;
Like as the Winds, impriſon'd in the Earth,
And barr'd the paſſage to their natural birth,
Grow fierce; and nilling to be longer pent,
Break in an Earthquake, ſhake the World and vent;
So brake ſhe forth, ſo forth her fury brake,
Till now pent in with ſhame, and thus ſhe ſpake:
Fond Saint, thine innocence finds timely ſpeed,
A fooliſh Saint receives a Saintly meed;
Is this the juſt man's recompence? Or hath
Heaven no requital, for thy painful Faith,
Other than this? what have thy zealous Qualms,
Abſtemious Faſtings, and thy hopeful Alms,
Thy private groans, and often bended knees,
No other end, no other thanks but theſe?
Fond man! ſubmit thee to a kinder Fate,
Ceaſe to be righteous at ſo dear a rate;
'Tis Heaven, not Fortune, that thy weal debars;
Curſe Heaven then, and not thy wayward Stars:
'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why,
Curſe then that God, revenge thy wrongs and die.
Job then reply'd, *God loves where he chaſtiz'd;*
Thou ſpeakeſt like a fool, and ill adviz'd:
Laugh we to lick the ſweet, and ſhall we lowr,
If he be pleas'd to ſend a little ſowr?
Am I ſo weak, one blaſt or two, ſhould chill me?
I'll truſt my Maker, though my Maker kill me.
When theſe ſad tidings fill'd thoſe itching ears
Of Earths black-babling daughter (ſhe that hears

And vents alike, both truth and forgeries,
And utters, often, cheaper than ſhe buyes)
She ſpred the pinions of her nimble wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And fills the whiſp'ring air, which ſoon poſſeſt
The ſpacious borders of th' enquiring Eaſt;
Upon the ſummons of ſuch ſolemn News,
Whoſe truth malignant Fame could not abuſe,
His woful friends came to him, to the end
To comfort, and bewail their wretched friend.
But when they came far off, they did not know
Whether it were the ſelf-ſame friend or no:
(Brim-fill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore
(T' expreſs their grief) the garments that they wore.
Seven days and nights they ſate upon the ground,
But ſpake not, for his ſorrows did abound.

Meditat. 5.

SAy, Is not Satan juſtly ſtiled then,
A Tempter, and an Enemy to Men?
What could he more? His wiſh would not extend
To death, leſt his aſſaults with death ſhould end:
Than what he did, what could he further do?
His hands hath ſeiz'd both goods and body too.
The hopeful iſſue of a holy ſtrain,
In ſuch a dearth of holineſs is ſlain:
What hath the Lazar left him, but his grief,
And (what might beſt be ſpar'd) his fooliſh Wife?
Could miſchief been more hard, (though more in kind)
To nip the flowers, and leave the weeds behind?
Woman was made a helper by Creation,
A Helper, not alone for Propagation,
Or fond Delights, but ſweet Society,
Which Man (alone) ſhould want, and to ſupply

Comforts

Comfort to him for whom her Sex was made,
That each may joy in either needful aid:
But fairest Angels had the foulest fall;
And best things (once abus'd) prove worst of all:
Else had not Satan been so foul a Fiend,
Else had not Woman prov'd so false a Friend.
Ev'n as the treacherous Fowler, to entice
His silly winged Prey, doth first devise
To make a Bird his stale, at whose false call,
Others may chance into the self-same thrall:
Even so, that crafty snarer of Mankind,
Finding Man's righteous Palate not inclin'd
To taste the sweetness of his gilded baits,
Makes a collateral suit, and slily waits
Upon the weakness of some bosom friend,
From whose enticement he expects his end.
Ah righteous *Job*, what cross was left unknown?
What grief may be describ'd, but what's thine own?
Is this a Just man's case? What doth befal
To one man, may as well betide to all.
The worst I'll look for, that I can project,
If better come, 'tis more than I expect;
If otherwise, I'm arm'd with Preparation;
No sorrow's sudden to an expectation.
Lord, to thy Wisdom I submit my Will,
I will be thankful, send me good or ill;
If good, my present state will pass the sweeter;
If ill, my Crown of glory shall be the greater.

THE ARGUMENT.

O'r whelm'd with grief, Job *breaketh forth*
Into impatience: Bans his Birth,
Professes that his heart did doubt,
And fear, what since hath fallen out.

Sect.

Sect. 6.

WOrn bare with grief, the patient *Job* betraid
His seven-days silence, curst his day; and said,
O that my day of birth had never been,
Nor yet the night which I was brought forth in!
Be it not numbred for a Day, let Light
Not make a difference 'twixt it and Night;
Let gloomy shade, (than death more sable) pass
Upon it, to declare how fatal 'twas:
Let Clouds o'rcast it, and as hateful make it,
As life's to him, whom Tortures bid forsake it:
From her next day, let that black Night be cut,
Nor in the reck'ning of the Months be put:
Let Desolation fill it all Night long,
In it, be never heard a Bridal Song:
Let all sad Mourners that do curse the night,
When light's drawn in, begin to curse this night;
Her evening twilight, let foul darkness stain,
And may her midnight expect light in vain;
Let her infant Day (but newly born)
Suffer 't to see the Eye-lids of the morn;
Because my Mothers Womb it would not close,
Which gave me passage to endure these Woes;
Why died I not in my conception, rather?
Or, why was not my birth, and death together?
Why did the Midwife take me on her knees?
Why did I suck, to feel such griefs as these?
Then had this body never been oppress,
I had enjoy'd th' eternal sleep of rest;
With King's and mighty Monarch's that lie crown'd
With stately Monuments, poor I, had found
A place of Rest, had born as great a sway,
Had been as happy, and as rich as they:
Why was not I as an abortive birth,
That ne'r had known the horrors of the Earth?

The ſilent Grave is quiet from the fear
Of Tyrants: Tyrants are appeaſed there:
The grinded Priſner hears not (there) the noiſe,
Nor harder threatnings of th' Oppreſſors voice:
Both rich and poor are equall'd in the Grave,
Servants no Lords, and Lords no Servants have:
What needs there light to him that's comfortleſs?
Or life to ſuch as languiſh in diſtreſs,
And long for death, which if it come by leiſure,
They ranſack for it, as a hidden treaſure:
What needs there life to him, that cannot have
A Boon, more gracious, than a quiet Grave?
Or elſe to him, whom God hath wall'd about,
That would, but cannot find a paſſage out?
When I but taſte, my ſighs return my food,
The flowing of my tears have rais'd a flood;
When my eſtate was proſperous, I did fear,
Leſt by ſome heedleſs ſlip, or want of care,
I might be brought to miſery, and (alas!)
What I did then ſo fear, is come to paſs:
But though ſecure, my ſoul did never ſlumber
Yet do my Woes exceed both weight, and number.

Meditat. 6.

SO poor a thing is Man: No Fleſh and Blood
Deſerve the ſtyle of *Abſolutely good*:
The righteous man ſins oft; whoſe power's ſuch
To ſin the leaſt, ſins (at the leaſt) too much:
The man whoſe faith diſdain'd his *Iſaac's* life,
Diſſembled once, a Siſter, for a Wife:
The righteous *Lot*, being drunk, did make (at once)
His daughters both half ſiſters to their ſons:
The Royal Favourite of Heaven ſtood
Not guiltleſs of Adultery and Blood:

And

And he whoſe hands did build the Temple, doth
Bow down his luſtful knees to *Aſhteroth:*
The ſinful woman was accus'd, but none
Was found, that could begin to fling a ſtone:
From mudled Springs, can Chryſtal water come?
In ſome things all men ſin; in all things ſome.
Even as the ſoil (which *Aprils* gentle ſhowrs
Have fill'd with ſwetneſs, and enricht with flowrs)
Rears up her ſuckling plants, ſtill ſhooting forth
The tender bloſſoms of her timely birth,
But if deni'd the beams of chearly *May*,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away:
So man, aſſiſted by th' Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flouriſh, and ſecurely ſtand,
But left a while, forſook (as in a ſhade)
It languiſhes, and nipt with ſin, doth fade.
No gold is pure from droſs, though oft refin'd;
The ſtrongeſt Cedar's ſhaken with the wind;
The faireſt Roſe hath no prerogative
Againſt the fretting Canker-worm: The Hive
No Honey yields unblended with the Wax:
The fineſt linnen hath both ſoil and bracks:
The beſt of men have ſins; none lives ſecure,
In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.
Lord, ſince I muſt needs ſin, yet grant that I
Forge no advantage by infirmity:
Since that my veſture cannot want a ſtain,
Aſſiſt me, let the tincture be in grain.
To thee (my great Redeemer) do I flie,
It is thy Death alone, can change my Dye;
Tears, mingled with thy blood, can ſcour ſo,
That ſcarlet ſins ſhall turn, as white as ſnow.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raſh Eliphaz *reproves, and rates;*
And falſly cenſures Job: *Relates*
His Viſion; ſhews him the event
Of wicked men: Bids him repent.

Sect. 7.

THen *Eliphaz* his pounded tongue repliev'd,
And ſaid, Should I contend, thou wouldſt be griev'd,
Yet what man can refrain, but he muſt break
His angry ſilence, having heard thee ſpeak?
O ſudden change! many haſt thou directed,
And ſtrengthned thoſe whoſe minds have been dejected,
Thy ſacred Thews, and ſweet Inſtructions, did
Help thoſe were falling, rais'd up ſuch as ſlid;
But now it is thy caſe, thy ſoul is vext,
And canſt not help thy ſelf, thy ſelf perplext;
Thou lov'ſt thy God but baſely for thy profit,
Fear'ſt him in further expectation of it:
Judge then: Did Record ever round thine ear
That God forſook the heart that was ſincere?
But often have we ſeen, that ſuch as plow
Lewdneſs, and miſchief, reap the ſame they ſow:
So have proud Tyrants from their Thrones been caſt,
With all their off-ſpring, by th' Almighties blaſt;
And they whoſe hands have been imbrew'd in blood,
Have with their Iſſue di'd for want of food:
A viſion lately appear'd before my ſight,
In depth of darkneſs, and the dead of night,
Unwonted fear uſurp'd me round about,
My trembling bones were ſore, from head to foot:

Forth-

Forthwith a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes;
My brows did ſweat, my moiſtned hair did riſe,
The face I knew not, but a while it ſtaid,
And in the depth of ſilence, thus it ſaid:
Is man more juſt, more pure than his Creator?
Amongſt his Angels (more upright by nature
Than man) he hath found Weakneſs; how much more
Shall he expect in him, that's walled o'r
With mortal fleſh and blood, founded, and floor'd
With Duſt, and the Worms to be devour'd?
They riſe ſecurely with the Morning Sun,
And (unregarded) die e'r day be done;
Their glory paſſes with them as a breath,
They die (like fools) before they think of death.
Rage then, and ſee who will approve thy rage,
What Saint will give thy railing Patronage?
Anger deſtroys the fool, and he that hath
A wrathful heart, is ſlain with his own wrath;
Yet have I ſeen, that fools have oft been able
To boaſt with Babel, but have faln with Babel:
Their ſons deſpairing, roar without relief
In open ruine, on the Rocks of Grief:
Their harveſt (though but ſmall) the hungry eat,
And robbers ſeize their wealth though ne'r ſo great:
But wretched man, were thy Condition mine,
I'de not deſpair as thou doſt, nor repine,
But offer up the broken Sacrifice
Of a ſad ſoul, before his angry eyes,
Whoſe works are Miracles of Admiration,
He mounts the meek, amidſt their Deſolation.
Confounds the worldly wiſe, that (blindfold) they
Grope all in darkneſs at the noon of day:
But guards the humble from reproach of wrong
And ſtops the current of the crafty Tongue.
Thrice happy is the man his hands correct:
Beware leſt fury force thee to reject

The

The Almighties trial; He that made thy wound
In Juſtice, can in Mercy make it ſound:
Fear not though multipli'd Afflictions ſhall
Beſiege thee; he, at length will rid them all:
In Famine he ſhall feed, in War defend thee;
Shield thee from ſlander, and in griefs attend thee?
The Beaſts ſhall ſtrike thee with Eternal peace,
The ſtones ſhall not diſturb thy fields Encreaſe;
Thy Houſe ſhall thrive repleniſht with Content,
Which thou ſhalt rule in proſp'rous Government
The number of thy Off-ſpring ſhall abound,
Like Summers Graſs upon a fruitful Ground:
Like timely Corn well rip'ned in their Ears,
Thou ſhalt depart thy life ſtruck full of years:
All this Experience tells, Then (*Job*) advile,
Thou haſt taught many, now thy ſelf be wiſe.

Meditat. 7.

THE perfect model of true Friendſhip's this:
A rare affection of the Soul, which is
Begun with ripened judgment; doth perſever
With ſimple Wiſdom, and concludes with Never.
'Tis pure in ſubſtance, as refined Gold,
That buyeth all things, but is never ſold.
It is a Coin, and moſt men walk without it;
True Love's the Stamp, *Jehovah's* writ about it;
It ruſts unus'd, but uſing makes it brighter,
Gainſt Heav'n high Treaſon 'tis to make it lighter.
'Tis a Gold Chain, links ſoul and ſoul together
In perfect Unity, ties God to either.
Affliction is the Touch, whereby we prove,
Whether 't be Gold, or gilt with fained Love.
The wiſeſt Moraliſt that ever div'd
Into the depth of Natures bowels, ſtriv'd

With

With th' Augur of experience, to bore
Men's hearts ſo far, till he had found the Ore
Of friendſhip, but deſpairing of his end,
My friends (ſaid he) *there is no perfect friend.*
Friendſhip's like Muſick; two ſtrings tun'd alike,
Will both ſtir; though but only one you ſtrike.
It is the Quinteſſence of all perfection
Extracted into one: A ſweet connexion
Of all the Virtues Moral and Divine,
Abſtracted into one. It is a Mine,
Whoſe nature is not rich, unleſs in making
The ſtate of others wealthy by partaking.
It blooms and bloſſoms both in Sun and ſhade,
Doth (like a Bay in winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet ſuſpecteth none,
Is provident, yet ſeeketh not her own:
'Tis rare it ſelf, yet maketh all things common,
And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.
The noble *Theban*, bein aſked which
Of three (propounded) he ſuppos'd moſt rich
In Virtues ſacred treaſure, thus reply'd:
Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be tryed.
It is no wiſe man's part to weigh a Friend,
Without the gloſs and goodneſs of his end:
For life, without the death conſidered, can
Afford but half a ſtory of the man.
'Tis not my friend's affliction that ſhall make
Me either wonder, cenſure, or forſake:
Judgment belongs to fools; enough that I
Find he's afflicted, not enquire, why:
It is the hand of Heaven; that ſelf-ſame ſorrow
Grieves him to day, may make me groan to morrow.
Heaven be my comfort; in my higheſt grief
I will not truſt to man's, but thy relief.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Job *counts his ſorrow, and from thence*
Excuſes his impatience;
Deſcribes the ſhortneſs of man's time,
And makes confeſſion of his crime.

Sect. 8.

BUT wretched *Job* ſigh'd forth theſe words, and ſaid;
Ah me! that my impatience were weigh'd
With all my ſorrows, by an equal hand
They would be found more ponderous, than the ſand
That lies upon the new-forſaken ſhore:
My griefs want utterance, and have ſtopt their door:
And wonder not, Heav'ns ſhafts have ſtruck me dead;
And God hath heapt all miſchiefs on my head:
Will Aſſes bray, when they have graſs to eat?
Or lows the Oxe, when as he wants no meat?
Can palates find a reliſh in diſtaſte?
Or can the whites of Egges well pleaſe the taſte?
My vexed ſoul is daily fed with ſuch
Corruptions, as my hands diſdain to touch;
Alas! that Heav'n would hear my hearts requeſt,
And ſtrike me dead, that I may find ſome reſt:
What hopes have I to ſee my end of grief,
And to what end ſhould I prolong my life?
Why ſhould not I wiſh death; My ſtrength (alas)
Is it like marble, or my fleſh like braſs?
What power have I to mitigate my pain?
If e'r I had, that power now is vain;
My Friends are like the Rivers that are dry
In heat of Summer, when neceſſity

Requireth water, they amazed ſtand
To ſee my grief, but lend no helping hand.
Friends, beg I ſuccour from you? Craved I
Your goods, to ranſom my Captivity?
Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong
My patience, and I will hold my tongue;
The force of reaſonable words may move,
But what can Rage, or Lunacy reprove?
Rebuke you (then) my words to have it thought
My ſpeech is frantick, with my grief diſtraught?
You take a pleaſure in your friends diſtreſs,
That is more wretched, than the Fatherleſs:
Behold theſe ſores: Be judg'd by your own eyes
If theſe be counterfeited miſeries:
Ballance my words, and you ſhall find me free
Free from theſe foul crimes wherewith ye branded me,
And that my ſpeech was not diſtain'd with ſin,
Only the language ſorrow treated in.
Is not man's day prefixt, which then expir'd,
Sleeps he not quiet, as a ſervant hir'd?
A ſervants labour doth, at length, ſurceaſe,
His day of travel finds a Night of peace;
But (wretched) I with woes am ſtill oppreſt,
My Mid-day torments ſee no Even of Reſt;
My nights (ordain'd for ſleep) are fill'd with grief,
I look (in vain) for the next days relief:
With duſt and worms my fleſh is hid, my ſorrows
Have plow'd my ſkin, and filth lies in her furrows;
My days of joy are in a moment gone,
And (hopeleſs of returning) ſpent and done:
Remember (Lord) my life is but a puff,
I but a man, that's miſery enough;
And when pale death hath once ſeal'd up my ſight,
I ne'r ſhall ſee the pleaſures of the light;
The eye of man ſhall not diſcover me,
No, nor thine (Lord,) for I ſhall ceaſe to be;

When

When mortals die, they paſs (like Clouds before
The Sun) and back return they never more;
T' his earthly houſe he ne'r ſhall come again,
And then ſhall be, as if he ne'r had been:
Therefore my tongue ſhall ſpeak, while it bath breath,
Prompted with grief, and with the pangs of death:
Am I not weak and faint? what needſt thou ſtretch
Thy direful hand upon ſo poor a wretch?
When as I think that night ſhall ſtop the ſtreams
Of my diſtreſs, thou fright'ſt me then with dreams;
So that my ſoul doth rather chooſe to die,
Than be involved in ſuch miſery;
My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve
No longer him, that would no longer live.
Ah! what is man, that thou ſhould'ſt raiſe him ſo
High at the firſt, then ſink him down ſo low?
What's man? thy glory's great enough without him:
Why doſt thou (thus) diſturb thy mind about him?
Lord, I have ſinn'd (Great Helper of Mankind)
I am but Duſt and Aſhes, I have ſinn'd
Againſt thee: (as a mark) why haſt thou fixt me?
How have I treſpaſt, that thou thus afflict'ſt me?
Why, rather, didſt not thou remove my ſin,
And ſalve the ſorrows that I raved in?
For thou haſt heapt ſuch vengeance on my head,
That when thou ſeek'ſt me, thou wilt find me dead.

Meditat. 8.

TH' Egyptians, amidſt their ſolemn Feaſts,
Uſed to welcome, and preſent their Gueſts
With the ſad ſight of Man's Anatomy,
Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All muſt die.*
Fools often go about, when as they may
Take better vantage of a nearer way.

Look well into your bosoms; do not flatter
Your known infirmities: Behold, what matter
Your flesh was made of: Man cast back thine eye
Upon the weakness of thine infancy;
See how thy lips hang on thy Mothers breast,
Bawling for help, more helpless than a Beast,
Liv'st thou to childhood? then, behold, what toys
Do mock the sense, how shallow are thy joys.
Com'st thou to downy years? See, how deceits
Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits
Slily beguile the prime of thy affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripened years? Ambition hath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand; Discontent
Pays thee thy wages. Do thy grizly hairs
Begin to cast account of many cares
Upon thy head? The sacred lust of gold
Now fits thy Spirit, for fleshly lust too cold,
Makes thee a slave to thine own base desire,
Which melts and hardens at the self-same fire.
Art thou decrepit? Then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each grief's a death.
Look where thou list, thy life is but a span,
Thou art but dust, and to conclude, *A Man.*

Thy life's a warfare, thou a Souldier art,
Satan's thy Foe-man, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edg'd weapon, Patience thy shield,
Heaven is thy Chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath:
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, bdsely flies the field.

Man's not a lawful Stearsman of his days,
His bootless wish, nor hastens, nor delays:
We are God's hired workmen; he discharges
Some, late at night, and (when he list) enlarges

Others

Others at noon, and in the morning ſome:
None may relieve himſelf, till he bid, Come:
If we receive for one half day, as much
As they that toil till evening, ſhall we grutch?
Our life's a Road, in death our Journy ends,
We go on God's Embaſſage, ſome he ſends,
Gall'd with the trotting of hard miſery,
And others, pacing on proſperity:
Some lag, whileſt others gallop on, before;
All go an-end, ſome faſter, and ſome ſlower.
Lead me that pace (great God) that thou think'ſt beſt,
And I will follow with a dauntleſs breſt:
Which (ne'rtheleſs) if I refuſe to do,
I ſhall be wicked, and yet follow too.
Aſſiſt me in my Combate with the fleſh,
Relieve my fainting powers, and refreſh
My feeble ſpirit: I will not wiſh to be
Caſt from the World, Lord, caſt the World from me.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad, *man's either ſtate expreſſes,*
God's mercy and juſtice Job *confeſſes*
He pleads his cauſe, and begs relief,
Foil'd with the burthen of his grief.

Sect. 9.

SO *Bildad's* ſilence (great with tongue) did break,
And like a heartleſs Comforter did ſpeak:
How long wilt thou perſiſt to breathe thy mind
In words that vaniſh as a Storm of wind:
Will God forſake the innocent, or will
His juſtice ſmite thee, undeſerving ill?

Though righteous death thy ſinful ſons hath rent
From thy ſad boſom, yet if thou repent,
And waſh thy ways with undiſſembled tears,
Tuning thy troubles to th' Almightie's ears,
The mercy of his eyes ſhall ſhine upon thee:
And ſhowr the ſweetneſs of his bleſſings on thee:
And though a while thou plunge in miſery,
At length he'll crown thee with proſperity:
Run back and learn of ſage Antiquity,
What our late births to preſent times deny;
See how, and what (in the worlds downy age)
Befel our Fathers in their pilgrimage;
If Ruſhes have no mire, and Graſs no rain,
They ceaſe to flouriſh, droop their heads, and wain:
So fades the man, whoſe heart is not upright,
So periſheth the double Hypocrite;
His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day
That's flouriſhing, to morrow ſwept away;
But he that's juſt, is like the flow'ring tree,
Rooted by Chryſtal Springs, that cannot be
Scorcht by the noon of day, nor ſtirr'd from thence,
Where firmly fixt it hath a reſidence;
Heaven never fails the ſoul that is upright,
Nor offers arm to the baſe Hypocrite:
The one he bleſſes with eternal joys,
The other his avenging hand deſtroys.
I yield it for a truth, (ſaid *Job* reply'd)
Compar'd with God, can man be juſtifi'd?
If man ſhould give account what he hath done,
Not of a thouſand can he anſwer one:
His hand's all Power, and his heart all pure,
Againſt his God, what man can ſtand ſecure?
He ſhakes the mountains, and the Sun he bars
From circling his due courſe, ſhuts up the Stars.
He ſpreds the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,
His works may be admir'd, not underſtood:

No

No eye can ſee, no heart can apprehend him,
Lifts he to ſpoil? what's he can reprehend him?
His will's his Law. The ſmootheſt pleader hath
No power in his lips to ſlake his wrath;
Much leſs can I plead fair immunity,
Which could my guiltleſs tongue attain, yet I
Would kiſs the footſtep of his Judgment-ſeat:
Should he receive my cry, my grief's ſo great,
It would perſwade me that he heard it not,
For he hath torn me with the five-fold knot
Of his ſharpe ſcourge; his plagues ſucceſſive are,
That I can find no ground, but of deſpair.
If my bold lips ſhould dare to juſtifie
My ſelf, my lips would give my lips the lye.
God ows his mercy, nor to good, nor bad;
The wicked oft he ſpares, and oft does add
Grief to the juſt man's grief, woes after woes;
We muſt not judge man as his market goes
But might my prayers obtain this boon, that God
Would ceaſe thoſe ſorrow, and remove that Rod
Which moves my patience; I would take upon me
T' implead before him your raſh judgment on me,
Becauſe my tender Conſcience doth perſwade me,
I'm not ſo bad, as your bad words have made me.
My life is tedious, my diſtreſs ſhall break
Into her proper voice, my griefs ſhall ſpeak:
(Juſt Judge of earth) condemn me not before
Thou pleaſe to make me underſtand wherefore:
Agrees it with thy Juſtice, thus to be
Kind to the wicked, and ſo harſh to me?
Seeſt thou with fleſhly eyes? or do they glance
By favour? Are they clos'd with ignorance?
Liv'ſt thou the life of man? Doſt thou deſire
A ſpace of time to ſearch, or to enquire
My ſin? No, in the twinckling of an eye
Thou ſeeſt my heart, ſeeſt my immunity

From those foul crimes, wherewith my friends at plea-
Tax me, yet thou afflict'st me in this measure: (sure
Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me what I am.
When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same?
Remember, I am built of Clay, and must
Return again (without thy help) to Dust.
Thou didst create, preserve me; hast indu'd
My life with gracious blessings; oft renew'd
Thy precious favours on me: How wert thou,
Once so benign, and so cruel now?
Thou hunt'st me like a prey, my plagues increase,
Succeed each other, and they never cease.
Why was I born? Or why did not my tomb
Receive me (weeping) from my mothers womb?
I have not long to live; Lord, grant that I
May see some comfort, that am soon to die.

Meditat. 9,

HE that's the truest Master of his own,
Is never less alone, than when alone;
His watchful eyes are plac'd within his heart;
His skill, is how to know himself: his Art
How to command the pride of his affections,
With sacred Reason: how to give directions
Unto his wandring will; his conscience checks his
More looser thoughts, his louder sins, she vexes
With frights, and fears, within her own precincts
She rambles with her whips of Wire, ne'r winks
At smallest faults; like as a tender Mother
(Howe'r she loves her darling) will not smother
His childish fault, but she (her self) will rather
Correct, than trust him to his angry Father:
Even so the tender conscience of the wise,
Checks her beloved soul, and doth chastise

And judge the crime it ſelf, leſt it ſhould ſtand
As liable to a ſeverer hand.
Fond ſoul beware, who e'r thou art, that ſpies
Anothers fault, that thou thine own chaſtiſe,
Leſt like a fooliſh man, thou judge another,
In thoſe ſelf-crimes, which in your breſt you ſmother.
Who undertakes to drain his brothers eye
Of noyſom humors, firſt muſt clarifie
His own, leſt when his brothers blemiſh is
Remov'd, he ſpie a fouler Elain in his.
It is beyond th' extent of man's Commiſſion
To judge of man: The ſecret diſpoſition
Of ſacred Providence is lockt, and ſeal'd
From man's conceit, and not to be reveal'd,
Until that Lamb break ope the Seal, and come
With life and death, to give the world her doom.
The ground-work of our faith muſt not rely
On bare events; Peace and Proſperity
Are goodly favours, but no proper mark
Wherewith God brands his ſheep: No outward bark
Secures the body to be ſound within;
The rich man liv'd in Scarlet, di'd in ſin.
Behold th' afflicted man; affliction moves
Compaſſion; but no confuſion proves.
A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even:
The poor man di'd with ſores, and lives in Heaven.
To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth ſhare,
That both, an after-change, may hope, and fear.
I'll hope the beſt (Lord) leave the reſt to thee,
Leſt while I judge another, thou judge me;
It's one man's work to have a ſerious ſight
Of his own ſins, and judge himſelf aright.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Zophar *blames* Job; Job *equal makes*
His wiſdom unto theirs; He takes
In hand to plead with God, and then
Deſcribes the frail eſtate of men.

Sect. 10.

THen *Zophar* from deep ſilence, did awake
His words with louder language, and beſpake:
Shall Pratlers be unanſwer'd, or ſhall ſuch
Be counted juſt, that ſpeak, for babling much?
Shall thy words ſtop our mouths, he that hath blam'd
And ſcoft at others, ſhall he die unſham'd?
Our ears have heard thee, when thou haſt excus'd
Thy ſelf of evil, and thy God accus'd:
But if thy God ſhould plead with thee at large,
Thou'dſt reap the ſorrows of a double charge.
Canſt thou, by deep enquiry, underſtand
The hidden Juſtice of the Almighty's hand?
Heaven's large dimenſions cannot comprehend him;
What-e'r he do, what's he can reprehend him?
What refuge haſt thou then, but to preſent
A heart inricht with the ſad complement
Of a true Convert, on thy bended knee,
Before thy God, t' atone thy God and thee;
Then doubt not, but he'll rear thee from thy ſorrow,
Diſperſe thy Clouds, and like a ſhining morrow,
Make clear the Sun-beams of Proſperity,
And reſt thy ſoul in ſweet Security.
But he, whoſe heart, obdur'd in ſin, perſiſts,
His hopes ſhall vaniſh, as the morning miſts.

But *Job*, even as a Ball againſt the ground,
Banded with violence, did thus rebound:
You are the only wiſemen, in your breſts
The hidden Magazin of true Wiſdom reſts,
Yet (though aſtun'd with ſorrows) do I know
A little, (and perchance) as much as you;
I'm ſcorn'd of my Friends, whoſe proſp'rous ſtate
Surmiſes me (that have expir'd the date
Of earth's fair Fortunes) to be caſt away
From Heaven's regard, think none belov'd but they;
I am deſpiſed, like a Torch that's ſpent,
Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent:
What have your wiſdoms taught me, more than that
Which birds and beaſts (could they but ſpeak) would chat?
Digeſts the Stomach e'r the Palat taſtes?
O weigh my words, before you judge my caſe.
But you refer me to your Fathers days,
To be inſtructed in their wiſer Lays.
True, length of days brings wiſdom; but, I ſay,
I have a wiſer teacheth me, than they:
For I am taught, and tuter'd by that Hand,
Whoſe unreſiſted power doth command
The limits of the Earth, whoſe Wiſdom Schools
And trains the ſimple, makes the Learned fools:
His hand doth raiſe the poor, depoſes Kings;
On him, both Order, and the Change of things
Depend; he ſearches, and brings forth the light
From out the ſhadows, and the depth of night.
All this, mine own experience hath found true,
And in all this I know as much as you.
But you aver, If I ſhould plead with God,
That he would double his ſeverer Rod.
Your tongue belies his Juſtice, you apply
Amiſs your medicine to my malady:
In ſilence, you would ſeem more wiſe, leſs weak;
You having ſpoke, now lend me leave to ſpeak.

Will

Will you do wrong, to do God's Juſtice right?
Are you his Counſel? Need you help to fight
His quarrels? Or expect you his applauſe,
Thus (brib'd with ſelf-conceit) to plead his cauſe?
Judgment's your fee, when as you take in hand
Heavens cauſe to plead it, and not Heav'n command.
If that the foulneſs of your cenſures could
Not fright you, yet, methinks, his greatneſs ſhould,
Whoſe Juſtice you make Patron of your lies;
Your ſlender Maxims, and falſe forgeries
Are ſubſtanc'd like the duſt that lies beſides me;
Peace then, and I will ſpeak, what'er betides me:
My ſoul is on the rack, my tears have drown'd me,
Yet will I truſt my God though God confound me;
He, He's my Tow'r of ſtrength; No hypocrite
Stands unconfounded in his glorious ſight:
Ballance my words; I know my caſe would quit
Me from your cenſures, ſhould I argue it.
Who takes the plaintiffs pleading? Come, for I
Muſt plead my right, or elſe perforce muſt die.
With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare diſpute,
If thou wilt grant me this my double Sute:
Firſt, that thou ſlake theſe ſorrows that ſurround me;
Then, that thy burning face do not confound me:
Which granted, then take thou thy choice, let me
Propound the queſtion, or elſe anſwer thee.
Why doſt thou thus purſue me like thy foe?
For what great ſin doſt thou afflict me ſo?
Break'ſt thou a wither'd leaf, thy Juſtice doth
Sum up the reckonings of my ſinful youth?
Thou keep'ſt me pris'ner, bound in fetters faſt,
And, like a thred-bare garment, do I waſte.
Man born of woman, hath but a ſhort while
To live, his days are fleet, and full of toil:
He's like a flower, ſhooting forth aud dying,
His life is as a ſhadow, ſwiftly flying.

Ah!

Ah! b'ing ſo poor a thing, what needſt thou mind him?
The number of his days thou haſt confin'd him;
Then add not plagues unto his grief, O give
Him peace, that hath ſo ſmall a time to live:
Trees that are fell'd, may ſprout again, man never;
His days are numbred, and he dies for ever:
He's like a miſt, exhaled by the Sun,
His days once done, they are for ever done.
O that thy hand would hide me cloſe, and cover
Me in the grave, till all thy wrath were over!
My deſperate ſorrows hope for no relief,
Yet will I wait my change. My day of grief
Will be exchang'd for an eternal day
Of joy: but now thou doſt not ſpare to lay
Full heaps of vengeance on my broken ſoul,
And whil'ſt my ſins upon an ample ſcrowl:
As Mountains (being ſhaken) fall, and Rocks
(Though firm) are worn and rent with many knocks:
So ſtrongeſt men are batter'd with thy ſtrength,
Loſe ground, returning to the ground at length;
So mortals die, and (being dead) ne'r mind
The faireſt fortunes that they leave behind.
While man is man (until that death bereave him
Of his laſt breath) his griefs ſhall never leave him.

Meditat. 10.

DOth Hiſt'ry then, and ſage Chronology,
(The Index, pointing to Antiquity)
So firmly grounded on deep judgment, guarded
And kept by ſo much miracle, rewarded
With ſo great glory, ſerve, but as ſlight Fables,
To edge the dulneſs of men's wanton Tables,
And claw their itching ears? or do they rather,
Like a conciſe Abridgement, ſerve to gather

Man

Man's high Adventures and his tranſitory
Atchievemets, to expreſs his Makers glory?
Acts that have blown the loudeſt Trump of Fame,
Are all but humors, purchas'd in his name.
Is he, that (yeſterday) went forth, to bring
His Fathers Aſſes home, (to day) crown'd King?
Did he, that now on his brave Palace ſtood,
Boaſting his *Babels* beauty, chew the cud
An hour after? Have not Babes been Crown'd,
And mighty Monarchs beaten to the ground?
Man undertakes, Heaven breaths ſucceſs upon it;
What good, what evil is done, but Heaven hath done it!
The *Man* to whom the world was not aſham'd
To yield her Colours, he that was proclaim'd
A God in humane ſhape, whoſe dreadful voice
Did ſtrike men dead like thunder, at the noiſe;
Was rent away, from his Imperial Throne,
Before his flower of youth was fully blown,
His Race was rooted out, his Iſſue ſlain,
And left his Empire to another ſtrain.
Who that did e'r behold the ancient *Rome*,
Would raſhly give her glory ſuch a doom,
Or thought her ſubject to ſuch alterations,
That was the Miſtreſs, and the Queeu of Nations?
Ægypt, that in her walls had once engroſt
More wiſdom than the World beſides, hath loſt
Her ſenſes now: Her wiſeſt men of State
Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:
If *Romes* great power, and *Ægypts* wiſdom can
Not aid themſelves, how poor a thing is Man?
God plays with Kingdoms, as with Tennis-Balls,
Fells ſome that riſes, and raiſes ſome that falls:
Nor Policy can prevent, nor ſecret Fate,
Where Heaven hath pleas'd to blow upon a State:
If States be not ſecure, nor Kingdoms, than
How helpleſs, (Ah!) how poor a thing is man!

Man's

Man's like a flower, the while he hath to laſt,
He's nipt with froſt, and ſhook with every blaſt,
He's born in ſorrow, and brought up in tears,
He lives a while in ſin, and dies in fears.
Lord, I'll not boaſt, what-e'r thou give unto me,
Leſt e'r my brag be done, thou take it from me,
No man may boaſt but of his own, I can
Then boaſt of nothing, for I am a man.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raſh Eliphaz *doth aggravate*
The ſins of Job, *maligns his ſtate:*
Whom Job *reproving, juſtifies*
Himſelf, bewails his miſeries.

Sect. II.

DOth vain repining (*Eliphaz* replies)
Or words like wind, beſeem the man that's wiſe?
Ah! ſure, thy faithleſs heart rejects the fear
Of Heav'n, doth not acquaint thy lips with pray'r:
Thy words accuſe thy heart of Impudence,
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the Evidence:
Art thou the firſt of men? Do Myſteries
Unfold to thee? art thou the only wiſe?
Wherein hath Wiſdom been more good to you
Than us? What know you that we never knew?
Reverence, not Cenſure, fits a young man's eyes,
We are your Ancients, and ſhould be as wiſe;
Is't not enough, your Arrogance derides
Our Counſels, but muſt ſcorn thy God beſides?
Angels (if God enquire ſtrictly) muſt
Not plead perfection: then can man be juſt?

It

It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes
Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise,
That still the wicked man is void of rest,
Is always fearful, falls when he fears least;
In trouble he despairs, and is dejected,
He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,
In his adversity, his griefs shall gaul him;
And, like a raging Tyrant, shall inthrall him;
He shall advance against his God, in vain,
For Heaven shall crush and beat him down again;
What if his Garners thrive, and goods increase?
They shall not prosper, nor he live in peace,
Eternal horror shall begirt him round,
And vengeance shall both him and his confound,
Amidst his joys, despair shall stop his breath,
His sons shall perish with untimely death:
The double soul shall die, and in the hallow
Of all false hearts, false hearts themselves shall swallow.
Then answered *Job*, All this, before, I knew;
They want no grief, that find such friends as you;
Ah! cease your words, the fruits of ill-spent hours!
If Heav'n should please to make my fortunes yours,
I would not scoff you, nor with taunts torment ye:
My lips should comfort, and these eyes lament ye:
What shall I do? Speak not, my griefs oppress
My soul, or speak (alas) they'r ne'rtheless;
Lord, I am wasted, and my pangs have spent me,
My skin is wrinkled, for thy hand hath rent me,
Mine enemies have smit me in disdain,
Laught at my torments, jested at my pain:
I swell'd in wealth, but (now) alass am poor
And (fell'd with woe) lie groveling on the floor,
In dust and sackcloth I lament my sorrows,
Thy hand hath trench't my cheeks with water-furrows,
Nor can I comprehend the cause, that this
My smart should be so grievous as it is.

Oh

O Earth! If then an hyyocrite I be,
Cover my cries, as I do cover thee;
And witneſs Heaven, that theſe my vows be true,
(Ah friends!) I ſpend my tears to Heav'n, not you.
My time's but ſhort (alas!) would then that I
Might try my cauſe with God before I die.
Since then I languiſh, and not far from dead,
Let me a while with my accuſers plead
(Before the Judge of Heaven and Earth) my right:
Have they not wrong'd, and vext me day and night?
Who firſt lays down his Gage to meet me? Say,
I doubt not (Heaven being Judge) to win the day:
You'll ſay perchance, we'll recompel your word,
E're ſimple truth ſhould unawares afford
Your diſcontent; No, no, forbear, for I
Hate leſs your cenſure, than your flattery;
I am become a by-word, and a Tabor,
To ſet the tongues, and ears of men in labour,
Mine eyes are dim, my body's but a ſhade,
Good men that ſee my caſe, will be afraid,
But not confounded; They will hold their way,
And in a bad they'll hope a better day:
Recant your errors, for I cannot ſee
One man that's truly wiſe among you Three,
My days are gone, my thoughts are miſpoſſeſt,
The ſilent night, that Heaven ordain'd for reſt,
My day of travel is, but I ſhall have
E're long, long peace, within my welcome grave;
My neareſt kind'red are the worms, the earth
My mother, for ſhe gave me firſt my birth:
Where are my hopes then? where that future joy,
Which you falſe-propheſi'd I ſhould enjoy?
Both hopes, and I alike, ſhall travel thither,
Where, clos'd in duſt, we ſhall remain together.

Meditat. II.

THE Moral Poets (not unaptly) fain,
That by lame *Vulcan's* help, the pregnant brain
Of ſovereign *Jove*, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was born *Minerva*, Lady of the Earth.
O ſtrange Divinity! but ſung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wider note.
The moral ſays; All Wiſdom that is given
To hood-wink'd mortals, firſt proceeds from Heaven,
Truth's error, wiſdom's but wiſe inſolence,
And light's but darkneſs, not deriv'd from thence;
Wiſdom's a ſtrain tranſcends Morality,
No Vertu's abſent, Wiſdom being by.
Vertue by conſtant practice is acquir'd,
This (this by ſweat unpurchas'd) is inſpir'd:
The maſter-piece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in ſhow,
And there it reſts: Wiſdom proceeds, and chuſes
The ſeeming evil, th' apparent good refuſes;
Knowledge deſcries alone; Wiſdom applies;
That makes ſome fools; this, maketh none but wiſe:
The curious hand that doth but pick
Bare ſimples, wiſdom pounds them for the ſick:
In my afflictions knowledge apprehends
Who is the Author, what the Cauſe, and Ends;
It finds that patience is my ſad relief,
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my grief:
To reſt contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without rain, and heat without a Spring:
What hope ariſes hence? The Devils do
The very ſame: They know and tremble too:
But ſacred wiſdom doth apply that good,
Which ſimple knowledge barely underſtood:

Wiſdom

Wiſdom coneludes, and in concluſion proves,
That whereſoever God corrects, he loves:
Wiſdom digeſts, what knowledge did but taſte;
That deals in futures; this, in things are paſt:
Wiſdom's the Card of knowledge, which without
That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt:
Knowledge, when wiſdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a head-ſtrong horſe that throws the Rider:
Which made that great Philoſopher avow,
He knew ſo much, that he did nothing know.
Lord, give me wiſdom to direct my ways,
I beg not riches, nor yet length of days;
O grant thy ſervant wiſdom, and with it,
I ſhall receive ſuch knowledge as will fit
To ſerve my turn: I wiſh not *Phœbus* Wain,
Without his ſkill to drive it, leſt I gain
Too dear an honour: Lord, I will not ſtay
To pick more Manna, than will ſerve to day.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad, *the whil'ſt he makes a ſhow*
To ſtrike the wicked, gives the blow
To Job; Job's *miſery and faith*;
Zophar *makes good, what* Bildad *ſaith.*

Sect. II.

SO *Bildad* then, When will you bring to end
The ſpeeches whereabout ye ſo contend?
Weigh eithers words, leſt ignorant confuſion
Debar them of their purpoſed concluſion:
We came to comfort, fits it then that we
Be thought, as beaſts, or fools accounted be?

But thou *Job* (like a mad-man) wouldſt thou force
God, to deſiſt his order, and ſet courſe
Of Juſtice? Shall the wicked, for thy ſake
(That would'ſt not taſte of evil) in good partake?
No, no, his lamp ſhall blaze, and die, his ſtrength
Shall fail, and ſhall confound it ſelf at length
He ſhall be hamp'red with cloſe hidden ſnares,
And dog'd, where e'r he ſtarts, with troops of fears:
Hunger ſhall bite, deſtruction ſhall attend him,
His ſkin ſhall rot, the worſt of death ſhall end him:
His fears ſhall be a thouſand linkt together,
His branch above, his root beneath ſhall wither,
His name ſhall ſleep in duſt, in duſt decay,
Odious to all, by all men chac'd away,
No Son ſhall keep alive his houſe, his name,
And none ſhall thrive, that can alliance claim,
The after-age ſhall ſtand amaz'd, to hear
His fall, and they that ſee't, ſhall ſhake for fear:
Thus ſtands the ſtate of him that doth amiſs,
And (*Job*) what other is thy caſe, than this?

But *Job* reply'd, How long (as with ſharp ſwords)
Will ye torment me with your pointed words?
How often have your biting tongues defam'd
My ſimple innocence, and yet unſham'd?
Had I deſerv'd theſe plagues, yet let my grief
Expreſs it ſelf, though it find no relief;
But if you needs muſt wear your tongues upon me,
Know, 'tis the hand of God hath overthrown me;
I roar, unheard; his hand will not releaſe me;
The more I grieve, the more my griefs oppreſs me:
He hath deſpoil'd my joys, and goes about
(My branches being lopt) to 'ſtroy the Root:
His plagues, like ſouldiers, trench within my bones,
My friends, my kindred flie me all at once,
My neighbours, my familiars have forgone me,
My houſhold ſtares with ſtrangers eyes upon me:

I call my ſervant, but his lips are dumb,
I humbly beg his help, but he'll not come:
My own wife loaths my breath, though I did make
My ſolemn ſuit, for our dead Childrens ſake:
The poor, whoſe wants I have ſuppli'd, deſpiſe me,
And he that liv'd within my breſt, denies me:
My bones are hide-bound, there cannot be found
One piece of ſkin (unleſs my gums) that's ſound:
Alas! complaints are barren ſhadows to
Expreſs, or cure the ſubſtance of my wo,
Have pity (oh my friends) have pity on me,
'Tis your God's hand and mine, that lies upon me:
Vex me no more, O let your anger be
(If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what you ſee:
O! that my ſpeeches were ingraven, then,
In Marble Tablets, with an Iron Pen:
For ſure I am that my Redeemer lives,
And though pale death conſume my fleſh (and gives
My Carkaſs to the worms, yet am I ſure
Clad with this ſelf-ſame fleſh (but made more pure)
I ſhall behold his glory; Theſe ſad eyes
Shall ſee his face, howe'r my body lies
Mould'red in duſt; Theſe fleſhly eyes, that do
Behold theſe ſores, ſhall ſee my Maker too.
Unequal hearers of unequal grief,
Y'are all ingag'd to the ſelf ſame belief;
Know there's a Judge, whoſe voice will be as free
To judge your words as you have judged me.
Said *Zophar* then, I purpos'd to refrain
From ſpeaking, but thou mov'ſt me back again:
For having heard thy haughty ſpirit break
Such haſty terms, my ſpirit bids me ſpeak;
Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,
Taught us, as we ſhall our ſucceeding times,
How vain's the triumph, and how ſhort the blaze,
Wherein the wicked ſweeten out their days?

Though for a while his Palms of glory flouriſh,
Yet, in concluſion they grow ſear, and periſh:
His life is like a dream, that paſſes o'r,
The eye that ſaw him, ne'r ſhall ſee him more:
The Son ſhall flatter, whom the Sire oppreſt,
And (poor) he ſhall return, what he did wreſt;
He ſhall be baited with the ſins, that have
So ſmil'd upon his Childhood, to his grave;
His plenty (purchas'd by oppreſſion) ſhall
Be honey, taſted, but digeſted, gall:
It ſhall not bleſs him with prolonged ſtay,
But evilly come, it ſoon ſhall paſs away;
The man whoſe griping hath the poor oppreſt
Shall neither thrive in ſtate, nor yet find reſt
In ſoul, nought of his fulneſs ſhall remain,
His greedy heir ſhall long expect in vain;
Scarc't with extorted plenty, others ſhall
Squeeze him, and leave him diſpoſſeſt of all;
And when his joys do in their height abound,
Vengeance ſhall ſtrike him groaning on the ground;
If ſwords forbear to wound him, arrows ſhall
Returning forth anointed with his gall;
No ſhade ſhall hide him, and an unblown fire
Shall burn both him and his, Heav'n like a Crier
Shall blaze his ſhame, and Earth ſhall ſtand his foe,
His wandring children ſhall no dwelling know:
Behold the man's eſtate, whom God denies,
Behold thine own, pourtraicted to thine eyes.

Meditat. 12.

CAN mercy come from bloody *Cain*? or hath
His angry brow a ſmile? or can his wrath
Be quench't with ought but righteous *Abels* blood?
Can guilty Pris'ners hope for any good

From

From the ſeverer Judge, whoſe diſmal breath
Dooms them to die, breaths nothing elſe, but death?
Ah righteous Judge! wherein hath man to truſt?
Man hath offended, and thy Laws are juſt;
Thou frowneſt like a Judge, but I had rather,
That thou would'ſt ſmile upon me like a father;
What if thy *Eſau* be auſtere and rough?
Thou haſt a *Jacob* that is ſmooth enough:
Thy *Jacob*'s tender Kid brings forth a bleſſing,
While *Eſau*'s tedious Ven'zon is a dreſſing
Thy face hath ſmiles, as well as frowns, by turns;
Thy fire giveth light, as well as burns.
What if the Serpent ſtung old *Adam* dead?
Young *Adam* lives, to break that Serpents head.
Juſtice hath ſtruck me with a bleeding wound,
But mercy pours in Oyle to make it ſound.
The milk white Lamb confounds the roaring Lion;
Blaſted by *Sinah*, I am heal'd by *Sion*:
The Law finds guilty, and Death Judgment gives,
But ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives.
How wretched was man's caſe in thoſe dark days,
When Law was only read: Which Law diſmays,
And taking vantage, through the breach of it;
The Letter kills, and can no way admit
Releaſe by pardon; for by Law we die.
Why then hop'd man without a reaſon, why?
Although there was no Sun, their morning eyes
Saw by the twilight, that the Sun would riſe.
The Law was like a miſty Looking-glaſs,
Wherein the ſhadow of a Saviour was,
Treats in a darker ſtrain, by Types and Signs,
And what ſhould paſs in after-days, divines.
The Goſpel ſays, that he is come and dead;
And thus the riddle of the Law is read.
Goſpel is Law, the Myſt'ry being ſeal'd;
And Law is Goſpel, being once reveal'd.

Experience tells us, when as birth denies
To man (through Natures over-ſight) his eyes,
Nature (whoſe curious works are never vain)
Supplies them in the power of his brain :
So they whoſe eyes were barr'd that glorious ſight
Of the *Meſſiah*'s day, receiv'd more light,
(Inſpir'd by the breath of Heaven) than they,
That heard the tidings of that happy day.
The man, that with a ſharp contracted eye
Looks in a clear perſpective-Glaſs, doth ſpie
Objects remote, which to the ſenſe appear
(Through help of the perſpective) ſeeming near:
So they that liv'd within the Laws dominion,
Did hear far off, a brute and buzz'd opinion,
A Saviour one day ſhould be born ; but he
That had a perſpective of Faith might ſee
That long expected day of joy as clear,
As if the triumph had been then kept there.
Lord, ſo direct me in thy perfect way,
That I may look, and ſmile upon that day :
O ! bathe me in his blood, ſpunge every ſtain,
That I may boldly ſue my Counter-pain :
O ! make me glorious in the doom he gives,
For ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

Earths happineſs is not Heavens brand :
A raſh recounting of Job's *crimes :*
Job *truſts him to th' Almighty's hand :*
God ties his judgment not to times.

Sect. II.

THen *Job* repli'd, O, let your patience prove,
You came (not to afflict me, but) in love.

Oh!

Oh! bear with me, and hear me ſpeak at leaſure,
My ſpeech once ended, mock, and ſcoff your pleaſure.
My ſt'ries I treat, not Toys; if then I range
A thought beyond my ſelf, it is not ſtrange;
Behold my caſe, and ſtand amaz'd, forbear me:
Be ſtill, and in your deeper ſilence hear me.
Search you the hearts of men (my friends) or can
You judge the inward, by the outward man?
How haps the wicked then, ſo ſound in health,
So ripe in years, ſo proſperous in wealth?
They multiply, their houſe is fill'd with peace,
They paſs unplagu'd, their fruitful flocks increaſe,
Their children thrive in joyful melody,
Proſperous they live, and peacefully they die;
Renounce us (God) ſay they *(if God there be)*
What need we knowledge of thy Word or Thee?
What's the Almighty, that we ſhould adore him?
What boots our prayer, or us to fall before him?
'Tis not by chance, their vain proſperity
Crowns them with ſtore; or Heav'n not knowing why:
But you affirm, *That in concluſion they*
Shall fall; But not ſo ſudden as you ſay:
But can ye limit forth the ſpace, confine
How long, or when their lamps ſhall ceaſe to ſhine?
Will any of you undertake to teach
Your Maker, things ſo far above your reach?
The bad man lives in plenty, dies in peace?
The good, as do his hours, his griefs encreaſe:
Yet both the good and bad alike ſhall have
Though lives much differing, yet one common grave,
I know your mining thoughts: You will demand,
Where is the wickeds power? And where ſtand
Their lofty buildings? Are they to be ſeen?
Enquire of wandring Pilgrims that have been
Experienc'd in the Road: and they'll relate
The Princely greatneſs of their Tow'rs and State:

Live

Live any more ſecure than they? or who
Dare once reprove them for the deeds they do?
He lives in power, and in peace, he dies,
Attended in his pompous Obſequies,
How vain are then the comforts of your breath,
That cenſure goodneſs, or by life or death?
Said *Elephaz*, what then remains? Thy tongue
Hath quit thy ſelf, accus'd thy God of wrong.
Gains he by mans uprightneſs? Can man add
To his perfection, what he never had?
Fears he the ſtrength of man? Doth he torment him
Leſt that his untam'd power ſhould prevent him?
What need I waſte this breath? Recall thy ſenſes,
And take the Inventory of thy offences:
Thou took'ſt the poor man's pawn, nor haſt thou fed
Thy needy brother, with thy proſp'rous bread;
Thy hands perverted Juſtice, and have ſpoil'd
The hopeleſs widow, with her helpleſs child.
Hence ſpring thy ſorrows (*Job*;) 'Tis Juſtice then
Thou ſhould'ſt be plagu'd, that thus plagu'd other men;
Is Heaven juſt? Can Heavens juſt Creator
Let paſs (unpuniſht) ſins of ſo high a nature?
Hath not experience taught, that for a while,
The wicked may exalt their Creſts, and ſmile,
Blown up with Inſolence: but in concluſion
They fall, and good men laugh at their confuſion?
Job, add not ſin to ſin, ceaſe to beguile
Thy ſelf, thinking to quench thy fire with oyl:
Return thee to thy God, confeſs thy crimes;
Return, and he will crown thy after-times
With former bleſſings, and thy riches ſhall
Be as the ſand: for God is all in all:
His face ſhall welcome thee, and ſmile upon thee,
And ceaſe that miſchief his juſt hand hath done thee.
He ſhall be pleaſed with thy holy fires,
And grant the iſſue of thy beſt deſires.

Jod anſwer'd then: Although my ſoul be faint,
And griefs weigh down the ſcale of my complaint,
Yet would I plead my cauſe (which you defam'd)
Before my Maker, and would plead, unſham'd;
Could I but find him, I would take upon me
To quit the cenſures, you have paſſed on me.
His Juſtice hath no limits, is extended
Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended;
Let Heaven be Umpire, and make Arbitration
Betwixt my guiltleſs heart, and your taxation:
My Embryon thoughts, and words are all inroll'd,
Pure will he find them, as refined gold;
His ſteps I followed, and uprightly ſtood,
His Laws have been my guide, his words my food;
Hath he but once decreed? (alas!) there's none
Can bar: for what he will, muſt needs be done;
His Will's a Law: If he have doom'd, that I
Shall ſtill be plagu'd, 'tis bootleſs to reply.
Hence comes it, that my ſore afflicted ſpright
Trembles, and ſtands confounded at his ſight;
His hand hath ſtruck my ſpirits in a maze,
For I can neither end my griefs nor days.
Why ſhould not times in all things be forbid,
When to the juſt, their times of ſorrow's hid?
Some move their land-marks, rob their neighbors flocks;
Others ingage, receive the widows Ox;
Some grind the poor, while others ſeek the prey;
They reap their harveſt, bear their grain away;
Men preſs their oyl, and they diſtrain their ſtore,
And rend the gleanings from the hungry poor,
The City roars, the blood which they have ſpent,
Cries (unreveng'd) for equal puniſhment;
Early they murther, and rob late at night,
They trade in darkneſs, for they hate the light;
They ſin (unpuniſh'd) thriving uncontroll'd,
And what by force they got, by force they hold.

O friends; repeal your words, your ſpeeches bring
No lawful iſſue, prove not any thing:
Your deeper wiſdoms argue (in effect)
That God doth, or not know, or elſe neglect:
Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,
I muſt be found the Lyar, or elſe you.

Meditat. 13.

THE Wiſeſt men that Nature e'r could boaſt
For ſecret knowledge of her power, were loſt,
Confounded, and in deep amazement ſtood,
In the diſcovery of the chiefeſt good:
Keenly they hunted, beat in every brack,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and back
Return'd they counter; but their deep mouth'd art,
(Though often challeng'd Scent, yet) ne'r could ſtart
In all the encloſures of Philoſophy,
That game, from ſquat, they term, felicity:
They jangle, and their Maxims diſagree;
As many men, ſo many minds there be.
One digs to *Pluto*'s Throne, thinks there to find
Her Grace, rak'd up in gold: anothers mind
Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of honor,
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to ſeize upon her;
A third, unlocks the painted gate of pleaſure,
And ranſacks there, to find this peerleſs treaſure;
A fourth, more ſage, more wiſely melancholy,
Perſwades himſelf, her Deity's too holy
For common hands to touch, he rather chuſes
To make a long days journey to the Muſes:
To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes, and from that School
Returns unſped, a more inſtructed fool.
Where lies ſhe then? or lies ſhe any where?
Honours are bought and ſold, ſhe reſts not there;

Much

Much leſs in pleaſures hath ſhe her abiding,
For they are ſhar'd to Beaſts, and ever ſliding;
Nor yet in virtue, virtue's often poor,
And (cruſht with fortune) begs from door to door:
Nor is ſhe ſainted in the ſhrine of wealth;
That, makes men ſlaves, is unſecur'd from ſtealth;
Conclude we then, *Felicity* conſiſts
Not in exterior fortunes, but her liſts
Are boundleſs, and her large extenſion
Out-runs the pace of humane apprehenſion,
Fortunes are ſeldom meaſur'd by deſert:
The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'r extend
Beyond it ſelf: In it all wiſhes end:
The ſwelling of an outward fortune can
Create a proſp'rous, not a happy man:
A peaceful Conſcience is the true content,
And wealth is but her golden ornament.
I care not ſo my kernel relliſh well,
How ſlender be the ſubſtance of my ſhell;
My heart b'ing virtuous, let my face be wan,
I am to God, I only ſeem to man.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad *ſhews man's impurity;*
Job *ſetteth forth th' Almighty's power,*
Pleads ſtill his own integrity:
God's Wiſdom no man can diſcover.

Sect. 14.

SAid *Bildad* then, With whom doſt thou conteſt,
But with thy Maker, that lives ever bleſt?

His

His pow'r is infinite, man's light is dim,
And knowledge darkneſs, not deriv'd from him.
Say then, who can be juſt before him? No man
Can challenge purity that's born of woman.
The greater Torch of Heaven in his ſight
Shall be aſham'd, and loſe his purer light;
Much leſs can man, that is but living duſt,
And but a fairer worm, be pure and juſt.

Whereat *Job* thus: Doth Heav'ns high judgment ſtand
To be ſupported by thy weaker hand?
Wants he thy help? To whom doſt thou extend
Theſe, theſe thy laviſh lips, and to what end?
No, he's Almighty; and his power doth give
Each thing his being, and him they live:
To him is nothing dark, his ſovereign Hands
Whirl round the reſtleſs Orbs, his power commands
The even-pois'd earth, the water-pots of Heaven
He empties at his pleaſure, and hath given
Appointed liſts, to keep the waters under;
The trembling ſkies he ſtrikes amaz'd, with thunder:
Theſe, theſe the Trophees of his power be,
Where is there e'r ſuch a God as he!

My friends, theſe ears have heard your cenſures on me,
And Heav'ns ſharp hand doth weigh ſo hard upon me;
So languiſhing in grief, that no defence
Seems to remain, to ſhield my innocence:
Yet while my ſoul a gaſp of breath affords,
I'll not diſtruſt my Maker, nor your words
Deſerve, which Heaven forefend, that ever I
Prove true, but I'll plead guiltleſs till I die;
While I have breath, my pangs ſhall ne'r perſwade me
To wander, and revolt from him that made me.
E'r ſuch thoughts ſpring from this confuſed breſt,
Let death and tortures do their worſt, their beſt.
What gains the hypocrite, although the whole
Worlds wealth he purchaſe, with the price on's ſoul?

Will

Will Heaven hear the voice of his diſeaſe?
Can he repent, and turn, when e'r he pleaſe?
True, God doth ſometime plague with open ſhame
The wicked, often blurs he forth his name
From out the Earth, his children ſhall be ſlain,
And who ſurvives, ſhall beg their bread in vain;
What if his gold be heapt, the good man ſhall
Poſſeſs it, as true Maſter of it all;
Like Moths, their houſes ſhall they build, in doubt
And danger, every hour to be caſt out;
Beſieg'd with want, their lips make fruitleſs moan,
Yet (wanting ſuccour) be reliev'd by none;
The worm of conſcience ſhall torment his breſt,
And he ſhall roar, when others be at reſt;
God's hand ſhall ſcourge him that he cannot flie,
And men ſhall laugh, and hiſs to hear him cry.
The pureſt metal's hid within the mould.
Without is gravel, but within is gold;
Man digs, and in his toil he takes a pleaſure,
He ſeeks, and finds within the Turf, the treaſure;
He never reſts unſped, but (underneath)
He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of death:
No ſecret (how obſcure ſoever) can
Earths boſom ſmother, that's unfound by man;
But the Divine and high Decrees of Heaven,
What mind can ſearch into? No power's given
To mortal man, whereby he may attain
The rare diſcovery of ſo high a ſtrain:
Dive to the depth of darkneſs, and the deeps
Renounce this Wiſdom, The wide Ocean keeps
Her not inclos'd; 'Tis not the pureſt gold
Can purchaſe it, or heaps of ſilver, told;
The Pearls, and peerleſs Treaſures of the Eaſt,
Refined gold, and gems, are all, the leaſt
Of nothing, if compar'd with it, as which,
Earths Maſs of treaſure (ſumm'd) is not ſo rich;

Where

Where reſts the Wiſdom then? If men enquire
Below, they find not her; or if they (higher)
Soar with the Prince of fowls, they ſtill deſpair:
The more they ſeek, the further off they are.
Ah friends! how more than men? how Eagle ey'd
Are you, to ſee, what to the world beſide
Was dark? To you alone (in truſt) was given
To ſearch into the high Decrees of Heaven:
You read his Oracles, you underſtand
To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand:
Your wiſdoms have a priviledge to know
His ſecret ſmiling from his angry Brow:
Let ſhame prevent, your lips recant, and give
To the Almighty his prerogative;
To him the ſearching of mens hearts belong,
Mans judgment ſinks no deeper than the tongue;
He overlooks the World, and in one ſpace
Of time, his eye is fixt on every place:
He weighs the waters, ballances the air,
What e'r hath being, did his hands prepare;
He wills that Mortals be not over-wiſe,
Nor judge his ſecrets with cenſorious eyes.

Meditat. 14.

'TIS Virtue to flie Vice: there's none more ſtout
Than he that ventures to pick virtue out
Betwixt a brace of Vices: Dangers ſtand,
Threatning his ruine upon either hand;
His Card muſt guide him, leſt his Pinnace run
Upon *Charybdis*, while it *Scylla* ſhun:
In moderation all Virtue lies;
'Tis greater folly to be over-wiſe,
Than rudely ignorant: The golden mean
Is but to know enough; ſafer to lean

To

To Ignorance, than Curioſity;
For Lightning blaſts the Mountains that are high:
The firſt of men, from hence deſerv'd his fall,
He ſought for ſecrets, and found death withal:
Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,
They blind us in beholding: He that tries
To handle water, the more hard he ſtrains
And gripes his hand, the leſs his hand retains:
The mind that's troubled with that pleaſing itch
Of knowing ſecrets, having flown a pitch
Beyond it ſelf, the higher it aſcends
And ſtrives to know, the leſs it apprehends:
That ſecret-Wiſeman is an open Fool,
Which takes a Councel-chamber for a School.
The eye of man deſires no farther light,
Than to deſcry the object of his ſight:
And reſts contented with the Suns reflection,
But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)
If it preſume t'out-face his glorious light,
The beams bereave him, juſtly, of his ſight:
Even ſo the mind ſhould reſt in what's reveal'd,
But over-curious, if in things conceal'd
She wades too far, beyond her depth, unbounded,
Her knowledge will be loſt, and ſhe confounded.
Far ſafer 'tis of things unſure, to doubt,
Than undertake to riddle ſecrets out.
It was demanded once, What God did do
Before the World he framed? Whereunto
Anſwer was made, *He built a Hell for ſuch*
As are too curious, and would know too much.
Who flies with *Icarus* his feathers, ſhall
Have *Icarus* his fortune, and his fall.
A noble Prince, (,whoſe bounteous hand was bent
To recompence his ſervants faith, and vent
The earneſt of his favours) did not proffer,
But will'd him boldly to prevent his offer:

Thankful he thus reply'd, *Then grant unto me*
This boon, With-hold thy Princely ſecrets from me.
That holy Man, in whoſe familiar ear
Heav'n oft had thundred, might not come too near:
The Temple muſt have Curtains; mortal hearts
Muſt reſt content to ſee his hinder-parts.
I care not (Lord) how far thy Face be off,
If I but kiſs thy hand, I have enough.

THE ARGUMENT.

Job wiſheth his paſt happineſs;
Shews his ſtate preſent, doth confeſs
That God's the Author of his grief;
Relates the pureneſs of his life.

Sect. 15.

OH! that I were as happy as I was,
When Heavens bright favours ſhone upon my face,
And proſper'd my affairs, enricht my joys,
When all my Sons could anſwer to my voice;
Then did my ſtore, and thriving Flocks encreaſe,
Offended Juſtice ſought my hands for peace;
Old men did honour, and the young did fear me,
Princes kept ſilence (when I ſpake) to hear me:
I heard the poor, reliev'd the Widows cry,
Orphans I ſuccour'd, was the blind man's eye,
The Criple's foot, my helpleſs brothers drudge,
The poor man's Father, and th' Oppreſſors Judge;
I then ſuppoſed that my days long Leaſe
Would paſs in plenty, and expire in peace:
My Roots were fixed, and my Branches ſprung,
My Glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily ſtrong;

I ſpeak-

I ſpeaking, men ſtood mute, my ſpeeches mov'd
All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd:
My kindly words were welcome, as a latter
Rain, and were Oracles in a doubtful matter.
O ſudden change! I'm turn'd a laughing-ſtock
To boys, and thoſe that ſu'd to tend my Flock,
And ſuch, whoſe hungry wants have taught their hands
To ſcrape the earth, and dig the barren lands
For hidden roots, wherewith they may appeaſe
Their tyrant ſtomachs, theſe (even very theſe)
Flout at my ſorrows, and diſdaining me,
Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he*:
My honour's foil'd, my troubled ſpirit lies
Wide open to the worſt of injuries;
Where-e'r I turn, my ſorrow new appears,
I'm vext abroad with flouts, at home with fears:
My ſoul is faint, and nights that ſhould give eaſe
To tired ſpirits, make my griefs encreaſe:
I loath my Carkaſs, for my ripened ſores
Have chang'd my garments colour with their coats.
But what is worſt of worſts, (Lord) often I
Have cri'd to thee, a ſtranger to my cry,
Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,
Though kind to all, thou art unkind to me.
I ne'r waxt pale, to ſee another thrive,
Nor e'r did let my afflicted brother ſtrive
With tears alone: but I (poor I) tormented,
Expect for ſuccour, and am unlamented:
I mourn in ſilence, languiſh all alone,
As in a Deſart, am reliev'd by none:
My ſores have di'd my ſkin with filth, ſtill turning
My joys to grief, and all my mirth to mourning.
My heart hath paſt Indentures with mine eye,
Not to behold a Maid, for what ſhould I
Expect from Heaven but a deſerv'd reward,
Earn'd by ſo foul a ſin? for death's prepar'd;

And flames of wrath are blown for ſuch: Doth He
Not know my actions, that ſo well knows me?
If I have lent my hand to ſlie deceit,
Or if my ſteps have not been purely ſtrait,
What I have ſown, then let a ſtranger eat,
And root my plants untimely from their ſeat.
If I with Luſt have e'r diſtain'd my life,
Or been defiled with another's Wife,
In equal Juſtice let my Wife be known
Of all, and let me reap, as I have ſown:
For luſt, that burneth in a ſinful breſt,
Till it hath burnt him too, ſhall never reſt.
If e'r my haſte did treat my ſervant ill,
Without deſert, making my power my Will,
Then how ſhould I before God's Judgment ſtand,
Since we were both created by one hand?
If e'r my power wrong'd the poor man's cauſe,
Or to the Widow, lengthned out the Laws:
If e'r (alone) my lips did taſte my bread,
Or ſhut my churliſh doors, the poor unfed,
Or bent my hand to do the Orphan wrong,
Or ſaw him naked, unapparrell'd long;
In heaps of Gold, if e'r I took delight,
Or gave Heavens worſhip, to the Heavenly Light,
Or e'r was flatt'red by my ſecret Will,
Or joyed in my Adverſaries Ill;
Let God accurſe me from his glorious ſeat,
And make my plagues (if poſſible) more great.
Oh! that ſome equal hearer now were by,
To judge my righteous cauſe: Full ſure am I,
I ſhall be quitted by th' Almighty's hand,
What, therefore, if cenſorious tongues withſtand
Thy judgment of my ſober Conſcience?
Compoſe thy Ballads on me, yet from thence
My ſimple Innocence ſhall gain renown,
And on my head, I'll wear them, as my Crown:

To

To the Almighty's ear will I reveal
My ſecret ways; to him, alone, appeal:
If (to conclude) the Earth could find a tongue,
T' impeach my guiltleſs hands of doing wrong:
If hidden Wages (earn'd with ſweet) do lie
Rak'd in her furrows, let her womb deny
To bleſs my Harveſt, let her better Seeds
Be turn'd to Thiſtles, and the reſt to Weeds.

Meditat. 15.

THE man whoſe ſoul is undiſtain'd with Ill,
Pure from the check of a diſtemper'd Will,
Stands only free from the diſtracts of Care,
And flies a pitch above the reach of Fear:
His boſom dares the threatning Bow-man's Arm,
His wiſdom ſees, his Courage finds no harm;
His breſt lies open to the reeking Sword;
The darts of ſwarthy *Maurus* can afford
Leſs dread, than danger to his well prepar'd
And ſetled mind, which (ſtanding on her guard)
Bids miſchief do the worſt ſhe can, or will,
For he that does no ill, deſerves no ill.
Would any ſtrive with *Sampſon* for renown,
Whoſe brawny arm can ſtrike moſt pillars down?
Or try a fall with Angels, and prevail?
Or with a Hymn unhinge the ſtrongeſt Jayl?
Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince?
Or with ſlow ſpeech beſt Orators convince?
Preſerve he then, unſtained in his breſt,
A milk-white Conſcience; let his ſoul be bleſt
With ſimple Innocence: The ſeven-fold ſhield
No dart ſhall pierce, no ſword ſhall make it yield;
The ſinewy Bow, and deadly headed Lance,
Shall break in ſhivers, and the ſplinters glance

Aside, returning back, from whence they came,
And wound their hearts with an eternal shame.
The just and constant mind, that perseveres
Unblemisht with false pleasures, never fears
The bended threatnings of a Tyrant's brow,
Death neither can disturb, nor change his Vow;
Well guarded with himself, he walks along,
When most alone he stands a thousand strong.
Lives he in weal, and full Prosperity?
His wisdom tells him, that he lives to die.
Is he afflicted? Sharp afflictions give
Him hopes of Change, and that he dies to live.
Is he revil'd and scorn'd? He sits, and smiles,
Knowing him happy, whom the world reviles.
If rich, he gives the Poor, and if he live
In poor estate, he finds rich friends to give:
He lives an Angel in a mortal form;
And having past the brunt of many a storm,
At last arriveth at the haven of Rest,
Where that just Judge, that rambles in his brest,
Joyning with Angels, with an Angel's voice,
Chaunts forth sweet *Requiems* of Eternal joys.

THE ARGUMENT.

Elihu, Job *reproves, reproves*
His Friend alike; he pleads the case
With Job *in God's behalf, and moves*
Him to recant, and call for Grace.

Sect. 16.

THus *Job* his ill defended Cause adjourns,
And silence lends free liberty of turns,

To

To his unjuſt Accuſers, whoſe bad cauſe
Hath left them grounded in too large a pauſe,
Whereat *Elihu*, a young ſtander-by
Whoſe modeſt ears, upon their long reply
Did wait; his angry ſilence did awake,
And (craving pardon for his youth) beſpake:
Young Standers-by do oftentimes ſee more
Than elder Gameſters: Y'are too blame all four:
Th'ones cauſe is bad, but with good proofs befriended,
The other's juſt and good, but ill defended:
Though reaſon makes the man, Heaven makes him wiſe;
Wiſdom in greateſt Clerks not always lies:
Then let your ſilence give me leave to ſpend
My judgment, whilſt your heedful ears attend.
I have not heard, alone, but ſtill expected
To hear what more your ſpleens might have objected
Againſt your woful Friend, but I have found
Your reaſon's built but upon a ſandy ground.
Flouriſh no Flags of Conqueſt: Underſtand,
That he's afflicted by the Almighty's hand:
He hath not fail'd to croſs your accuſations;
Yet I (though not with your foul exprobrations)
Will croſs him too. I'm full, and I muſt ſpeak,
Or, like unvented veſſels, I muſt break;
And with my tongue my heart will be reliev'd,
That ſwells, with what my patience hath conceiv'd:
Be none offended, for my lips ſhall tread
That ground (without reſpect, as truth ſhall lead;
God hates a flatt'ring Language; then how can I
Unliable to danger flatter any?
Now, *Job*, to thee I ſpeak. O let my Errant
Be welcome to thine ears, for truth's my warrant;
They are no ſlender trifles that I treat,
Of things digeſted with the ſacred heat,
But an inſpired knowledge; 'Tis no raſh
Diſcharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flaſh;

I'll ſpeak, and hear thee ſpeak, as free, for I
Will take no vantage of thy Miſery.
Thy tongue did challenge to maintain thy caſe
With God, if he would veil his glorious face:
Be I the man (though clad with clay and duſt,
And mortal like thy ſelf) that takes the truſt.
To repreſent his Perſon: Thou doſt term
Thy ſelf moſt juſt, and boldly doſt affirm,
That Heaven afflicts thy ſoul without a reaſon.
Ah *Job!* theſe very words (alone) are treaſon
Againſt th' Almighty's Will: thou oughteſt rather
Submit thy paſſion to him, as thy Father,
Than plead with him, as with thy Peer. Is he
Bound to reveal his ſecret Will to thee?
God ſpeaketh oft to man, not underſtood,
Sometimes in dreams, at other times thinks good
To thunder Judgment in his drouzy ear;
Sometimes with hard afflictions ſcourge doth tear
His wounded ſoul, which may at length give eaſe
(Like ſharper Phyſick) to his foul Diſeaſe:
But if (like pleaſing Julips) he afford
The meek Expounders of his Sacred Word,
With ſweet perſwaſions to recure his grief,
How can his ſorrows wiſh more fair relief?
Ah, then his body ſhall wax young and bright;
Heavens face that ſcorcht before, ſhall now delight,
His tongue with Triumph ſhall confeſs to men,
I was a Leper, but am clear agen.
Thus, thus that Spring of Mercy oftentimes
Doth ſpeak to man, that man may ſpeak his crimes.
Conſider, *Job*; my words with judgment weigh;
Which done, (if thou haſt ought) then boldly ſay;
If otherwiſe, ſhame not to hold thy peace,
And let thy wiſdom with my words encreaſe.
And you, you Wiſemen that are ſilent here,
Vouchſafe to lend my lips your ripened ear;

Let's

Let's call a parly, and the cauſe decide;
For *Job* pleads guiltleſs, and would fain be tri'd:
Yet hath his boldneſs term'd himſelf upright,
And tax'd th' Almighty for not doing right:
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,
And that unjuſtly he was puniſhed:
O Purity by Impudence ſuborn'd!
He ſcorn'd his Maker, and is juſtly ſcorn'd:
Far be it from the heart of man, that He
Who is all Juſtice, yet unjuſt ſhould be.
Each one ſhall reap the harveſt he hath ſown,
His meed ſhall meaſure what his hands have done.
Who is't can claim the Worlds great Sovereignty?
Who rais'd the Rafters of the Heavens, but He?
If God ſhould breathe on man, or take away
The breath he gave him, what were man but Clay?
O, let thy heart th' unbridled tongue convince!
Say, Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince?
How dar'ſt thou then malign the King of Kings,
To whom great Princes are but pooreſt things?
He kicks down Kingdoms, ſpurns th' Imperial Crown,
And with his blaſt, puffs mighty Monarchs down.
'Tis vain to ſtrive with him, and if he ſtrike,
Our part's to bear, not fondly to miſlike,
(Miſconſtruing the nature of his drift)
But huſband his corrections to our thrift.
If he afflict, our beſt is to implore
His Bleſſing with his Rod, and ſin no more.
What if our torments paſs the bounds of meaſure?
It unbefits our wills, to ſtint his pleaſure;
Judge then, and let th' impartial world adviſe,
How far (poor *Job*) thy judgment is from wiſe:
Nor are theſe ſpeeches kindled with the fire
Of a diſtempred ſpleen, but with deſire
T'enrich thy wiſdom leſt thy fury tie
Preſumption to thy raſh infirmity,

Meditat.

Meditat. 16.

FOR mortals, to be born, wax old, and die,
Lies not in Will, but bare Neceſſity,
Common to beaſts, which in the ſelf degree,
Hold by the ſelf ſame Patent, even as we:
But to be wiſe is a diviner action
Of the diſcurſive Soul, a pure abſtraction.
Of all her power, united in the Will,
Aiming at good, rejecting what is ill:
It is an influence of inſpired breath,
Unpurchaſed by birth, unloſt by death,
Entail'd to no man, no, not free to all,
Yet gently anſwers to the eager call
Of thoſe, that with inflam'd affections ſeek,
Reſpecting tender youth and age alike:
In depth of days, her ſpirit not alway lies,
Years make man old, but Heaven returns him Wiſe;
Youths Innocence, nor riper ages ſtrength
Can challenge her as due; (Deſired) length
Of days, produced to decrepit years,
Fill'd with experience, and grizly hairs,
Can claim no right, th' Almighty ne'r ingages
His gifts to times, nor is he bound to Ages;
His quickning Spirit, to Sucklings oft reveals,
What to their doting Grandſires he conceals;
The virtue of his birth can unbenumb
The frozen lips, and ſtrike the ſpeaker dumb:
Who put that moving power into his tongue,
Whoſe lips did right the chaſte *Suſanna*'s wrong,
Upon her wanton falſe accuſers death?
What ſecret fire inflam'd that fainting breath
That blaſted *Pharo*? Or thoſe ruder tongues,
That ſchool'd the faithleſs Prophet for the wrongs

He

He did to sacred Justice? matters not
How sleight the mean be in it self, or what
In our esteems, so wisdom be the message:
Embassadors are worthied in th' Embassage:
God sows his harvest to his best encrease,
And glorifies himself howe'r he please.
Lord, if thou wilt, (for what is hard to thee?
I may a Factor for thy Glory be,
Then grant that (like a faithful servant) I
May render back thy stock with Usury.

THE ARGUMENT.

God reaps no gain by man's best deeds,
Man's misery from himself proceeds:
God's Mercy and Justice are unbounded,
On works of Nature man is grounded.

Sect. 17.

ELihu, thus his pausing lips again
Disclos'd, and said, (Rash *Job*) dost thou maintain
A rightful cause, which in conclusion, must
Avow thee blameless, and thy God unjust!
Thy lawless words implying, that it can
Advantage none to live an upright man?
My tongue shall school thee, and thy friends, that would
(Perchance) refel thy reasons, if they could:
Behold thy glorious Makers greatness, see
The power of his hand; Say they, can He
Be damag'd by thy sin, or can He raise
Advantage by the uprightness of thy ways?
True, the afflicted languish oft in grief,
And roar to Heaven (unanswer'd) for relief,

Yet

Yet is not Heaven unjuſt, for their fond cry
Their ſins bewails not, but their miſery.
Ceaſe then to make him guilty of thy crimes,
And wait his pleaſure, that's not bound to times,
Nor hears vain words. The ſorrows thou art in
Are ſlight, or nothing, ballanc'd with thy ſin:
Thy lips accuſe thee, and thy fooliſh tongue,
To right thy ſelf, hath done th' Almighty wrong.
Hold back thine anſwer, let thy flowing ſtream
Find paſſage to ſurround my fruitful Theam;
I'll raiſe my thoughts to plead my Makers caſe,
And ſpeak as ſhall befit ſo high a place:
Behold, the Almighty's meek, as well as ſtrong,
Deſtroys the wicked, rights the juſt man's wrong,
Mounts him to honour; if by chance he ſtray,
Inſtructs, and ſhews him where he loſt his way:
If he return, his bleſſings ſhall encreaſe,
Crowning his joys with plenty and ſweet peace:
If not, th' entailed ſword ſhall ne'r depart
His ſtained houſe, but pierce his hardned heart;
Ah ſinful *Job*! theſe plagues had never been,
Hadſt thou been guiltleſs (as thou boaſts) of ſin:
But thy proud lips againſt their Maker plead,
And draw down heaps of vengeance on thy head:
Look to thy ſelf, ſeek not to underſtand
The ſecret cauſes of th' Eternals hand;
Let wiſdom make the beſt of miſery,
Know who inflicts it, aſk no reaſon why:
His will's beyond thy reach, and his Divine
And ſacred knowledge, far ſurpaſſeth thine.
Ah! rather praiſe him in his works, that lie
(Wide open to the World) before thine eye;
His meaner Acts, our higheſt thoughts o'r-tops,
He pricks the Clouds, ſtills down the rain by drops;
Who comprehends the lightning, or the thunder?
Who ſees, who hears them, unamaz'd with wonder?

My

My troubled heart chills in my quivering breſt,
To reliſh theſe things, and is diſpoſſeſt
Of all her powers: who ever heard the voice
Of th' angry Heavens, unfrighted at the noiſe?
The beaſt by nature daz'd with ſudden dread,
Seeks out for covert to ſecure his head:
If God command, the duſky Clouds march forth
Into a Tempeſt; From the freezing North
He beckens Froſt and Snow; and from the South
He bloweth Whirle-winds with his angry Mouth.
Preſumptuous *Job!* if thou canſt not aſpire
So high, to comprehend theſe things, admire.
Know'ſt thou the progreſs of the rambling Clouds?
From mortals eyes, when gloomy darkneſs ſhrowds
The Lamps of Heavens? Know'ſt thou the reaſon why?
Canſt thou unriddle Heavens Philoſophy?
Know'ſt thou th' unconſtant nature of the weather?
Or whence ſo many Winds proceed, and whither?
Wert thou made privy, or a ſtander by
When God ſtretcht forth his ſpangled Canopy?
Submit thy ſelf, and let theſe ſecrets teach,
How far his Myſteries do ſurmount thy reach:
For he's Almighty, and his ſacred Will
Is juſt, nor renders an unearned ill:
His works are objects for no ſoaring eyes,
But whereſoe'r he looks, he finds none wiſe.

Meditat. 17.

THE World's an Index to Eternity,
And gives a glance of what our clearer eye
In time ſhall ſee at large; nothing's ſo ſlight
Which in Nature ſends not forth ſome light,
Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory:
No Duſt ſo vile, but pens an ample ſtory

Of

Of the Almighty's power, nor is there that,
Which gives not man juſt cauſe to wonder at.
Caſt down thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth,
(Her ſelf but one) produceth at one birth
A world of divers natures: From a ſeed
Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,
She ſuckles with one milk, things moiſt and dry,
Yet in her womb is no repugnancy.
Or ſhall thy reaſon ramble up ſo high,
To view the Court of wild Aſtronomy?
Behold the Planets, round about thine ears,
Whirling like fire-balls in their reſtleſs Spheres,
At one ſelf-inſtant moving ſeveral ways,
Still meaſuring out our ſhort, and ſhorter days.
Behold the parts whereon the World conſiſts,
Are limited in their appointed liſts,
Without rebellion unapt to vary,
Though being many, divers, and contrary:
Look where we liſt, above, beneath, or under,
Our eyes ſhall ſee to learn, and learn to wonder;
Their depth ſhall drown our judgments, and their height,
Beſides his wits, ſhall drive the prime conceit:
Shall then our daring minds preſume t'aſpire
To Heavens hid Myſt'ries? ſhall our thought inquire
Into the depth of ſecrets unconfounded,
When in the ſhore of Nature they were drowned?
Fond man be wiſe, ſtrive not above thy ſtrength,
Tempt not thy Bark beyond her Cables length;
And, like *Prometheus*, filch no ſacred fire,
Leſt Eagles gripe thee: Let thy proud deſire
Suit with thy fortunes; Curious minds, that ſhall
Mount up with *Phaeton*, ſhall have *Phaeton's* fall.
Unbend thy bow betimes, leſt thou repent
Too late, for it will break, or elſe ſtand bent.
I'll work at home, ne'r croſs the ſcorching Line,
In unknown Lands to ſeek a hidden Mine:

Plain

Plain Bullion pleaſeth me, I not deſire
Dear Ingots from the Elixars techy fire;
I'll ſpend my pains (where beſt I may be bold)
To know my ſelf, wherein I ſhall behold
The world abridg'd, and in that world, my Maker,
Beyond which taſk, I wiſh no undertaker.
Great God, by whom it is, what-e'r is mine,
Make me thy Viceroy in this world of thine,
So clear mine eyes, that I may comprehend
My ſleight beginning, and my ſudden end.

THE ARGUMENT.

God queſtions Job, *and proves that man*
Cannot attain to things ſo high,
As divine ſecrets, ſince he can
Not reach to Natures; Job's *reply.*

Sect. 18.

FOrth from the boſom of a murm'ring Cloud,
Heavens great *Jehovah* did at length unſhroud
His Earths-amazing language, (Equally
Made terrible with Fear and Majeſty)
(Challeng'd the Duel) he did undertake
His grumbling ſervant, and him thus beſpake:
Who, who art thou, that thus doſt pry in vain,
Into my ſecrets, hoping to attain,
With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man?
Say, (poor blind mortal) Who art thou that can
Thus clear thy crimes, and dar'ſt (with vain applauſe)
Make me Defendant in thy ſinful cauſe?
Lo, here I am; Engroſs into thy hands
Thy ſoundeſt weapons: Anſwer my demands:

Say,

Say, where wert thou, when theſe my hands did lay
The Worlds foundation? canſt thou tell me? Say,
Was Earth not meaſur'd by this Arme of mine?
Whoſe hand did aid me? was I help'd by thine?
Where wert thou, when the Planets firſt did blaze,
And in their Spheres ſang forth their Makers praiſe?
Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,
And ſwathes them up in Miſts when e'r he pleaſe?
Didſt thou divide the Darkneſs from the Light?
Or knowſt thou whence *Aurora* takes her flight?
Didſt e'r inquire into the Seas Abyſs.
Or mark'd the Earth of what a bulk ſhe is?
Knowſt thou the place where Light or Darkneſs ſprings?
Can thy deep age unfold theſe ſecret things?
Knowſt thou the cauſe of Snow or Hail, which are
My fierce Artill'ry in my time of War?
Who is't that rends the gloomy Clouds in ſunder,
Whoſe ſudden raptures ſtrikes forth fire and thunder?
Or who bedews the Earth with gentle ſhowers,
Filling her pregnant ſoil with fruits and flowers?
What Father got the Rain? from what chill womb
Did Froſts, and hard-congealed waters come?
Canſt thou reſtrain fair *Maia*'s courſe, or ſtint her;
Or ſad *Orion* uſhering in the Winter?
Will ſcorching *Cancer* at thy ſummons come?
Or Sun-burnt Autumn with her fruitful womb?
Knowſt thou Heavens courſe above, or doſt thou know
Thoſe gentle influences here below?
Who was't inſpir'd thy ſoul with underſtanding,
And gave thy ſpirit the ſpirit of apprehending?
Doſt thou command the Ciſterns of the Sky
To quench the thirſty ſoil? or is it I?

Nay, let thy practice to the Earth deſcend,
Prove there, how far thy power doth extend:
From thy full hand will hungry Lions eat?
Feedſt thou the empty Ravens that cry for meat?

Serv'ſt

See'ſt thou the ſeaſon, when the fearful Hind
Brings forth her painful birth ? Haſt thou aſſign'd
The Mountain-Goat her Time ? Or is it I?
Canſt thou ſubject unto thy ſovereignty
The untam'd Unicorne ? Can thy hard hand
Force him to labour on thy fruitful land ?
Didſt thou enrich the Peacock with his Plume ?
Or did that Steel-digeſting bird aſſume
His downy Flags from thee ? Didſt thou endow
The noble Stallion with his ſtrength : Canſt thou
Quaile his proud courage ? See, his angry breath
Puffes nothing forth, but fears ſumm'd up in death:
Mark with what pride his horny hoofs do tabor
The hard reſounding Earth ; with how great labor :
How little ground he ſpends : But at the noiſe
And fierce Alar'm of the hoarſe Trumpets voice
He breaks the ranks amongſt a thouſand Sphears
Pointed with death, undaunted at the fears
Of doubtful war, he ruſhes like a Ranger,
Through every Troop, and ſcorns ſo brave a danger.
Do lofty Haggards cleave the flitting Air,
With Plumes of thy deviſing ? Then how dare
Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at random run,
And countermand what I the Lord have done ?
Think'ſt thou to learn (fond mortal) thus, by diving
Into my ſecrets, or to gain by ſtriving ;
Plead then ; No doubt but thine will be the Day,
Speak (peeviſh Plaintiff, if th'aſt ought to ſay.
Job then reply'd : (Great God) I am but Duſt,
My heart is ſinful, and thy hands are juſt;
I am a Sinner (Lord) my words are wind,
My thoughts are vain, (Ah Father) I have ſinn'd :
Shall duſt reply ? I ſpake too much before,
I'le cloſe theſe lips, and never anſwer more.

Meditat. 18.

O Glorious light! A light unapprehended,
By mortal eyes! O Glory never ended,
Nor e'r created, whence all Glory ſprings,
In heavenly bodies; and in earthly things!
O Power immenſe, derived from a will
Moſt juſt and able to do all, but ill!
O Eſſence pure, and full of Majeſty!
Greatneſs (it ſelf) and yet no quantity;
Goodneſs, and without quality; producing
All things from out of nothing, and reducing
All things to nothing; paſt all comprehending,
Both Firſt and Laſt, and yet without an ending,
Or yet beginning; filling every creature,
And not (it ſelf) included; above Nature,
Yet not excluded; of it ſelf ſubſiſting,
And with it ſelf all other things aſſiſting;
Divided, yet without diviſion;
A perfect Three, yet Three, entirely One;
Both One in Three, and Three in One, together;
Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither;
The Fountain of all Arts confounding Art:
Both all in All, and all in every part;
Still, ſeeking Glory, and ſtill wanting none,
Though juſt, yet reaping, where thou ne'r haſt ſown.
Great Majeſty, ſince Thou art every where,
O, why ſhould I miſdoubt thy Preſence here?
I long have ſought thee, but my ranging heart
Ne'r queſts, and cannot ſee thee where thou art;
There's no defect in thee, thy light hath ſhin'd,
Nor can be hid, (great God) but I am blind.
O clear mine eyes, and with thy holy fire
Inflame my breaſt, and edge my full deſire:

Waſh

Wash me with Hyssop, cleanse my stained thoughts,
Renew my spirit, blur forth my secret faults;
Thou tak'st no pleasure in a sinner's death,
For thou art Life, thy Merci's not beneath
Thy sacred Justice. Give thy servant power
To seek aright, and (having sought) discover
Thy glorious Presence; Let my blemisht Eye
See my Salvation yet before I die.
O, then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the ground,
Shall rise with Triumph at the welcom sound
Of my Redeemer's Earth-awaking Trump,
Unfrighted at the noise: no sullen Dump
Of self-confounding Conscience shall affright me,
For he's my Judge, whose dying blood shall quit me.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD speaks to Job *the second time:*
Job *yields his sin, repents his crime:*
GOD checks his friends, restores his health,
Gives him new Issue, double wealth.

Sect. 19.

ONce more the mouth of Heaven rapt forth a voice;
The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise,
The Rafters of the darkned Skie did shake,
For the Eternal thundred thus, and spake,
Collect thy scattered senses, and advise,
Rouze up (fond man) and answer my replies.
Wilt thou make Comments on my Text, and must
I be unrighteous, to conclude thee just?
Shall my Decrees be licenced by thee?
What, canst thou thunder with a voice like Me?

Put on thy Robes of Majesty; Be clad
With as bright glory (*Job*) as can be had;
Make fierce thy frowns, and with an angry face
Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,
Pound him to Dust: Do this, and I will yield,
Thou art a God, and needst no other shield.
Behold, the Castle-bearing Elephant,
That wants no bulk, nor doth his greatness want
An equal strength; Behold his massie bones,
Like bars of iron; like congealed stones,
His knotty sinews are; Him have I made,
And given him natural weapons for his aid?
His Mountains bear his food, the shady boughs
His Covers are, great Rivers are his Troughs,
Whose deep carouses would to standers by
Seem at a watring to draw Jordan dry;
What skilful huntsmen can with strength out-dare him?
Or with what Engines can a man ensnare him?
Hast thou beheld the huge Leviathan,
That swarthy Tyrant of the Ocean? Can
Thy bearded hook impierce his Gils, or make him
Thy landed Prisoner? Can thy angels take him?
Will he make suit for favour from thy hands,
Or be enthralled to thy fierce commands?
Will he be handled as a Bird? or may
Thy fingers bind him for thy childrens play?
Let men be wise, for in his looks he hath
Displayed Banners of untimely death.
If creatures be so dreadful, how is he
More bold than wise, that dares encounter Me?
What hand of man can hinder my design?
Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them, mine?
Dissect the greatness of so vast a Creature,
By view of several parts sum up his feature:
Like shields his Scales are plac't, which neither art
Knows how to sunder, nor yet force can part.

His

His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye
Shines like the glory of the morning ſkie;
His craggy ſinews are like wreaths of braſs,
And from his mouth quick flames of fire paſs
As from an oven, the temper of his heart
Is like a Nether-Milſtone, which no Dart
Can pierce, ſecured from the threatning Spear;
Afraid of none, he ſtrikes the world with fear:
The Bow-mans brawny arm ſends ſhafts in vain,
They fall like ſtubble, or bound back again:
Stones are his pillow, and the Mud his down,
In earth none greater is, nor equal none,
Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,
And well may challenge to be King of Pride.
So ſaid, th' amazed *Job* bent down his eyes
Upon the ground, and (ſadly) thus replies:
I know (great God) there's nothing hard to Thee,
Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deep for me:
I am a fool, and my diſtempered wits
Longer out-ſtraid my Tongue, than well befits:
My knowledge ſlumbred, while my lips did chat,
And like a Fool, I ſpake I knew not what.
Lord, teach me Wiſdom, leſt my proud deſire,
Singe her bold feathers in thy Sacred fire?
Mine ear hath oft been rounded with thy Story,
But now theſe very eyes have ſeen thy glory.
My ſinful word I not (alone) lament,
But in the horror of my ſoul repent;
Repent with Tears in Sack-cloth, mourn in Duſt;
I am a ſinful man, and thou art juſt.
Thou *Eliphaz* that mak'ſt my ſacred Word
An Engine of Deſpair, (ſaid then the Lord)
Behold full Vials of my wrath attends
On thee, and on thy two too partial Friends;
For you have judg'd amiſs, and have abus'd
My Word to work your ends, falſly accus'd

My righteous Servant: Of you all there's none
Hath ſpoke uprightly, as my *Job* hath done.
Haſte then (before my kindling fire begin
To flame) and each man offer for his ſin
A ſacrifice, by *Job* my ſervant's hand,
And for his ſake your Offering ſhall withſtand
The wages of your ſins, for what can I
If *Job*, my ſervant, make requeſt, deny?
So ſtraight they went, and (after ſpeedy pardon
Deſir'd and had) the righteous *Job* (for guerdon
Of his ſo tedious Grief) obtain'd the health
Of a ſound body, and increaſe of wealth;
So that the ſecond harveſt of his ſtore
Was double, that which he enjoy'd before.
E'r this was blazed in the Worlds wide Ears,
(The frozen breaſts of his familiars,
And cold Allies, being now diſſolv'd in Grief)
His backward friends came to him with relief,
To feed his wants and with ſad ſhowring eyes,
To moan his (yet ſuppoſed) miſeries:
Some brought him Sheep to bleſs his empty Fold,
Some precious Ear-rings, others, rings of Gold:
God bleſt his loins, from whence there ſprang again
The number of his children that were ſlain;
Nor was there any in the Land ſo rare
In virtue, as his daughters, or ſo fair.
Long after this he liv'd in peace, to ſee
His childrens children, to the fourth degree,
Till at the length, cut ſhort by Him that ſtays
For none, he dy'd in peace and full of Days.

Meditat. 19.

EVill's the defect of good, and as a ſhade,
That's but the ruines of the light decay'd;

It hath no being, nor is underſtood,
But by the oppoſition of Good.
What then is man? whoſe pureſt thoughts are preſt
For Satan's Wars, which from the tender breſt,
With Infant-ſilence have conſented to
Such ſinful deeds, as (babes) they could not do?
What then is man, but Nothing, being Evil,
His Lunatick affections do unlevel
What Heaven created by juſt weight and meaſure;
In pleaſures ſink, he takes a ſwine-like pleaſure;
His ſpan of life, and beauty's like a Flower,
Fair flouriſhing, and fading in an hour.
He breaks into the world with tears, and then
Departs with grief, not knowing how, nor when,
His life's a bubble, full of ſeeming Bliſs,
The more it lengthens, the more ſhort it is;
Begot in darkneſs, he's brought forth, and cries
For ſuccor, paſſes o'r the ſtage and dies.
Yet, like a Mole, the Earth he undermines,
Making the World the forge of his deſigns:
He plots, complots, foreſees, prevents, directs,
He hopes, he fears, he doubts, purſues, effects:
Each hath his plot, each one his courſe doth bend,
Each hath his project, and each one his end.
Thus reſtleſs man doth ſtill his ſoul moleſt
To find out (that which hath no being) Reſt;
Thus travels ſinful man in endleſs toil,
Taking a pleaſure in his own turmoil.
Fond man firſt ſeek to purchaſe that divine
And ſacred prize, and all the World is thine:
Great *Solomon* made ſuit for Wiſdom, and he found
Not (barely) Wiſdom, but that Wiſdom crown'd
With Diadem of wealth, and fair encreaſe
Of Princely Honour, with long days of Peace.
(With ſafe reſpect, and awful reverence
To Myſt'ries) Meditation doth commence

An earneſt doubt: Was *Job*'s diſpoyled Flock
Reſtored double? Was his former Stock
Renew'd with double vantage? did Heaven add
To all his fortunes double what he had?
Yet thoſe ſweet Emblems of his deareſt love,
(His ſons) whom death untimely did remove
From off the face of the unthankful Earth,
Why likewiſe ſprang not they in double birth?
Bruit beaſts that periſh once, are loſt for ever,
Their ſubſtance, and their All conſumes together
Once having given a farewel to the light,
They die, and with them is perpetual night:
But man, (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)
Dies not, is but tranſplanted from beneath,
Into a fairer ſoil, or as a ſtranger
Brought home ſecure, from the worlds pleaſing danger:
Job's flocks were loſt, and therefore double given,
His iſſue's equal ſhar'd 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
One half in Heav'n are glorious in their doom,
Ingag'd as Pledges till the other come.
Great God! my Time's but ſhort, and long my way,
My heart hath loſt her Path, and gone aſtray,
My ſpirit's faint, and frail, my ſoul's imboſt,
If thou help not, I am for ever loſt;
Though Duſt, and Aſhes, yet I am thy Creature,
Howe'r my ſins are great, thy Merci's greater:
Of nothing didſt thou make me, and my ſin
Hath turn'd me back to nothing, once agin:
Create me a new heart, (great God) inſpire
My cold affections with thy ſacred fire:
Inſtruct my Will, and rectifie my Ways,
O teach me (Lord) to number out my Days.

The Digeſtion of the whole *Hiſtory.*

1. *In Proſperity.*

THou, whoſe *lank fortunes* Heav'n hath ſwell'd with ſtore,
Make not thy ſelf, by over-wiſhing, poor:
Husband that good, which elſe abuſe makes bad,
Abſtracting, where thy baſe deſire would add:
Lines flowing from a *Sophoclean* quill
Deſerve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

2. *In Adverſity.*

Hath heav'n withdrawn the *Talent* he hath giv'n thee?
Hath envious Death of all thy Sons bereaven thee?
Have foul Diſeaſes foil'd thee on the floor?
He earns no ſweet, that never taſted ſoure:
Thou art a Scholar: if thy Tutor do
Poſe thee too hard, he will inſtruct thee too.

3. *In Temptation.*

Art thou oppos'd to thy unequal Foe?
March bravely on, thy General bids thee, Go;
Thou art Heavens Champion to maintain his right;
Who calls thee forth, will give thee ſtrength to fight,
God ſeeks by conqueſt thy renown; for He
Will win enough, Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

4. *In Slander.*

If Winter fortunes nip thy Summer friends,
And tip their tongues with Cenſure that offends
Thy tender Name, deſpair not, but be wiſe,
Know, Heaven ſelecteth, whom the world denies:

Thou

Thou haſt a milk-white *Thisby* that's with thee,
Will take thy part when all the world's again thee.

5. *In re-advancement.*

Art thou advanc'd to thy ſupreme deſire?
Be ſtill the ſame; Fear lower, aim no higher:
Man's Play hath many Scenes, but in the laſt,
Heaven knits up all; to ſweeten all that's paſt:
Affliction is a Rod, to ſcourge us home,
An' a painful earneſt of a Heaven to come.

The End.

THE HISTORY OF Sampſon.

By *FR. QUARLES.*

To the Reader.

THE tyranny of my Affairs was never yet ſo imperious, but I could ſteal ſome hours to my private Meditations; the fruits of which ſtolen time I here preſent thee with, in the Hiſtory *of* Sampſon: *Wherein if thy extream ſeverity check at any thing which thou conceiveſt may not ſtand with the Majeſty of this ſacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my brother: The wiſeſt of Kings inſpired by the King of Wiſdom, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to deſcribe a Harlot like a Harlot; Her whoriſh Attire; her immodeſt Geſture; her bold Countenance; her flattering Tongue; her laſcivious Embraces; her unchaſt Kiſſes; her impudent Invitations: If my deſcriptions in the like kind, offend; I make no queſtion but the validity of my Warrant will give a reaſonable ſatisfaction: He that lifts not his feet high enough, may eaſily ſtumble: But on the coutrary, if any be, whoſe worſe than ſacrilegious minds ſhall prophane our harmleſs intentions with wanton conceits, to ſuch I heartily wiſh,* a Procul ite; *Let none ſuch look farther than this Epiſtle, at their own perils: If they do, let them put off their ſhoos, for* this is Holy ground: *Foul hands will muddle the cleareſt waters; and baſe minds will corrupt the pureſt Text:*

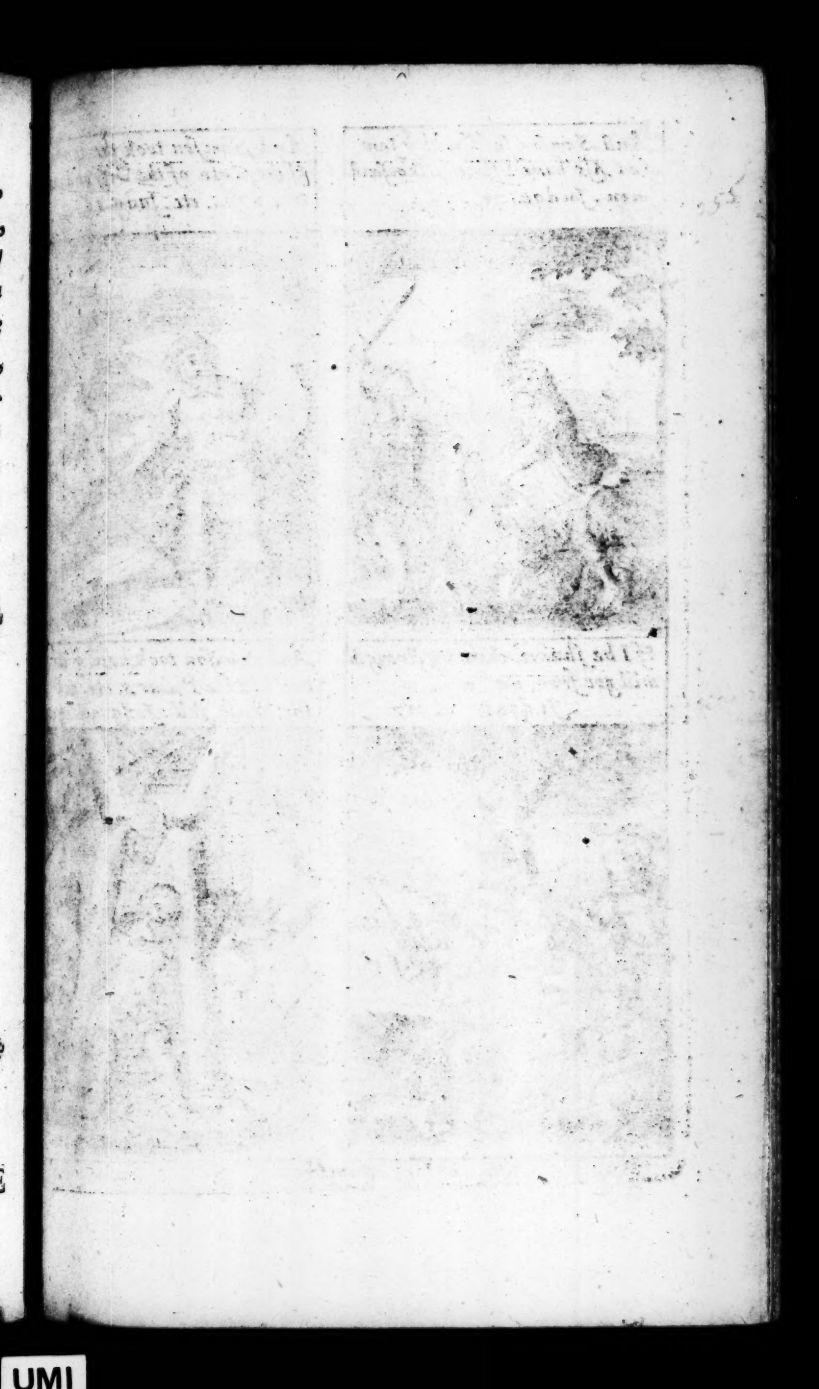
If

To the Reader.

If any offence be taken, it is by way of ſtealth, for there is none willingly given. I write to Bees, *and not to* Spiders, *they will ſuck pleaſing honey from ſuch flowers: theſe may burſt with their own poyſon; but you, whoſe well ſeaſon'd hearts are not diſtempered with either of theſe extremities, but have the better reliſh of a Sacred underſtanding; draw near and Read.*

I Sing th' Illuſtrious and renowned ſtory
Of mighty Sampſon; *The eternal glory*
Of his Heroick acts: His life, His death:
Quicken my Muſe with thy diviner breath,
Great God of Muſes, that my proſp'rous Rimes
May live and laſt to everlaſting times;
That they unborn may in this Sacred Story,
Admire thy goodneſs, and advance thy glory.

THE



And Samson said with ye Jaw of an Ass have I slain a Thousand man. Judges. 15. 16.

And Samson took the doors of the Gate of the City and the two posts. etc. Judg. 16. 2

If I be shaven then my strength will goe from me etc. Judges 16. 17

And Samson took hold of the two middle Pillars etc. and the house fell: Judg. 16. 29

this before Samson

THE HISTORY OF Sampſon.

THE ARGUMENT.

A holy Angel *doth ſalute*
The Wife of Manoah, *and inlarge*
Her barren womb with promis'd fruit
Of both their loins. The Angel's charge.

Sect. 1.

WIthin the Tents of *Zoar* dwelt a man
Of *Jacob*'s ſeed, and of the Tribe of *Dan*,
Known by the name of *Manoah*, to whom
ven had deni'd the treaſure of the womb;
Wife was barren; and her prayers could not
move that great reproach, or cleanſe that blot
which on her fruitleſs name appear'd ſo foul,
to encreaſe the Tribe of *Dan* one ſoul:
ng had ſhe, doubtleſs, ſtriven with Heaven by prai'rs,
de ſtrong with tears and ſighs; hopes and deſpairs
doubt had often tortur'd her deſire
on a Rack compos'd of froſt and fire:
Heaven was pleas'd to turn his deafned ears
Againſt thoſe prai'rs, made ſtrong with ſighs and tears:

She

She often pray'd, but pray'rs could not obtain:
Alas, she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vain:
She pray'd, no doubt, but pray'rs could find no room;
They prov'd, alas, as barren as her womb.
Upon a time (when her unanswer'd pray'r
Had now given just occasion of despair,
Even when her bed-rid faith was grown so frail,
That very hope grew heartless to prevail)
Appear'd an angel to her; In his face
Terrour and sweetness labour'd for the place:
Sometimes his Son-bright eyes would shine so fierce,
As if their pointed beams would even pierce
Her soul, and strike th' amaz'd beholder dead:
Sometimes their glory would disperse, and spread
More easie flames; and, like the star that stood
O'r *Bethlem*, promise and portend some good:
Mixt was his bright aspect; as if his breath
Had equal errands both of life and death:
Glory and Mildness seemed to contend
In his fair eyes, so long, till in the end,
In glorious mildness, and in milder glory,
He thus salutes her with this pleasing story:

Woman, Heaven greets thee well: Rise up and fear not;
Forbear thy faithless tremblings: I appear not
Clad in the Vestments of consuming fire;
Chear up, I have no warrant to enquire
Into thy sins; I have no vials here,
Nor dreadful Thunderbolts to make thee fear
I have no plagues t' inflict; nor is my breath
Charg'd with destruction; or my hand with death
No, no; chear up, I come not to destroy;
I come to bring thee tydings of great joy
Rouze up thy dull belief; for I appear
To exercise thy Faith, and not thy fear:
The Guide, and great Creator of all things,
Chief Lord of Lords, and Supreme King of Kings.

To

To whom an Hoſt of men are but a ſwarm
Of murm'ring gnats; whoſe high prevailing arm
Can cruſh ten thouſand Worlds, and at one blow
Can ſtrike the Earth to nothing, and o'rethrow
The Lofts of Heaven; he that hath the Keys
Of Wombs to ſhut, and ope them when he pleaſe;
He that can all things, that he will, this day
Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away:
Behold thy womb's inlarg'd, and thy deſires
Shall find ſucceſs: Before long time expires,
Thou ſhalt conceive: E're twice five months be run,
Be thou the joyful mother of a Son;
But ſee, thy wary palate do forbear
The juyce of the bewitching grape; Beware,
Leſt thy deſires tempt thy lips to Wine,
Which muſt be faithful ſtrangers to the Vine,
Strong drink thou muſt not take, and all ſuch meat
The Law proclaims unclean, refrain to eat:
And when the fruit of thy reſtored womb
Shall ſee the light, take heed no Razor come
Upon his fruitful head; for from his birth,
Soon as the womb entruſts him on the Earth,
The child ſhall be a Nazarite to God;
By whoſe appointment he ſhall prove a Rod,
To ſcourge the proud Philiſtians, and recal
Poor ſuff'ring Iſrael from their ſlaviſh thral.

Meditat. 2.

HOW impudent is Nature to account
Thoſe acts her own that do ſo far ſurmount
Her eaſie reach! How purblind are thoſe eyes
Of ſtupid mortals, that have power to riſe
No higher, than her Laws, who takes upon her
The work, and robs the *Author* of his honour!

Seeſt thou the fruitful *Womb*? how every year
It moves th Cradle; to thy ſlender chear
Invites another gueſt, and makes thee father
To a new ſon, who now, perchance, had'ſt rather
Bring up the old, eſteeming propagation.
A thankleſs work of ſupererogation.
Perchance the formal Midwife ſeems to thee
Leſs welcom now, than ſhe was wont to be:
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to hear ſuch needful joy,
And car'ſt as little for it, as the boy
That's newly born into the World; nay worſe,
Perchance thou grumbleſt, counting it a curſe
Unto thy faint eſtate, which is not able
T' increaſe the bounty of thy ſlender Table;
Poor miſerable man what e'r thou be,
I ſuffer for thy crooked thoughts, not thee:
Thou tak'ſt thy children to be gifts of nature;
Their wit, their flouring beauty, comly ſtature,
Their perfect health, their dainty diſpoſition,
Their virtues, and their eaſie acquiſition
Of curious Arts, their ſtrengths attain'd perfection,
You attribute to that benign complexion,
Wherewith your Goddeſs Nature hath indow'd
Their well diſpoſed Organs; and are proud;
And hear your Goddeſs leaves you to deplore,
That ſuch admir'd perfections ſhould be poor:
Advance thine eyes, no leſs than wilful blind,
And with thine eyes, advance thy drooping mind:
Correct thy thoughts; let not thy wond'ring eye
Adore the Servant, when the Maſter's by:
Look on the God of Nature: From him come
Theſe underprized bleſſings of the womb:
He makes thee rich in children; when his ſtore
Crowns thee with wealth, why mak'ſt thou thy ſelf poor?
He opes the womb; why then ſhould'ſt thou repine?
They are his children, mortal, and not thine:

We

We are but Keepers; and the more he lends
To our tuition, he the more commends
Our faithful truſt; it is not every one
Deſerves that honour, to command his ſon.
She counts it as a fortune, that's allow'd
To nurſe a Prince? (What nurſe would not be proud
Of ſuch a fortune?) And ſhall we repine,
Great God, to foſter any babe of thine?
But 'tis the charge we fear; our ſtock's but ſmall;
If Heaven, with children, ſend us wherewithal
To ſtop their craving ſtomachs, then we care not.
Great God!
How haſt thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not
Truſt thee for bread? How is't we dare not venture
To keep thy babes, unleſs thou pleaſe to enter
In bond for payment? Art thou grown ſo poor,
To leave thy famiſh'd Infants at our door;
And not allow them food? Canſt thou ſupply
Thy empty Ravens, and let thy children dye?
Send me that ſtint, thy wiſdom ſhall think fit,
Thy pleaſure is my will; and I ſubmit:
Make me deſerve that honour thou haſt lent
To my frail truſt, and I will reſt content.

THE ARGUMENT.

The wife of Manoah *attended*
With fearful hope, and hopeful fear,
The joyful tydings recommended
To her amazed husband's ear.

Sect. 2.

THus, when the great Embaſſador of Heaven
Had done that ſacred ſervice which was given,

And trusted to his faithful charge, he spread
His air dividing pinions, and fled:
But now, th' affrighted woman apprehends
The strangeness of the message; recommends
Both it, and him that did it, to her fears;
The news was welcom to her grateful ears,
But what the news-man was, did so encrease
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could find no peace:
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,
O, then her fears would shake it, and destroy
The main foundation; What her hopes in vain
Did raise, her fears would ruinate again:
One while she thought, it was an Angel sent;
And then her fears would teach her to repent
That frightful thought; but when she deeply weigh'd
The joyful message, then her thoughts obey'd
Her first conceit: Distracted with confusion,
Somtimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,
Suggested in her too believing ears;
Somtimes she doubts it was a dream that bears
No weight, but in a slumber, till at last,
Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made haste
Unto her husband; in whose ear she brake
This mind perplexing secret, thus, and spake:

Sir,

As my discursive thoughts did lately muse
On those great blessings, wherewith Heaven doth use
To crown his children here; among the rest,
Methoughts no one could make a wife more blest,
And crown her youth, her age with greater measure
Of true content, than the unprized treasure
Of her chaste womb: but as my thoughts were bent
Upon this subject, being in our Tent,
And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes
A man of God, his habit, and his guise
Was such as holy Prophets use to wear,
But in his dreadful looks there did appear,

Something that made me tremble; in his eye
Mildness was mixt with awful Majesty:
Strange was his language, and I could not chuse
But fear the man, although I lik'd his news:
Woman (said he) Chear up, and do not fear:
I have no Vyals, nor no judgments here:
My hand hath no Commission, to enquire
Into thy sins; nor am I clad in fire:
I come to bring thee tydings of such things,
As have their warrant from the King of Kings;
Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come;
Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy womb:
Before the space of twice five months be run,
Thou shalt become the Parent of a son;
Till then, take heed, thou neither drink nor eat,
Wines, or strong drink, or Law-forbidden meat,
For when this promis'd Child shall see the light,
Thou shalt be mother to a Nazarite.
While thus he spake, I trembled: Horrid fear
Usurpt my quivering heart; only mine ear
Was pleas'd to be the Vessel of such news,
Which Heaven make good, and give me strength to use
My better faith: The holy Prophet's name
I was afraid t' enquire, or whence he came.

Meditat. 2.

AND dost thou not admire? Can such things
Obtain less priviledge, than a tale, that brings
The audience words, entermixt with pleasure?
Is a small thing, that Angels can find leisure
To leave their blessed seats, where face to face
They see their God, and quit that heavenly place;
The least conception of whose joy, and mirth,
Transcends th' united pleasures of the Earth?

Must Angels leave their Thrones of glory thus,
To watch our footsteps, and attend on us?
How good a God have we! whose eyes can wink,
For fear they should discover the base sink
Of our loath'd sins; how doth he stop his ear,
Lest when they call for Justice, he should hear?
How often, ah, how often doth he send
His willing Angels, hourly to attend
Our steps; and with his bounty, to supply
Our helpless wants, at our false-hearted cry?
The bounteous Ocean with a liberal hand,
Transports her laden treasure to the land;
Enriches every Port, and makes each Town
Proud with that wealth, which now she calls her own;
And what return they for so great a gain,
But sinks and noisom gutters, back again?
Even so (great God) thou send'st thy blessings in,
And we return thee Dunghils of our sin:
How are thy Angels hackney'd up and down
To visit man? How poorly do we crown
Their blessed labours? They with joy dismount
Laden with bletsings, but return th' account
Of filth and trash; They bring th' unvalued prize
Of grace and promis'd glory, while our eyes
Disdain these heavenly Factors, and refuse
Their profer'd wares; affecting more, to chuse
A grain of pleasure, then a jem of glory;
We find no treasure, but in transitory
And earth-bred toyes, while things immortal stand
Like garments to be sold at second hand:
Great God, thou know'st we are but flesh and blood;
Alas! we can interpret nothing good,
But what is evil, deceitful are our joys,
We are but children, and we whine for toys:
Of things unknown there can be no desire;
Quicken our hearts with the Cœlestial fire

Of

Of thy discerning Spirit, and we shall know
Both what is good, and good desire too.
Vouchsafe to let thy blessed Angel come,
And bring the tydings, that the barren womb
Of our affections is inlarg'd; O! when
That welcom news shall be revealed, then
Our souls shall soon conceive, and bring thee forth
The firstlings of a new, and holy birth.

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah's *wonder turns to zeal*;
His zeal, to pray'r: his pray'rs obtain:
The Angel that did late reveal
The joyful news, returns again.

Sect. 3.

NOW when th' amazed woman had commended
Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended
Perplexed *Manoah*, ravish'd at the news,
Within himself he thus began to muse:
Strange is the message! and as strangely done!
Shall Manoah's *loins be fruitful? shall a son*
Bless his last day's? Or shall an issue come
From the chill Closet of a barren womb?
Shall Manoah's *wife give suck? and now, at last,*
Find pleasure, when her prime of youth is past?
Shall her cold womb be now, in age restor'd?
And was't a Man of God, *that brought the word?*
Or was't some false delusion, that possest
The weakness of a lonely womans breast?
Or was't an Angel, sent from Heaven, to show
What Heaven hath will, as well as pow'r, to do.

Till then thou must refrain to drink, or eat,
Wines and strong drink, and Law-forbidden meat
Evil Angels rather would instruct to Ryot,
They use not to prescribe so strict a Dyet,
No, no, I make no further question of it,
'Twas some good Angel, or some holy Prophet.
Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face
Upon the ground; and (prostrate in the place,
Where first he heard the welcome tydings) pray'd
(His wonder now transform'd to zeal) and said:
Great God, thou hast ingag'd thy self by Vow,
When e'r thy litle Israel *begs, to bow*
Thy gracious ear, O hearken to the least
Of Israel's *sons, and grant me my request:*
By thee I live and breathe: Thou didst become
My gracious God, both in, and from the womb;
Thy precious favours I have still possest,
And have depended on thee from the breast:
My simple infancy hath been protected
By thee, my childhood taught, my youth corrected.
And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod;
I was no sooner, but thou wert my God:
All times declare thee good; this very hour
Can testifie the greatness of thy power.
And promptness of thy mercy which hast sent
This blessed Angel to us, to augment
The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore
Thy servants womb, whose hopes had even given o're
T' expect an issue: What thou hast begun,
Prosper, and perfect, till the work be done:
Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave
A Boon, too great for me to beg, or have:
Let that blest Angel, that thou sent'st of late.
Re-bless us with his presence, and relate
Thy will at large, and what must then be done,
When time shall bring to light this promis'd son,

About

About that time, when the declining lamp
Trebles each ſhadow: when the evening damp
Begins to moiſten, and refreſh the land,
The wife of *Manoah* (under whoſe command
The weaned lambs did feed (being lowly ſeated
Upon a ſhrub (where often ſhe repeated
That pleaſing news, the ſubject of her thought)
Appear'd the Angel: he, that lately brought
Thoſe bleſſed tydings to her: Up ſhe roſe;
Her ſecond fear had warrant to diſpoſe
Her nimble footſteps to unwonted haſte;
She runs with ſpeed (ſhe cannot run too faſt)
At length ſhe finds her husband; in her eyes
Were joy and fear; whil'ſt her loſt breath denies
Her ſpeech to him, her trembling hands make ſigns;
She puffs and pants; her breathleſs tongue disjoyns
Her broken words: *Behold, behold* (ſaid ſhe)
The man of God (if man of God he be)
Appear'd again: Theſe very eyes beheld
The man of God: I left him in our field.

Meditat. 3.

HEav'n is God's Magazin; wherein he hath
Stor'd up his Vyals both of love, and wrath,
Juſtice and Mercy wait upon his Throne;
Favours and Thunderbolts attend upon
His ſacred will and pleaſure; life and death
Do both receive their influence from his breath;
Judgments attend his left; at his right hand
Bleſſings and everlaſting pleaſure ſtand:
Heav'n is the Magazin; wherein he puts
Both good and evil; Pray'r is the Key, that ſhuts
And opens this great treaſure; 'tis a Key,
Whoſe wards, are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Wouldſt

Would'ſt thou prevent a judgment due to ſin?
Turn but the Key, and thou may'ſt lock it in:
Or would'ſt thou have a bleſſing fall upon thee?
Open the door and it will ſhowr on thee.
Can Heav'n be falſe? or can th' Almightie's tongue,
That is all very truth, do truth that wrong,
Not to perform a vow? His lips have ſworn,
Sworn by himſelf, that if a ſinner turn
To him by pray'r, his pray'r ſhall not be loſt
For want of ear, not his deſire, croſt:
How is it then we often aſk, and have not?
We aſk, and often miſs, becauſe we crave not
The things we ſhould: His wiſdom can foreſee
Thoſe bleſſings better, that we want than we.
Haſt thou not heard a peeviſh Infant baul,
To gain poſſeſſion of a Knife? And ſhall
The indulgent Nurſe be counted wiſely kind,
If ſhe be mov'd to pleaſe his childiſh mind?
Is it no greater wiſdom to deny
The ſharp-edg'd Knife, and to preſent his eye
With a fine harmleſs Puppit? We require
Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond deſire
Faſtens on goods, that are but glorious ills;
Whil'ſt Heav'ns high wiſdom contradicts our wills,
With more advantage, for we oft receive
Things that are far more fit, for us, to have:
Experience tells, we ſeek, and cannot find:
We ſeek, and often want, becauſe we bind
The giver to our times. He knows we want
Patience; and therefore he ſuſpends his grant,
T' encreaſe our faith, that ſo we may depend
Upon his hand; he loves to hear us ſpend
Our childiſh mouths: Things eaſily obtain'd
Are lowly priz'd; but what our prayers have gain'd
By tears and groans, that cannot be expreſt,
Are far more dear, and ſweeter, than poſſeſt.

Great

Great God! whoſe power hath ſo oft prevail'd
Againſt the ſtrength of Princes, and haſt quail'd
Their prouder ſtomach; with thy breath diſcrown'd
Their heads, and thrown their Scepters to the ground,
Striking their ſwelling hearts with cold deſpair,
How art thou conquer'd and o'recome by pray'r!
Infuſe that Spirit, great God, into my heart,
And I will have a bleſſing e'r we part.

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah *deſires to know the faſhion*
And breeding of his promis'd Son:
To whom the Angel makes relation
Of all things needful to be done.

Sect. 4.

WIth that the Dainty Roſe, and being guided
By his perplexed wife, they both divided
Their heedleſs paces till they had attain'd
The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd:
And, drawing nearer to his preſence, ſtay'd
His weary ſteps, and, with obeyſance ſaid:
Art thou the man, whoſe bleſſed lips foretold
Thoſe joyful tydings? Shall my tongue be bold,
Without the breach of manners, to requeſt
This boon, Art thou that Prophet that poſſeſt
This barren woman, with a hope, that ſhe
Shall bear a ſon? He anſwered, *I am he:*
Said *Manoah* then, *Let not a word of thine*
Be loſt; let them continue to divine
Our future happineſs let them be crown'd
With truth, and thou with honour, to be found

A holy Prophet; let performance bleſs
And ſpeed thy ſpeeches with a fair ſucceſs:
But tell me Sir, when this great work is done,
And time ſhall bring to light this promis'd ſon,
What ſacred Ceremonies ſhall we uſe?
What Rites? what way of breeding ſhall we chuſe
T' obſerve? what holy courſe of life ſhall he
Be trained in? what ſhall his office be?
Whereat th' attentive Angel did divide
The portal of his lips, and thus reply'd:
The Child, that from thy fruitful loins ſhall come,
Shall be a holy Nazarite from the womb;
Take heed, that womb, that ſhall incloſe this child,
In no caſe be polluted or defil'd
With Law-forbidden meats: Let her forbear
To taſte thoſe things that are forbidden there.
The bunch-backt Camel ſhall be no repaſt
For her; her palate ſhall forbear to taſte
The burrow-hunting Coney; and decline
The Swift-foot Hare, and Mire-delighting Swine;
The ſtriping Goſhawk; and the towring Eagle;
The particolour'd Pye muſt not inveagle
Her lips to move; the brood-devouring Kite;
The croaking Raven; th' Owl that hates the light;
The ſteel-digeſting bird; the lazy Snail;
The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale;
The fiſh-conſuming Oſprey, and the want
That undermines the greedy Cormorant;
Th' indulgent Pelican, the predictious Crow;
The chatring Stork, and ravenous Vulter too;
The thorn-backt Hedghog, and prating Jay,
The Lapwing flying ſtill the other way;
The lofty flying Falkon, and the Mouſe,
That finds no pleaſure in a poor man's houſe;
The ſuck-egg Weaſel, and the winding Swallow,
From theſe ſhe ſhall abſtain, and not unhallow

Her

Her opned lips with their polluted fleſh;
Strong drink ſhe muſt forbear, and to refreſh
Her lingring palate, with luſt breeding Wine;
The Grapes or what proceedeth from the Vine.
She muſt not taſte, for fear ſhe be defil'd,
And ſo pollute her womb-encloſed child:
When time ſhall make her mother of a Son,
Beware no keen edg'd Razor come upon
His hallowed Crown: the hair upon his head
Muſt not be cut: his bounteous locks muſt ſpread
On his broad ſhoulders: from his firſt drawn breath
The child ſhall be a Nazarite, to his death.

Meditat. 4.

WHat ſhallow judgment, or what eaſie brain
Can chooſe but laugh at thoſe that ſtrive in vain
To build a Tower, whoſe ambitious Spire
Should reach to Heaven? what fool would not admire
To ſee their greater folly, who would raiſe
A Tower, to perpetuate the praiſe
And laſting glory of their renowned Name?
What have they left, but monuments of ſhame?
How poor and ſlender are the enterpriſes
Of man, that only whiſpers and adviſes
With heedleſs fleſh and blood, and never makes
His God, of counſel, where he undertakes!
How is our God, and we of late faln out!
We rather chooſe to languiſh in our doubt,
Than be reſolv'd by him: We rather uſe
The help of hell-bred wizards that abuſe
The ſtile of wiſe men, than to have recourſe
To him that is the fountain and the ſource
Of all good counſels, and from whom proceeds
A living Spring, to water all our needs:

How

How willing are his Angels to descend
From off their Throne of glory, and attend
Upon our wants! how oft return they back
Mourning to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack
Of our imployment! O how prone are they
To be assistant to us, every way!
Have we just cause to joy? they'l come and sing
About our beds: Does any judgment bring
Just cause of grief? they'l fall a grieving too;
Do we triumph? their joyful mouth will blow
Their louder Trumpets; Or do fears affect us?
They'l guard our heads from danger, and protect us:
Are we in prison, or in persecution?
They'l fill our hearts with joy, and resolution:
Or do we languish in our sickly beds?
They'l come and pitch their Tents about our heads;
See they a sinner penitent, and mourn
For his bewail'd offences, and return?
They clap their hands, and joyn their warbling voyces,
They sing, and all the Quire of Heaven rejoyces.
What is in us poor dust and ashes, Lord,
That thou should'st look upon us, and afford
Thy precious favours to us, and impart
Thy gracious Counsels? What is our desert,
But death and horror? What can we more claim
Than they, that now are scorching in that flame,
That hath not moderation, rest, nor end?
How does thy mercy, above thought extend
To them thou lov'st: Teach me (great God) to prize
Thy sacred Counsels, open my blind eyes,
That I may see to walk the perfect way;
For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray
And wander to the gulf of endless woe:
Teach me what must be done, and help to do.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah *desires to understand;*
But is deny'd the Angel's Name.
He offers by the Angel's hand:
The Angel vanishes in a flame.

Sect. 5.

So said, The son of *Israel*, easly apt
To credit, what his soul desir'd, and rapt
With better hopes which serv'd him as a guide
To his belief (o'rejoy'd) he thus reply'd;
Let not the Man of God, whose heavenly voyce
Hath blest mine ear, and made my soul rejoyce
Beyond expression, now refuse to come
Within my Tent, and honour my poor home
With his desired presence; there to taste
His servants slender diet, and repast
Upon his Rural fare: These hands shall take
A tender Kid from out the flocks, and make
(without long tarriance) some delightful meat
Which may invite the Man of God to eat:
Come, come (my Lord) and what defect of food
Shall be, thy servant's welcom shall make good;
Whereto the Angel (who as yet had made
Himself unknown) re-answer'd thus, and said:
Excuse me; though thy hospitable love
Prevail to make me stay, it cannot move
My thankful lips to taste thy liberal chear,
Let not thy bounty urge in vain; Forbear
To strive with, whom thy welcome cannot lead
To eat thy Kid, or taste thy profer'd bread;

Conv ers

Convert thy bounty to a better end,
And let thy undefiled hands commend
A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;
'Tis he deserves thanks; his servant brings
But that bare message, which his lips enjoin;
His be the glory of the Act, not mine.
Said then the *Israelite*, *If my desire*
Be not too over-rash, but may conspire
With thy good pleasure, let thy servants ear
Be honour'd with thy Name, that whenso'er
These blessed tidings (that possess my heart
With firm belief) shall in due time impart
Their full perfection, and desir'd success
To my expecting eye, my soul may bless
The tongue that brought the message, and proclaim
An equal honour to his honour'd name.
To whom the Angel whose severer brow
Sent forth a frown) made answer; *Do not thou*
Trouble thy busie thoughts with things that are
Above thy reach; enquire not too far;
My name is cloath'd in mists; 'tis not my task
To make it known to thee; nor thine, to ask.
With that the Danite took a tender Kid,
And said, my Lord. *The Tribe of* Dan's *forbid*
To burn an offering; only Levites *may,*
And holy Prophets; if thou please to lay
The sacrifice on yonder sacred stone,
I'll fetch the fire, for fire there is none:
Forbear thy needless pains (the Angel said)
Heaven will supply that want; with that he laid
The offering on; and, from the stone, there came
A sudden fire, whose high-ascending flame
Burnt and consum'd th' acceptable Sacrifice;
Nor whil'st the amaz'd beholders wondring eyes
Were taken Captives with so strange a sight.
And whil'st the new-wrought miracle did affright

Their

Their trembling hearts, the Man of God (whose name
Must not b' inquired) vanisht in the flame,
And left them both unable to expound
Each others fears; both groveling on the ground.

Meditat. 5.

A Thankful heart hath earn'd one favour twice;
But he that is ungrateful, wants no vice:
The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,
Prone to his several actions, and propense
To what he does, without th' advice of will,
Guided by Nature, (that does nothing ill)
In practick *Maxims*, proves it a thing hateful:
T'accept a favour, and to live ungrateful:
But man, whose more diviner soul hath gain'd
A higher step to reason; nay, attain'd
A higher step than that, the light of grace,
Comes short of them, and in that point, more base
Than they, most prompt and in that rude,
Unnatural, and high sin, *Ingratitude*:
The stal fed Oxe, that is grown fat, will know
His careful feeder, and acknowledge too:
The prouder Stallion will at length espy
His Masters bounty, in his Keepers eye;
The Air-dividing Falkon will requite
Her Faulkners pains with a wel-pleasing flight:
The generous Spaniel loves his Masters eye;
And licks his fingers though no meat be by;
But Man, ungrateful Man, that's born and bred
By Heav'ns immediate pow'r; maintain'd and fed
By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
By his prevailing arm; this Man, I say,
Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they;

By him we live and move, from him we have
What blessings he can give, or we can crave:
Food for our hunger, Dainties for our pleasure;
Trades, for our business; Pastimes, for our leisure;
In grief, he is our Joy; in want, our Wealth;
In bondage, Freedom; and in sickness, Health;
In peace, our Counsel; and in war, our Leader;
At Sea, our Pilot; and in Suits, our Pleader;
In pain, our Help; in tirumph, our Renown;
In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crown;
Yet man, O most ungreatful Man, can ever
Enjoy the gift, but never mind the Giver;
And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher, than the Trough:
We still receive; our hearts we seldom lift
To heaven; but drown the Giver in the Gift;
We taste the Scollops, and return the Shells:
Our sweet Pomegranates want their silver Bells:
We take the Gift: the hand that did present it
We oft reward; forget the Friend that sent it.
A blessing given to those, will not disburse
Some, thanks, is little better than a curse.
Great Giver of all blessings; thou that art
The Lord of Gifts; give me a grateful heart;
O give me that, or keep thy favors from me!
I wish no blessings, with a Venge ance to me

THE ARGUMENT.

Affrighted Manoah *and his wife*
Both prostrate on the naked earth:
Both rise: The man despairs of life;
The Woman chears him: Sampson's *birth.*

Sect. 2.

WHen time (whose progress mod'rates and out-wears
Th' extreamest passions of the highest fears)
By his benignant power, had re-inlarg'd
Their captive senses, and at length discharg'd
Their frighted thoughts, the trembling coupleroſe
From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose:
Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves,
(Whose unresisted tyranny out-braves
And threats to grapple with the darkned Skies)
How like to moving Mountains they arise
From their distemp'red *Ocean*, and assail
Heav'ns *Battlements*; nay, when the winds do fail
To breathe another blast, with their own motion,
They still are swelling, and disturb the Ocean:
Even so the Danite and his trembling wife,
Their yet confused thoughts are stil at strife
In their perplexed breasts, which entertain'd
Continued fears too strong to be refrain'd:
Speechless they stood, till *Manoah* that brake
The silence first, disclos'd his lips, and spake:
What strange aspect was this; that to our sight
Appear'd so terrible, and did affright
Our scattering thoughts? what did our eys behold?
After our lavish tongues have been too bold:
What speeches past between us? Canst recal
The words we entertain'd the time withal?
It was no man; It was no flesh and blood;
Methought mine ears did tingle, while he stood
And commun'd with me: at each word he spake,
Methought my heart recoyl'd; his voyce did shake
My very soul; but when as he became
So angry, and so dainty of his name,

O, how my wonder-ſmitten heart began
To fail! O then I knew it was no man:
No, no, it was the face of God; our eyes
Have ſeen his face: (who ever ſaw't, but dies?
We are but dead, death dwels within his eye,
And we have ſeen't, and we ſhall ſurely die;
Whereto the woman (who did either hide,
Or elſe had overcome her fears) reply'd;
Deſpairing Man! take courage, and forbeare
Theſe falſe predictions; there's no cauſe of fear:
Would heaven accept our offerings: and receive
Our holy things; and, after that, berieve
His ſervants of their lives? Can he be thus
Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us?
Hath he not promis'd that the time ſhall come,
Wherein the fruits of my reſtored womb
Shall make thee father to a hopeful ſon;
Can heaven be falſe? Or can theſe things be done
When we are dead? No, no, his holy breath
Had ſpent in vain, if they had meant our death:
Recal thy needleſs fears; Heaven cannot lie;
Although we ſaw his face, we ſhall not die.
So ſaid, they brake off their diſcourſe, and went,
He to the field, and ſhe into her Tent,
Thrice forty days not full compleat, being come,
Within th' encloſure of her quick'ned womb,
The Babe began to ſpring; and with his motion
Confirm'd the faith, and quick'ned the devotion
Of his believing parents, whoſe devout
And heaven-aſcending Orizons, no doubt,
Were turn'd to thanks, and heart rejoycing praiſe,
To holy Hymnes and heavenly Roundelaies:
The child grows ſturdy every day gives ſtrength
Unto his womb-fed limbs; till at the length
Th' apparent mother having paſt the date
Of her account, does only now await

The

The happy hour, wherein ſhe may obtain
Her greateſt pleaſure, with her greateſt pain.
When as the fair directreſs of the night
Had thrice three times repair'd her waining light,
Her womb no longer able to retain
So great a gueſt, betraid her to her pain,
And for the toilſome work, that ſhe had done,
She found the wages of a new-born Son:
Sampſon ſhe call'd his name; the child encreaſt,
And hourly ſuckt a bleſſing with the breaſt,
Daily his ſtrength did double: he began
To grow in favour both with God and man:
His well-attended Infancy was bleſt
With ſweetneſs; In his child-hood he expreſt
True ſeeds of honour; and his youth was crown'd
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd
His honour'd name; his courage was ſupply'd
With mighty ſtrength: his haughty ſpirit defi'd
An hoaſt of men, his power had the praiſe
Above all that were before, or ſince his dayes:
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoyn'd
So ſtrong a body with ſo ſtout a mind.

Meditat. 6.

HOw precious were thoſe bleſſed dayes wherein
Souls never ſtartled at the name of Sin!
When as the voyce of death had never yet
A mouth to open or to claim a debt!
When baſhful nakedneſs forbear to call
For needleſs skin to cover ſhame withal!
When as the fruit encreaſing earth obey'd
The will of man, without the wounding ſpade,
Or help of Art! when he, that now remains
A curſed Captive to infernal Chains,

State ſinging Anthems in the Heavenly Quire,
Among his fellow Angels ! When the Brier,
The fruitleſs Bramble, the faſt growing weed,
And downy Thiſtle had, as yet, no ſeed !
When labour was not known, and man did eat
The earths fair fruits, unearned with his ſweat !
When wombes might have conceiv'd, without the ſtain
Of ſin, and brought forth children without pain !
When Heaven could ſpeak to man's unfrighted ear
Without the ſenſe of Sin-begoten fear !
How golden were thoſe dayes ! How happy than
Was the condition, and the ſtate of Man !
But Man obey'd not: and his proud deſire
Sing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fire :
But man tranſgreſt ; and now his freedom feels
A ſudden change : Sin follows at his heels :
The voice calls *Adam* ; but poor *Adam* flees,
And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees :
The voice, while-e'r, that raviſht with delight
His joyful ear, does now, alas, affright
His wounded Conſcience with amaze and wonder :
And what of late was muſick, now is thunder.
How have our ſins abus'd us ! and betray'd
Our deſperate ſouls ! what ſtrangneſs have they made
Betwixt the great Creator, and the work
Of his own hands ! How cloſely do they lurk
To our diſtempered ſouls, and whiſper fears
And doubts into our frighted hearts and ears !
Our eys cannot behold that glorious face,
Which is all life, un-ruin'd in the place :
How is our nature chang'd, that every breath
Which gave us being, is become our death !
Great God ! O, whither ſhall poor mortals flie
For Comfort ? if they ſee thy face, they die ;
And if thy life-reſtoring count'nance give
Thy preſence from us, Then we cannot live.

How

How neceſſary is the ruine than,
And miſery of ſin-beguilded Man!
On what Foundation ſhall his hopes rely?
See we thy face, or ſee it not, we dye:
O let thy Word (great God) inſtruct the youth,
And frailty of our faith; thy word is truth:
And what our eys want power to perceive,
O let our hearts admire, and believe,

THE ARGUMENT.

Sampſon *at* Timnah *falls in love*
And fancies a Philiſtian Maid:
He moves his parents: They reprove
His ſinful choice: diſlike, diſſwade.

Sect. 7.

NOw when as ſtrong limb'd *Sampſon* had diſpos'd
His trifling thoughts to children, and diſclos'd
His bud of child-hood, which being over-grown,
And bloſſom of his youth ſo fully blown,
That ſtrength of nature now thought good to ſeek
Her entertainment on his downy cheek,
And with her manly bounty did begin
To uneffeminate his ſmoother chin,
He went to *Timnah*; whither did reſort
A great concourſe of people, to diſport
Themſelves with paſtime; or perchance, to ſhew
Some martial Feats (as they were wont to do;
Scaffolds were builded round about, whereon
The crown of eye-delighted lookers on
Where cloſely pil'd: as *Sampſon's* wandring eye
Was ranging up and down, he did eſpy

A comely Virgin beautiful, and youug,
Where ſhe was ſeated midſt the gazing throng:
The more he view'd, the more his eye deſir'd
To view her face, and as it view'd, admir'd;
His heart, inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire
His paſſions all were turn'd into deſire;
Such were his looks, that ſhe might well deſcry
A ſpeaking Lover in his ſparkling eye:
Sometimes his reaſon bids his thoughts beware,
Leſt he be catcht in a Philiſtian ſnare;
And then, his thwarting paſſion would reply,
Fear not to be a priſoner to that eye:
Reaſon ſuggeſts; 'tis vain to make a choice,
Where Parents have an over-ruling voice:
Paſſion replies, That fear and filial duty
Muſt ſerve affection, and ſubſcribe to beauty;
Whilſt reaſon faintly mov'd him to neglect,
Prevailing Paſſion urg'd his ſoul t' affect:
Paſſion concludes; Let her enjoy thy heart
Reaſon concludes; but let thy tongue impart
Thy affection to thy Parents, and diſcover
To them thy thoughts: With that the wounded Lover,
(whoſe quick divided paces had out-run
His lingring heart) like an obſervant Son,
Repairs unto his Parents; fully made
Relation of his troubled thoughts, and ſaid, *SIR,*
This day, at Timnah *to theſe wretched eyes,*
Being taken captive with the novelties
Which entertain'd my pleaſed thoughts, appear'd
A fairer object; which hath ſo endear'd
My very ſoul, (with ſadneſs ſo diſtreſt)
That this poor heart can find no eaſe, no reſt;
It was a Virgin; in whoſe heavenly face,
Unpatern'd beauty, and diviner Grace
Were ſo conjoyn'd, as if they both conſpir'd
To make one Angel; when theſe eyes enquir'd

Into

Into the excellence of her rare perfection,
She could not chuse but like, and my affection
Is so enflamed with desire, that I
Am now become close prisoner to her eye:
Now if my sad petition may but find
A fair success to ease my tortur'd mind;
And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove
As prone to pity mine, as mine to love,
Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,
And be the husband of so fair a wife.
Whereto th' amazed Parents, (in whose eye
Distaste and wonder percht) made this reply:
What strange desire? What unadvis'd request
Hath broken loose from thy distracted brest?
What! Are the Daughters of thy brethern grown
So poor in Worth, and Beauty? Is there none
To please that over-curious eye of thine,
But th' issue of a curst Philistine *?*
Can thy miswandring eyes chuse none, but her
That is the child of an Idolater
Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soul rejoyce
In lawful beauty make a wiser choice.
How well this council pleas'd the tyred ears
Of love-sick *Samson*, O, let him that bears
A croft affection, judge: Let him discover
The woful case of his afflicted Lover:
What easie pencil can represent
His very looks? How stern his brows were bent:
His drooping head: his very port and guise:
His bloodless cheeks, and deadness of his eyes;
Till, at the length, his moving tongue betray'd
His sullen lips to language, thus, and said: *SIR,*
Th' extream affection of my heart does lead
My tongue (that's quick'ned with my love) to plead;
What if her Parents be not circumcis'd?
Her Issue shall; and she perchance advis'd

To

To worship Israels *God, and to forget*
Her fathers house; Alas she is as yet
But young; her downy years are green and tender:
She's but a twig, and time may eas'ly bend her
T'imbrace the truth: Our Councels may controul
Her sinful breeding, and so save a soul.
Nay, who can tel, but Heaven did recommend
Her beauty to these eys, for such an end?
O, lose not that which Heaven is pleas'd to save,
Let Sampson *then obtain, as well as crave:*
You gave me being, then prolong my life,
And make me husband to so fair a wife.
With that the Parents joyn'd their wispering heads;
Sampson observes, and, in their parley, reads
Some Characters of hope; The mother smiles;
The father frowns; which, *Sampson* reconciles
With hopeful fears; She smiles, and smiling crowns
His hopes; which he deposes with his frowns:
The wispering ended, joyntly they display'd
A half resolved countenance, and said,
Sampson, *suspend thy troubled mind a while,*
Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoil:
Take heed of Shipwrack; Rocks are near the Shore;
We'll see the Virgin, and resolve thee more.

Meditat. 7.

LOve is a noble passion of the heart;
That with it very essence doth impart
All needful Circumstances, and effects
Unto the chosen party, it affects
In absence, it enjoys; and with an eye
Fill'd with Cœlestial fire, doth espy
Objects remote: It joys, and smiles in grief;
It sweetens poverty; it brings relief;

It

It gives the feeble ſtrength; the coward, ſpirit;
The ſick man, health; the undeſerving, merit;
It makes the proud man, humble; and the ſtout
It overcomes, and treads h[illegible]nder foot;
It makes the mighty ma[illegible] war to droop;
And him to ſerve, that never, yet, could ſtoop;
It is a fire, whoſe Bellows are the breath
Of heaven above, and kindled here beneath:
'Tis not the power of a man's election,
To love, he loves not by his own direction;
It is not beauty, not benign aſpect
That always moves the Lover, to affect;
Theſe are but means: heavens pleaſure is the cauſe:
Love is not bound to reaſon, and her Laws
Are not ſubjected to th' imperious wil
Of man: It lies not in his power to nil:
How is this Love abus'd! That's only made
A ſnare for wealth, or to ſet up a trade;
T'enrich a great man's table, or to pay
A deſperate debt; or meerly to allay
A baſe and wanton luſt; which done, no doubt,
The love is ended, and the fire out:
No; he that loves for pleaſure, or for pelf,
Loves truly, none; and falſly, but himſelf:
The pleaſure paſt, the wealth conſum'd and gone,
Love hath no ſubject now to work upon:
The props being fain, that did ſupport the roof,
Nothing but rubbiſh, and neglected ſtuff,
Like a wild *Chaos* of Confuſion, lies
Preſenting uſeleſs ruines to our eyes:
The Oyl that does maintain Loves ſacred fire,
Is vertue mixt with mutual deſire
Of ſweet ſociety, begun and bred
I'th' ſoul, nor ended in the Marriage bed:
This is the dew of *Hermon*, that does fill
The ſoul with ſweetneſs, watring *Sions* hill;

This

This is that holy fire, that burns and lasts
Till quencht by death; the other are but blasts,
That faintly blaze, like Oyl-forsaken snuffs,
Which every breath of discontentment puffs,
And quite extinguishes; and leaves us nothing,
But an offensive subject of our loathing.

THE ARGUMENT.

He goes to Timnah: *As he went:*
He slew a Lion by the way:
He sues, obtains the Maids consent:
And they appoint the Marriage-day.

Sect. 8.

WHen the next day had with his morning light
Redeem'd the East from the dark shades of night;
And with his golden rayes, had over-spread
The neighb'ring Mountains; from his loathed Red
Sick-thoughted *Sampson* rose, whose watchful eyes
Morpheus that night had, with his leaden keys,
Not power to close: his thoughts did so incumber
His restless Soul, his eyes could never slumber:
Whose softer language by degrees did wake
His fathers sleep-bedeafned ears, and spake:
Sir, Let your early blessings light upon
The tender bosome of your prosp'rous Son,
And let the God of Israel *repay*
Those blessings double, on your head, this day;
The long since banisht shadows makes me bold
To let you know, the morning waxes old;
The Sun-beams are grown strong; their brighter blew
Have broke the mists, and dry'd the morning dew;

The

The sweetnes's of the Season does invite
Your steps to visit Timnah, *and acquite*
Your last nights promise,
With that the Danite and his Wife arose,
Scarce yet resolv'd, at last they did dispose
The in doubtful paces; to behold the prize
Of *Sampsons* heart, and pleasure of his eyes;
They went, and when their travel had attain'd
Those fruitful hills, whose clusters entertain'd
Their thursty pallats and their swelling pride,
The musing Lover being stept aside
To gain the pleasure of a lonely thought,
Appear'd a ful ag'd Lion, who had sought
(But could not find) his long desired prey;
Soon as his eye had given him hopes to pay
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault
His empty stomach found, he made assault
Upon th' unarmed Lovers breast, whose hand
Had neither staffe nor weapon to withstand
His greedy rage; but he whose mighty strength,
Or sudden death must now appear, at length
Stretcht forth his brawny arm, (his arm supply'd
With power from heaven) did with ease divide
His body limb from limb, and did betray
His flesh to Fowls, that lately sought his prey:
This done his quick redoubled paces make
His stay amends, his nimble steps o'rtake
His leading Parents, who by this, discover
The smoke of *Timnah*: now the greedy Lover
Thinks every step a mile; and every pace
A measur'd league, until he see that face,
And find the treasure of his heart that lies
In the fair Casket of his Mistres's eyes:
But all this will close *Sampson* made not known
Unto his Parants, what his hands had done:
By this the gate of *Timnah* entertains

The

The welcome travellers : The parents pains
Are now rewarded with their Son's beſt pleaſure:
The Virgin comes ; his eyes can find no leiſure,
To own another object : O, the greeting
Th' impatient Lovers had at their firſt meeting!
The lover ſpeaks ; ſhe anſwers ; he replies ;
She bluſhes ; he demandeth ; ſhe denies ;
He pleads affection ; ſhe doubts ; he ſues
For nuptial loves ; ſhe queſtions ; he renews
His earneſt ſuit : importunes ; ſhe relents ;
He muſt have no denial ; ſhe conſents ;
They paſs their mutal loves : their joyned hands
Are equal earneſts of the nuptial bands :
The Parents are agreed ; all parties pleas'd ;
The day's ſet down ; the Lovers hearts are eas'd ;
Nothing diſpleaſes now, but the long ſtay
Betwixt th' appointment, and the Marriage day.

Meditat. 8.

T'Is too ſevere a cenſure : If the Son
Take him a wife ; the marriage fairly done,
Without conſent of Parents (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t' advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)
He lives a Fornicator ; ſhe, a Whore :
Too hard a cenſure ! And it ſeems to me,
The Parent's moſt delinquent of the three :
What if the better minded Son do aim
At worth ? What if rare vertues do inflame
His rapt affection ? What if the condition
Of an admir'd, and dainty diſpoſition
Hath won his ſoul ? Whereas his covetous Father
Finds her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,
T' an old worn Widow, whoſe more weighty purſe
Is fill'd with Gold, and with the Orphans curſe

The

The ſweet exuberance of whoſe ful-mouth'd portion
Is but the curſed iſſue of extortion;
Whoſe worth, perchance, lies only in her weight
Or in the boſome of her great eſtate;
What if the ſon (that dares not care to buy
Abundance at ſo dear a rate) deny
The ſoul-deteſting proffer of his Father,
And in his better judgement chooſes, rather,
To match with meaner Fortunes, and deſert?
I think that *Mary* choſe the better part,
What noble Families (that have out-grown
The beſt Records) have quite been overthrown
By wilful parents, that will either force
Their Sons to match, or haunt them with a curſe
That can adapt their humors, to rejoyce,
And fancy all things, but their childrens choice!
Which makes them, often, timorous to reveal
The cloſe deſires of their hearts, and ſteal
Such matches, as, perchance, their fair advice
Might, in the bud, have hindered in a trice;
Which done, and paſt, O, then their haſty ſpirit
Can think of nothing, under *Diſ-inherit*;
He muſt be quite diſcarded, and exil'd;
The furious Father muſt renounce his Child:
Nor Pra'yr, nor Bleſſing muſt he have; bereaven
Of all; nor muſt he live, nor die forgiven,
When as the Father's raſhneſs, oftentimes,
Was the firſt cauſer of the Childrens crimes
Parents, be not too cruel: Children do
Things, oft, too deep for us t' enquire into:
What Father would not ſtorm, if his wild Son
Should do the deed that *Sampſon* here had done?
Nor do I make it an exemplar act,
Only, let Parents not be too exact
To curſe their Children, or to diſpoſſeſs
Them of their bleſſings, Heaven may chance to bleſs:

Be

Be not to ſtrict: Fair language may recure
A fault of youth, whilſt rougher words obdure.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sampſon *goes down to celebrate*
His Marriage and his Nuptial Feaſt:
The Lion, which he ſlew of late
Hath hony in his putrid breaſt.

Sect. 9.

WHen as the long expected time was come,
Wherein theſe lingring Lovers would conſumme
The promis'd marriage, and obſerve the rites
Pertaining to thoſe feſtival delights;
Sampſon went down to *Timnah*; there t' enjoy
The ſweet poſſeſſion of his deareſt joy:
But as he paſt thoſe fruitful Vineyards, where
His hands of late, aquit him of that fear,
(Wherewith the fierce aſſulting Lion quail'd
His yet unpractic'd courage) and prevail'd
Upon his life; as by that place he paſt,
He turn'd aſide, and borrowed of his haſte
A little time, wherein his eyes might vew
The Carkeſs of the Lion which de ſlew;
But when his wandring fooſteps had drawn near
The unlamented Herſe, his wondring ear
Perceiv'd a murm'ring noiſe, diſcerning not
From whence that ſtrange confuſion was, or what;
He ſtays his ſteps, and hearkens; ſtill the voice
Preſents his ear with a continued noiſe;
At length, his gently moving feet apply
Their paces to the Carkaſs, where his eye

Diſcern

Diſcerns a ſwarm of Bees, whoſe laden thighs
Repos'd the burthens, and the painful prize
Of their ſweet labour, in the hallow Cheſt
Of the dead Lion, whoſe unbowel'd breſt
Became their plenteous ſtore-houſe, where they laid
The beſt increaſe of their laborious trade;
The fleſhly Hive was fill'd with curious Combes,
Within whoſe dainty wax-divided rooms
Where ſhops of honey, whoſe delicious taſte
Did ſweetly recompence th' adjourned haſte
Of lingring *Sampſon*, who does now repay
The time he borrowed from his better way,
And with renewed ſpeed and pleaſure, flies,
Where all his ſoul-delighting treaſure lies;
He goes to *Timnah*, where his heart doth find
A greater ſweetneſs, than he left behind;
His haſty hands invites her gladder eyes
To ſee, and lips to taſte that obvious prize,
His interupted ſtay had lately took,
And as ſhe taſted, his fixt eyes would look
Upon her varniſht lips, and there diſcover
A ſweeter ſweetneſs to content a Lover:
And now the buſie Virgins are preparing
Their coſtly Jewels, for the next dayes wearing;
Each lap is fill'd with flowers to compoſe
The nuptial Garland, for the Brides fair brows:
The coſt-neglecting Cookes have now encreaſt
Their paſtry dainties to adorn the feaſt;
Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide
The needful ornaments to deck the Bride.
But now, the crafty *Philiſtines* for fear
Leſt *Sampſon*'s ſtrength (which ſtartled every ear
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,
Should gain the means to offer violence,
And through the ſhew of nuptial devotion,
Should take advantages to breed commotion;

Or leſt his Popular power by coaction
Or fair entreats, may gather to his faction
Some looſe and diſcontented men of theirs,
And ſo betray them to ſuſpected fears;
They therefore to prevent enſuing harms,
Gave ſtrict command, that thirty men of arms,
Under the maſk of Bridemen, ſhould attend
Until the nuptial Ceremonies end.

Meditat. 9.

HOW high, unutterable, how profound,
(Whoſe depth the lines of knowledge cannot ſound)
Are the Decrees of the Eternal God!
How ſecret are his ways, and how untrod
By man's conceit, ſo deeply charg'd with doubt!
How are his counſels paſt our finding out!
O how unſcrutable are his deſigns!
How deep, and how unſearchable are the Mines
Of his abundant wiſdom! how obſcure
Are his eternal judgments! and how ſure!
Liſts he to ſtrike? the very ſtones ſhall flie
From their unmov'd foundations, and deſtroy,
Liſts he to puniſh? Things that have no ſenſe
Shall vindicate his quarrel, on th' offence:
Liſts he to ſend a plague? the winters heat,
And ſummers damp, ſhall make his will compleat:
Liſts he to ſend the ſword? Occaſion brings
New jealouſies betwixt the hearts of Kings:
Wills he a famine? Heaven ſhall turn to braſs,
And Earth to iron, till it come to paſs:
Both ſtocks, and ſtones, and plants, and beaſts fulfil
The ſecret counſel of his ſacred will.
Man, onely wretched man, is diſagreeing
To do that thing, for which he had his being:

Sampſon muſt down to *Timnah*; in the way
Muſt meet a Lyon, whom his hands muſt ſlay;
The Lyons putrid Carkaſs muſt incloſe
A ſwarm of Bees; and from the Bees, aroſe
A Riddle; and that Riddle muſt be read,
And by the reading, Choler muſt be bred,
And that muſt bring to paſs God's juſt deſigns
Upon the death of the falſe *Philiſtines*:
Behold the progreſs, and Royal Geſts
Of Heavens high vengeance; how it never reſts,
Till, by appointed courſes, it fulfil
The ſecret pleaſure of his ſacred Will.
Great Saviour of the world; thou Lamb of *Sion*
That hides our ſins; that art the wounded Lyon:
O, in the dying body, we have found
A world of honey; whence we may propound
Such ſacred Riddles, as ſhall underneath
Our feet, ſubdue the power of hell and death:
Such myſteries, as none but he that plough'd
With thy ſweet Heifer's able to uncloud;
Such ſacred myſteries, whoſe eternal praiſe
Shall make both Angels, and Archangels raiſe
Their louder voices, and in triumph ſing,
All glory and honour to our higheſt King,
And to the Lamb that ſits upon the Throne;
Worthy of power, and praiſe is he alone.
Whoſe glory hath advanc'd our Key of mirth;
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bridegroom at his nuptial Feaſt
To the Philiſtians *doth propound*
A Riddle: which they all addreſt
Themſelves in counſel, to expound.

Sect. 10.

NOW when the glory of the next dayes light
Had chas'd the ſhadows of the tedious night,
When coupling *Hymen* with his nuptial bands,
And golden fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands,
When jolly welcome had to every gueſt,
Expos'd the bounty of the marriage feaſt;
Their now appeaſed ſtomachs did enlarge
Their captive tongues, with power to diſcharge
And quit their table-duty, and diſburſe,
Their ſtore of interchangeable diſcourſe,
Th' ingenious Bridegroom turn'd his rolling eyes
Upon his guard of Bridemen, and applies
His ſpeech to them: And whil'ſt that every man
Lent his attentive ear, he thus began;

My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;
I have a doubtful Riddle, *to propound;*
Which if your joyned Wiſdoms can diſcover,
Before our ſeven dayes feaſting be paſt over,
Then, thirty ſheets, and thirty new ſupplies
Of Raiment ſhall be your deſerved prize:
But if the ſeven dayes feaſt ſhall be diſſolv'd,
Before my darkned Riddle be reſolv'd,
Ye ſhall be all ingaged to reſign
The like to me, the vict'ry being mine:
So ſaid: the bridemen, whoſe enchanged eyes
Found ſecret hopes of conqueſt, thus replies:

Propound thy Riddle: *Let thy tongue diſpatch*
Her cloudy errand: We accept the match:
With that the hopeful Challenger convay'd
His *Riddle* to their hearkning ears, and ſaid;

The Riddle.

Our food, in plenty, doth proceed
From him that us'd to eat;
And he, Whose customе was to feed,
Does now afford us meat:
A thing, that I did lately meet,
As I did pass along,
Afforded me a dainty sweet,
Yet was both sharp and strong.

The doubtful *Riddle* being thus propounded,
They muse; the more they mus'd, the more confounded:
One rounds his whisp'ring neighbour in the ear,
Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to hear:
Another trusting rather to his own
Conceit, sits musing, by himself, alone:
Here two are closely whisp'ring, till a third
Comes in, nor to the purpose speaks a word:
There sits two more, and they cannot agree
How rich the cloaths, how fine the sheets must be:
Yonder stands one, that musing, smiles; no doubt
But he is near it, if not found it out;
To whom another rudely rushes in,
And puts him quite besides his thought agin:
Here three are whisp'ring, and a fourths intrusion
Spoils all, and puts them all into confusion:
There sits another in a chair so deep
In thought, that he is nodding fast a sleep,
The more their busie fancies do endeavour,
The more they erre; now farther off than ever:
Thus when their wits, spurr'd on with sharp desire,
Had lost their breath, and now began to tire,
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her strength,
And weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length

Preſent a new exploit: Craft muſt ſupply
Defects of wit; their hopes muſt now rely
Upon the frailty of the tender Bride;
She muſt be mov'd, perſwaſions may attain;
If not, then rougher language muſt conſtrain:
She muſt diſcloſe the Riddle, and diſcover
The boſom ſecrets of her faithful Lover.

Meditat. 10.

THere is a time, to laugh; a time, to turn
Our ſmiles to tears: there is a time to mourn:
There is a time for joy, and a time for grief;
A time to want, and a time to find relief;
A time to bind, and there's a time to break;
A time for ſilence, and a time to ſpeak;
A time to labour, and a time to reſt;
A time to faſt in, and a time to feaſt:
Things, that are lawful, have their time, and uſe,
Created good, and, onely by abuſe,
Made bad: Our ſinful uſage does unfaſhion
What Heaven hath made, and makes a new creation:
Joy is a bleſſing, and too great exceſs
Makes joy a madneſs, but does quite unbleſs
So ſweet a gift; And, what by moderate uſe,
Crowns our deſires, banes them in th' abuſe:
Wealth is a bleſſing, and too eager thirſt
Of having more, makes that we have, accurſt:
Reſt is a bleſſing; but when Reſt withſtands
The healthful labour of our helpful hands,
It proves a curſe, and ſtains our guilt with crime,
Betrays our irrecoverable time!
To feaſt, and to refreſh our hearts with pleaſure,
And fill our ſouls with th' overflowing meaſure
Of Heavens bleſt bounty, cannot but commend
The precious favours of ſo ſweet a friend;

But

t when th' abundance of a liberal diet,
ant for a bleſſing, is abus'd by Riot,
th' abuſed bleſſing leaves the gift, nay, worſe,
is transformed, and turn'd into a curſe:
hings that afford moſt pleaſure in the uſe,
re ever found moſt harmful in th' abuſe:
ſe them like Maſters, and their tyrannous hand
bjects thee, like a ſlave, to their command:
ſe them as ſervants, and they will obey thee;
ake heed, they'l either bleſs thee, or betray thee.
Could our fore-fathers but revive, and ſee
heir childrens feaſts, as now adays they be:
heir ſtudied diſhes, their reſtoring ſtuffe,
o make their wanton bodies ſin enough;
heir ſtomach-whetting Sallats to invite
heir waſteful palate to an appetite;
heir thirſt-procuring dainties, to refine
heir wanton taſtes, and make them ſtrong for wine;
heir coſtly viands, charg'd with rich perfume;
heir Viper-wines, to make old age preſume
o feel new luſt, and youthful flames agin,
nd ſerve another prentiſhip to ſin:
heir time-betraying muſick; their baſe noiſe
f odious Fidlers; with their ſmooth-fac'd boys,
hoſe tongues are perfect, if they can proclaim
he quinteſſence of baſeneſs, without ſhame;
heir deep-mouth'd curſes, new-invented oaths,
heir execrable blaſphemy, that loaths,
mind to think on; their obſcener words,
heir drunken quarrels, their unſheathed ſwords:
O how they'd bleſs themſelves, and bluſh for ſhame,
n our behalfs, and haſte from whence they came,
o kiſs their graves, that hid them from the crimes
f theſe accurſed and prodigious times!
Great God! O, can thy patient eye behold
his height of ſin, and can thy vengeance hold?

THE ARGUMENT.

The Philistians *cannot unsolve*
The Riddle; *They corrupt the Bride:*
She woes her Bridegroom to resolve
Her doubt; but goes away deny'd.

Sect. II.

NOW when three dayes had run their hours out,
And left no end for wit-forsaken doubt
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers
Conjoyn'd their whisp'ring heads (being all partakers,
And joint-advisers in their new laid plot)
The time's concluded: have ye not forgot
How the old Tempter, when he first began
To work th' unhappy overthrow of Man,
Accosts the simple Woman: and reflects
Upon the frailty of her weaker Sex;
Even so these curs'd *Philistians* (being taught
And tutor'd by the self-same spirit) wrought
The self-same way; their speedy steps are bent
To the fair Bride; their haste could give no vent
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made
A little respite; and at length they said:
Fairest of Creatures: Let thy gentle heart
Receive the Crown due to so fair desert:
We have a suit, that must attend the leisure
Of thy best thoughts, and joy restoring pleasure;
Our names and credit linger at the stake
Of deep dishonour; if thou undertake,
With pleasing language, to prevent the loss,
They must sustain, and draw them from the dross

Of

Of their own ruins, they shall meerly owe
Themselves unto thy goodness, and shall know
No other Patron, and acknowledge none
As their Redeemer, but thy love alone:
We cannot read the Riddle, *whereunto*
We have engag'd our goods, and credits too?
Entice thy jolly Bridegroom to unfold
The hidden mistery (what can he withhold
From the rare beauty of so rare a brow?
And when thou know'st it, let thy servants know:
What? dost thou frown? and must our easie tryal,
At, first, read Hieroglyphicks of denial?
And art thou silent too? Nay, we'l give o'r
To tempt thy Bridal fondness any more:
Betray your lovely husband's secrets? No,
You'l first betray us, and our Land: But know,
Proud Sampson's *Wife, our furies shall make good*
Our loss of wealth and honour in thy blood:
Where fair intreaties spend themselves in vain,
There fire shall consume, or else constrain.
Know then, false-hearted Bride, if our request
Can find no place within thy sullen brest.
Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,
And burn thy father's house, and thee, with fire.
Thus having lodg'd her errand in her ears,
They left the room; and her unto her fears:
Who thus bethought; Hard is the case, that I
Must or betray my husband's trust, or die;
I have a Wolf by th' ears: I dare be bold,
Neither with safety to let go, nor hold:
What shall I do? Their minds if I fulfil not,
'Tis death, and to betray his trust I will not,
Nay, should my lips demand, perchance, his breath
Will not resolve me; then no way but death:
The wager is not great; rather the strife
Were ended in his loss, than in my life;

His

His life consists in mine, if ought amiss
Befal my life, it may endanger his:
Wagers must yield to life; I hold it best,
Of necessary evils to choose the least:
Why doubt I then? When reason bids me do,
I'll know the *Riddle*, and betray it too.
With that she quits her chamber with her cares,
And in her closet locks up all her fears:
And with a speed untainted with delay,
She found that breast, wherein her own heart lay;
Where, resting for a while, at length did take
A fair occasion to look up, and spake:

Life of my soul, and loves perpetual treasure,
If my desires be suiting to thy pleasure,
My lips would move a suit; my doubtful brest
Would fain prefer an undeny'd request:
Speak then (my joy:) Let thy fair lips expound
That dainty Riddle, *whose dark pleasure crown'd*
Our first days feast; Enlighten my dull brain,
That ever since hath mus'd, and mus'd in vain:
Who, often smiling on his lovely Bride,
That longs to go away resolv'd, reply'd:

Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled brest
Take the denial of thy small request,
As a defect of love; excuse my tongue
That must not grant thy suit, without a wrong
To resolution, daring not discover
The hidden myst'ry, till the time be over;
Cease to importune then, what cannot be;
My Parents know it not, as well as thee:
In ought but this, thy suit shall overcome me;
Excuse me then, and go not angry from me.

Meditat. 11.

HOW apprehenſive is the heart of man
Of all, and onely thoſe poor things that can
Lend him a minutes pleaſure, and appay
His ſweat but with the happineſs of a day!
How can he toil for trifles, and take pain
For fading goods, that onely entertain
His pleaſed thoughts with poor and painted ſhowes;
Whoſe joy hath no more truth, than what it owes
To change! how are the objects of his muſing
Worthleſs, and vain, that periſh in the uſing?
How reaſonable are his poor deſires,
The height of whoſe ambition but aſpires
To flitting ſhadows, which can onely crown
His labour, with that nothing of their own!
We feed on huſks, that might as well attain
The fatted Calf, by coming home again:
And, like to *Eſau*, while we are ſuppreſſing
Our preſent wants, neglect and loſe the bleſſing:
How wiſe we are for things, whoſe pleaſure cools
Like breath; for everlaſting joys, what fools!
How witty, how ingeniouſly wiſe
To ſave our credits, or to win a prize?
We plot; our brows are ſtudious: firſt we try
One way; if that ſucceed not, we apply
Our doubtful minds to attempt another courſe:
We take advice; conſult, our tongues diſcourſe
Of better ways, and what our failing brains
Cannot effect with fair and fruitleſs pains;
There crooked fraud muſt help, and ſlie deceit
Muſt lend a hand, which by the potent ſleight
Of right forſaking brib'ry, muſt betray
The prize into our hands, and win the day;

Which

Which if it fail (it does but ſeldom fail)
Then open force and fury muſt prevail:
When ſtrength of wit, and ſecret power of fraud
Grow dull, conſtraint muſt conquer, and applaud
With ill-got vict'ry; which at length obtain'd,
Alas how poor a trifle have we gain'd!
How are our ſouls diſtempered, to engroſs
Such fading pleaſures! To o'rprize the droſs,
And under-rate gold! for painted joyes,
To ſell the true, and Heaven it ſelf for toyes!
Lord, claryfie mine eyes, that I may know
Things that are good, from what is good in ſhow:
And give me wiſdom, that my heart may learn
The diff'rence of thy favours and diſcern
What's truely good, from what is good in part;
With *Martha's* trouble give me *Maries* heart.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bride ſhe begs, and begs in vain:
But like to a prevailing wooer,
She ſues, and ſues, and ſues again;
At laſt he reads the Riddle *to her,*

Sect. 12.

WHen the next morning had renew'd the day,
And th' early twilight now had chas'd away
The pride of night, and made her lay aſide
Her ſpangled Robes, the diſcontented Bride,
(Whoſe troubled thoughts were tyred with the night,
And broken ſlumbers long had wiſht for light)
With a deep ſigh her ſorrow did awake
Her drowſie Bridegroom, whom ſhe thus beſpake;

O,

O, if thy love could ſhare an equal part
In the ſad griefs of my afflicted heart,
Thy cloſed eyes had never in this ſort,
Bin pleas'd with reſt, and made thy night ſo ſhort:
Perchance, if my dull eyes had ſlumbred too,
My dreams had done, what thou deny'd to do:
Perchance, my fancy would have been ſo kind
T' unſolve the doubts of my perplexed mind,
'Twas a ſmall ſuit that thy unlucky Bride
Muſt light upon: Too ſmall to be denied;
Can love ſo ſoon --- ? But ere her lips could ſpend
The following words, he ſaid, Suſpend, ſuſpend,
Thy raſh attempt, and let thy tongue diſpenſe
With forc'd denial: Let thy lips, commence
Some greater ſuit, and Sampſon *ſhall make good*
Thy fair deſires with his deareſt blood:
Speak then, my love, thou ſhalt not wiſh, and want;
Thou canſt not beg, what Sampſon *cannot grant:*
Only in this excuſe me, and refrain
To beg, what thou, perforce, muſt beg in vain.

Inexorable Sampſon: *Can the tears*
From thoſe fair eyes, not move thy deafned ears?
O can thoſe drops, that trickle from thoſe eyes
Upon thy naked boſome, not ſurprize
Thy neighb'ring heart, and force it to obey?
O can thy heart not melt, as well as they?
Thou little think'ſt thy poor afflicted wife
Importunes thee, and wooes thee for her life:
Her ſuit's as great a Riddle *to thine ears,*
As thine, to hers; O, theſe diſtilling tears
Are ſilent pleaders, and her moiſtned breath
Would fain redeem her from the gates of death:
May not her tears prevail? Alas, thy ſtrife
Is but for wagers; Hers, poor ſoul, for life.

Now

Now when this day had yielded up his right
To the succeeding Empress of the night,
Whose soon-deposed reign did re-Convay
Her Crown and Scepter to the new-born day,
The restless Bride (fears cannot brook denial)
Renews her suit, and attempts a further tryal;
Entreats, conjures, she leaves no way untry'd:
She will not; no, she must not be deny'd:
But he (the portal of whose marble heart
Was lockt and barr'd against the powerful art,
Of oft repeated tears) stood deaf and dumb;
He must not; no, he will not be o'rcome.

Poor Bride; How is thy glory overcast!
How is the pleasure of thy Nuptials past
When scarce begun! Alas, how poor a breath
Of Joy, must puff thee to untimely death!
The day's at hand, whereon thou must untye
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must dye.

Now, when that day was come, wherein the feast
Was to expire; the Bride (whose pensive breast
Grew sad to death) did once more undertake
Her too resolved Bridegroom thus, and spake:

Upon these knees, that prostrate on the floor,
Are lowly bended, and shall ne'r give o'r
To move thy goodness, that shall never rise,
Until my suit find favour in thine eyes,
Upon these naked knees, I here present
My sad request: O let thy heart relent;
A Sutor sues, that never su'd before;
And she begs now, that never will beg more;
Hast thou vow'd silence? O remember, how
Thou art ingaged by a former Vow.
Thy heart is mine; the secrets of thy heart
Are mine; why art thou dainty to impart?

Mine

Mine own to me? Then give me leave to sue
For what my right may challenge as her due;
Unfold thy Riddle *then, that I may know,*
Thy love is more, than onely love in show.

The Bridegroom thus inchanted by his Bride,
Unseal'd his long kept silence, and reply'd;
Thou sole and great Commandres of my heart,
Thou hast prevail'd; my bosom shall impart
The sum of thy desires, and discharge
The faithful secrets of my soul, at large;
Know then (my joy) upon that very day
I first made known my affection, on the way,
I met, and grapled with a sturdy Lion,
Having no staff nor weapon to relie on,
I was inforc'd to prove my naked strength;
Unequal was the match, but at the length;
This brawny arm receiving strength from him
That gave it life, I tore him lim from lim,
And left him dead: now when the time was come,
Wherein our promis'd Nuptials were to sum,
And perfect all my joys, as I was coming
That very way, a strange confused humming,
Not distant far, possest my wondring ear,
Where, guided by the noise, there did appear
A swarm of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd
The carkass of that Lion which I kill'd,
With combs of honey, wherewithal I fed
My lips and thine: And now my Riddle's read.

Meditat. 12.

THE soul of man, before the taint of Nature,
Bore the fair Image of his great Creator;
His understanding had no cloud: His will
No cross: That, knew no error; This, no ill:

But

But man tranſgreſt; and by his woful fall,
Loſt that fair Image, and that little All
Was left, was all corrupt; his underſtanding
Exchang'd her Object; Reaſon left commanding;
His memory was depraved, and his will
Can find no other ſubject now, but ill:
It grew diſtemper'd, left the righteous rein
Of better Reaſon, and did entertain
The rule of paſſion, under whoſe command
It ſuffereth Shipwrack, upon every Sand:
Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires;
And what is moſt forbid, it moſt deſires:
Love makes it ſee too much, and often, blind;
Doubt makes it light, and waver, like the wind:
Hate makes it fierce, and ſtudious; *Anger* mad:
Joy makes it careleſs; *Sorrow* dull and ſad:
Hope makes it nimble, for a needleſs trial.
Fear makes it too impatient of denial.
Great Lord of humane ſouls; O thou that art
The only true refiner of the heart;
Whoſe hands created all things perfect good,
What canſt thou now expect of fleſh and blood?
How are our leprous ſoules put out of faſhion!
How are our wills ſubjected to our paſſion!
How is thy glorious image foil'd, defac'd,
And ſtain'd with ſin! How are our thoughts diſplac'd!
How wav'ring are our hopes, turn'd here and there
With every blaſt! how carnal is our fear!
Where needs no fear, we ſtart at every ſhade;
But fear not, where we ought to be affraid.
Great God! if thou wilt pleaſe but to refine
Our hearts, and re-conform our wills to thine,
Thou'lt take a pleaſure in us, and poor we
Should find as infinite delight in thee;
Our doubts would ceaſe, our fears would all remove,
And all our paſſions would turn joy, and love;

Till

Till then expect for nothing that is good:
Remember, Lord, we are but Flesh and Blood.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Philistines, by her advice,
Expound the Riddle: Sampson *kill'd*
Thirty Philistians, in a trice;
Forsakes his Bride: His Bed's defil'd.

Sect. 13.

NO sooner were the Brides attentive ears
Resolv'd and pleas'd, but her impetuous fears
Call in the Bridemen; and to them betraid
The secret of the *Riddle* thus, and said:
You sons of thunder, 'twas not the louder noise
Of your provoking threats, nor the soft voice
Of my prevailing fears, that thus addrest
My yielding heart to grant your forc'd request:
Your language needed not have been so rough
To speak too much, when less had been enough:
Your speech at first was honey in mine ear,
At length it prov'd a Lion, and did tear,
My wounded soul: It sought to force me to
What your intreaties were more apt to do:
Know then, (to keep your lingring ears no longer
From what ye long to hear) There's nothing stronger
Than a fierce Lion: Nothing can more greet
Your pleased palats with a greater sweet
Than honey: But more fully to expound,
In a dead Lion there was Honey found
Now when the Sun was welking in the West,
(Whose fall determines both the day, and Feast)

The hopeful Bridegroom (he whose smiling brow
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)
Even thirsting for victorious Triumph, brake
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake,
The time is come, whose lateſt hour ends
Our nuptial Feaſt, and fairly recommends
The wrath of Conqueſt to the Victor's brow :
Say, is the Riddle read ? Expound it now ;
And for your pains, theſe hands ſhall ſoon reſign
Your conquer'd prize : If not, the prize is mine
With that they joyn'd their whiſpering heads, and made
A Speaker, who in louder language, ſaid :

Of all the ſweets that e'r were known,
there's none ſo pleaſing be,
As thoſe rare dainties which do crown
the labour of the Bee :
Of all the creatures in the field,
that ever man ſet eye on,
There's none whoſe power doth not yield
unto the ſtronger Lion,

Whereto th' offended Challenger, whoſe eye
Proclaim'd a quick revenge, made this Reply ;

No honey's ſweeter, than a womans tongue ;
And, when ſhe liſt, Lions are not ſo ſtrong :
How thrice accurs'd are they, that do fulfil
The lewd deſires of a Womans will !
How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart
His boſom-ſecrets to a womans heart !
They plead like Angels; and, like Crocodiles ;
Kill with their tears ; they murther with their ſmiles :
How weak a thing is woman ! Nay, how weak
Is ſenſeles man, that will be urg'd to break
His councels in her ear, that hath no power
To make ſecure a ſecret, for an hour !
No, Victors, no : Had not a womans mind
Been faithleſs, and unconſtant, as the wind,

My Riddle *had till now a* Riddle *bin*;
You might have mus'd and miſt, and mus'd again.
When the next day had heav'd his golden head
From the ſoft-pillow of his Sea-green bed,
And, with his riſing glory, had poſſeſt
The ſpacious borders of th' enlightned Eaſt,
Sampſon aroſe, and in a rage went down
(By heaven directed) to a neighbr'ing town:
His choler was inflam'd, and from his eye
The ſudden flaſhes of his wrath did flie,
Paleneſs was in his cheeks, and from his breath
Their flew the fierce Embaſſadours of death,
He heav'd his hand, and where it fell, it ſlew:
He ſpent, and ſtil his forces would renew:
His quick redoubled blows fell thick, as thunder
And, whom he took alive, he tore in ſunder:
His arm ne'r miſt; and often at a blow
He made a Widow, and an Orphan too:
Here it divides the Father from the child,
The husband from his wife: there, it deſpoyl'd
The friend of's friend, the Siſter of her brother:
And oft with one man he would thraſh another.
Where never was, he made a little flood,
And where there was no Kin, he joyn'd in blood,
Wherin his ruthleſs hands he did imbrue:
Thrice ten, before he ſcarce could breathe, he ſlew;
Their upper Garments, which he took away,
Were all the ſpoils the Victor had that day:
Wherewith he quit the wagers that he loſt,
Paying Philiſtians with Philiſtians coſt:
And thus, at length, with blood he did aſſwage,
But yet not quench the fire of his rage,
For now the thoughts of his diſloyal wife,
In his ſad ſoul renew'd a ſecond ſtriſe,
From whom, for fear his fury ſhould recoile,
He thought moſt fit t' abſent himſelf a while;

Unto his Fathers Tent he now return'd;
Where his divided paſſion rag'd, and mourn'd:
In part he mourned, and he rag'd in part
To ſee ſo fair a face! ſo falſe a heart:
But mark the miſchief that this abſence brings;
His bed's defil'd, and the nuptial ſtrings,
Are ſtretcht and crackt: A ſecond love doth ſmother
Their firſt; and ſhe is wedded to another.

Meditat. 13.

WAs this that Womb the Angel did inlarge
From barrenneſs? and gave ſo ſtrict a charge?
Was this that Womb that muſt not be defil'd
With unclean meats, leſt it pollute the child?
Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite then,
Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?
Or may their vowes be ſo diſpens'd withal,
That they, who ſcarce may ſee a funeral,
Whoſe holy ſteps muſt beware to tread
Upon, or touch the carkaſs of the dead?
May theſe revenge their wrongs by blood? may theſe
Have power to kill, and murther where they pleaſe?
'Tis true, a holy Nazarite is forbid
To do ſuch things as this our Nazarite did:
He may not touch the bodies of the dead,
Without pollution: much leſs may ſhed
The blood of Man, or touch it being ſpilt,
Without the danger of a double guilt:
But who art thou that art an undertaker,
To queſtion with, or plead againſt thy Maker?
May not that God, that gave thee thy Creation,
Turn thee to nothing, by his diſpenſation?
He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands
It ſhall be kept with unpolluted hands;

Yet if he pleaſe to countermand again,
Man may ſecurely labour and not ſin:
A Nazarite is not allow'd to ſhed
The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;
But if the God of Nazarites bids kill,
He may, and be a holy Nazarite ſtill:
But ſtay, is God like Man? Or can he border
Upon confuſion, that's the God of order?
The Perſian Laws no time may contradict,
And are the Laws of God leſs firm and ſtrict?
An earthly Father wills his child to ſtand
And wait; within a while he gives command,
(Finding the weakneſs of his ſon oppreſt
With wearineſs) that he ſit down and reſt;
A God unconſtant then, becauſe he pleaſes
To altar, what he will'd us, for our eaſes?
Know likewiſe, O ungrateful fleſh and blood,
God limits his own glory for our good:
He is the God of mercy, and he prizes
Thine Aſſes life above his Sacrifices:
His Sabbath is his glory, and thy reſt:
He'll loſe ſome honour, ere thou loſe a beaſt.
Great God of mercy, O, how apt are we
To rob thee of thy due, that art ſo free
To give unaskt! teach me, O God, to know
What portion I deſerve, and tremble too,

THE ARGUMENT.

Sampſon *comes down to re-enjoy*
His wife: her father does withſtand:
For which he threatens to deſtroy
And ruine him, and all the land.

Sect. 14.

BUt *Sampson*, (yet not knowing what was past,
For wronged husbands ever are the last
That hear the news) thus with himself bethought;
It cannot be excus'd: It was a fault,
It was a foul one too: and, at first sight,
Too great for love, or pardon to aquit:
O, had it been a stranger, that betraid
Reposed secrets, I had only laid
The blame upon my unadvised tongue;
Or had a common friend, but done this wrong
To bosom trust, my patience might out-worn it;
I could endur'd, I could have easily born it;
But thus to be betrayed by a wife,
The parner of my heart; to whom my life,
My very soul was not esteemed dear,
Is more then flesh, is more than blood can bear:
But yet alas, She was but green and young,
And had not gain'd the conquest of her tongue;
Unseason'd vessels oft will find a leak
At first: but after hold: She is but weak;
Nay, cannot yet write woman; which, at best,
Is a frail thing: Alas, young things will quest
At every turn; indeed, to say the truth,
Her years could make it but a fault of youth
Sampson, return, and let that fault be set
Upon the score of youth: forgive, forget:
She is my wife; Her love hath power to hide
A fouler errour; why should I divide
My presence from her? There's no greater wrong
To love, than to be silent over-long:
Alas, poor soul! no doubt her tender eye
Hath wept enough; perchance she knows not why;

I'm turn'd so great a stranger to her bed,
And board: No doubt her empty eyes have shed
A world of tears; perchance, her guiltless thought
Conceives my absence, as a greater fault,
Than that of late, her harmless error did;
I'l go and draw a reconciling Kid
From the fair Flock, my feet shall never rest,
Till I repose me in my Brides fair brest:
He went, but e'r his speedy lips obtain'd
The merits of his haste, darkness had stain'd
The crystal brow of day; and gloomy night
Had spoil'd and rifled Heaven of all his light:
H' approacht thegates; but being entred in,
His careless welcome seem'd so cold and thin,
As if that silence meant, it should appear,
He was no other than a stranger there;
In every servants look he did espy
An easie copy of their Masters eye;
He call'd his wife, but she was gone to rest:
Unto her wonted chamber he addrest
His doubtfull steps; till by her Father staid,
Who taking him aside a little, said: *Son,*
It was the late espousal that do move
My tongue to use that title; not thy love:
'Tis true, there was a marriage lately past
Between my child and you; The knot was fast
And firmly tied, not subject to the force
Of any power, but death or else divorce:
For ought I saw, a mutual desire
Kindled your likings, and an equal fire
Of strong affection, joyned both your hands:
With the perpetual knot of nuptial bands:
Mutual delight, and equal joys attended
Your pleased hearts, until the feast was ended:
But then, I know no ground, (you know it best)
As if your loves were measur'd by the Feast,

The building fell, before the house did shake,
Loves fire was quencht, ere it began to flake;
All on a sudden were your joyes disseis'd;
Forsook your Bride, and went away displeas'd;
You left my child to the opprobrious tongues
Of open censure, whose malicious wrongs
(Maligning her fair merits) did defame
Her wounded honour, and unblemisht name;
I thought thy love, which was so strong of late,
Had on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate:
At length, when as your longer absence did
Confirm my thoughts, and time had quite forbid
Our hopes t' expect a re-access of love,
Thinking some new affection did remove
Your heart; and that some second choice might smother
The first; I matcht your Bride unto another!
If we have done amiss, the fault must be
Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me:
But if your easie loss may be redeem'd
With her fair Sister, (who, you know's esteem'd
More beautiful, than she, and younger too)
She shall be firmly joyn'd by nuptial vow,
And, by a present contract shall become
Thy faithful Spouse, in her lost Sisters room!
With that poor *Sampson*, like a man entranc'd:
And newly wakened, thus his voice advanc'd
Presumptuous Philistine! that dost proceed
From the base loins of that accursed seed,
Branded for slaughter, and mark'd out for death
And utter ruine this my thratning breath
Shall blast thy Nation; this revenging hand
Shall crush thy carcass, and thy cursed land;
I'e give thy flesh to Ravens; and ravenous Swine
Shall take that rank, and tainted blood of thine
For wash and swill, to quench their eager thirst,
Which they shall suck, and guzzle till they burst;

I'le burn your ſtanding Corn with flames of fire
That none ſhall quench; I'le drag ye in the mire
Of your own bloods, which ſhall o'rflow the land,
And make your paſture barren, as the ſand;
This ruthleſs arm ſhall ſmite, and never ſtay,
Until your land be turn'd a Golgotha;
And if my actions prove my words untrue,
Let Sampſon *die, and be accurs'd, as you.*

Meditat. 14.

GOD is the God of peace; and if my brother
Strike me on one cheek, muſt I turn the other?
God is the God of mercy; and his child
Muſt be, as he is, merciful and mild:
God is the God of Love; but ſinner know,
His love abus'd, he's God of vengeanee too.
Is God the God of vengeance? And may none
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?
What means this frantick Nazarite to take
God's Office from his hand, and thus to make
His wrongs amends? Who warrented his breath
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?
Curious Inquiſitor; when God ſhall ſtrike
By thy ſtout arm, thy arm may do the like:
His Parent gives him power to create
A deputy; to whom he doth collate
Aſſiſtant power, in ſufficient meaſure,
To excerciſe the office of his pleaſure;
A lawful Prince is God's Lieutenant here:
As great a Majeſty as fleſh can bear,
He is indued withal; in his bright eye
(Cloath'd in the flames of Majeſty) doth lie
Both life and death; into his royal heart
Heaven doth inſpire, and ſecretly impart

The

The treasure of his Laws: Into his hand
He throws his sword of Justice and Command;
He is God's Champion; where his voice bids kill
He must not fear t' imbrue his hands, and spill
Abundant blood; Who gives him power to do,
Will find him guiltless, and assist him too.
O, but let flesh and blood take heed, that none
Pretend God's quarrel, to revenge his own;
Malice and base revenge must step aside,
When heavens uprighter Battels must be tride,
Where carnal glory, or ambitious thirst
Of simple conquest, or revenge, does burst
Upon a neighbouring Kingdom; there to thrust
Into anothers crown, the war's not just;
'Tis but a private quarrel and bereft
Of lawful grounds; 'tis but a Princely theft:
But where the ground's Religion, to defend
Abused faith, let Princes there contend,
With dauntless courage: may their acts be glorious;
Let them go prosperous, and return victorious;
What if the grounds be mixt? Fear not to go;
Were not the grounds of *Sampson's* Combate so?
Go then with double courage and renown,
When God shall mix thy quarrels with his own;
'Tis a brave conflict, and a glorious Fray,
Where God and Princes shall divide the Prey.

THE ARGUMENT.

He burns their standing corn; makes void
their land: the Philistines enquire
The cause of all their evil; destroy'd
the Timnite *and his house with fire.*

Sect

Sect. 15.

AS rageing *Sampſon's* threatning language ceas'd
His reſolution of revenge increaſt;
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his deſire
Wanted no fuel to maintain her fire;
Paſſion grew hot and furious, whoſe delay
Of execution, was but taking day
For greater payment his revengeful heart
Boyl'd in his breaſt, whilſt Fury did impart
Her ready Councels whoſe imperious breath
Could whiſper nothing under blood and death:
Revenge was ſtudious, quickened his conceit,
And ſcrew'd her engines to the very height:
At length when time had rip'nd his deſires,
And puffing rage had blown his ſecret fires
To open flame now ready for confuſion,
He thus began to tempt his firſt concluſion;
The patient Angler firſt provides his bait,
Before his eyes can teach him to await
Th' enjoyment of his long expected prey;
Revengeful *Sampſon*, e're he can appay
His wrong with timely vengeance, muſt intend
To gain the inſtruments to work his end;
He plants the engines, hides his ſnares about,
Pitches his toiles, finds new devices out,
To tangle wily Foxes! in few days
(That land had ſtore) his ſtudious hand betrays
A leaſh of hundreds, which he thus imploys
As Agents in his raſhful enterprize;
With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether
He joins and couples tail and tail together,
And every thong bound in a Brand of fire,
So made by Art, that motion would inſpire

Continual

Continual flames, and as the motion ceast,
The thrifty blaze would then retire and rest
In the close brand, until a second strife
Gave it new motion, and that motion, life:
Soon as these coupled Messengers receiv'd
Their fiery Errant, though they were bereav'd
Of power to make great hast, they make good speed
Their thoughts were differing, though their tails agreed;
T' one drags and draws to th' East, the other West;
One fit they run, another while they rest:
T' one skulks and snarls, th' other tugs and hales;
At length both flee with fire-brans in their tails;
And in the top and height of all their speed,
T' one stops, before the other be agreed,
The other puls, and drags his fellow back,
Whil'st both their tails were tortur'd on the rack;
At last both weary of their warm Embassage,
Their better ease descry'd a fairer passage;
And time hath taught their wiser thoughts to joyn
More close, and travel in a straighter line:
Into the open Champion they divide
Their strangling paces (where the plough-mans pride
Found a fair object in his rip'ned Corn;
Whereof some part was reapt, some stood unshorn)
Sometimes the fiery travellers would seek
Protection beneath a swelling Reek;
But soon that harbour grew too hot for stay
Affording only light to run away;
Sometimes, the full ear'd standing-wheat must cover
And hide their flames; and there the flame would hover
About their ears, and send them to enquire
A cooler place; but there the flaming fire
Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd away;
Thus doubtful where to go, or where to stay,
They range about; flee forward, then retire;
Now here, now there, where e'r they come they fire:

Nothing

Nothing was left, that was not loſt and burn'd;
And now that fruitful land of Jewrie's turn'd
A heap of Aſhes; thar fair land while ere
Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every ear
With news of plenty, and of bleſt increaſe,
(The joyful iſſue of a happy peace)
See how it lies in her own ruines, void
Of all her happineſs, diſguis'd, deſtroy'd.
With that the Philiſtines, whoſe ſad relief,
And comforts deeply buried in their grief,
Began to queſtion (they did all partake
In th' irrecoverable loſs) and ſpake;
What curſed brand of hell? what more than devil?
What envious miſcreant hath done this evil?
Whereto, one ſadly ſtanding by, repli'd:
It was that curſed Sampſon *(whoſe fair Bride*
Was lately raviſht from his abſence breaſt
By her falſe father) who before the feaſt
Of nuptial was a moneth expir'd, and done,
By ſecond marriage, own'd another Son:
For which this Sampſon, *heav'd from off the hinge*
Of his loſt reaſon, ſtudied this revenge,
That Timnites *falſhood wrought this deſolation;*
Sampſon *the Actor was, but he th' occaſion.*
With that they all conſulted to proceed
In height of juſtice to revenge this deed:
Sampſon, whoſe hand was the immediate cauſe
Of this foul act, is ſtronger than their lawes;
Him they refer to time, for his proud hand
May bring a ſecond ruine to their Land:
The curſed *Timnite*, he that did divide
The lawful Bridegroom from his lawful Bride,
And mov'd the patience of ſo ſtrong a foe,
To bring theſe evils, and work their overthrow,
To him they haſte; and with reſolv'd deſire
Of blood, they burn his houſe, and him with fire.

Meditat.

Meditat. 15.

DOſt thou not tremble? does thy troubled ear
Not tingle? not thy ſpirits faint to hear
The voice of thoſe, whoſe dying ſhrieks proclaim
Their tortures, that are broyling in the flame?
She, whoſe illuſtrious beauty did not know
Where to be matcht, but one poor hour ago:
She, whoſe fair eyes were apt to make man err,
From his known faith, and turn Idolater:
She, whoſe fair cheeks, inricht with true complexion;
Seem'd beauties ſtore-houſe of her juſt perfection;
See, how ſhe lies, ſee, how this beauty lies,
A foul offence unto thy loathing eyes:
A fleſhly Cinder, lying on the floore
Stark naked, had it not been covered o're
With baſhful ruines, which were fallen down
From the conſumed roof, and rudely thrown
On this half roaſted earth. O, canſt thou read
Her double ſtory, and thy heart not bleed!
What art thou more, than ſhe? Tell me wherein
Art thou more privileg'd? Or can thy ſin
Plead more t' excuſe it? Art thou fair, and young?
Why, ſo was ſhe: Were thy temptations ſtrong?
Why, ſo were hers: What canſt thou plead, but ſhe
Had power to plead the ſame, as well as thee?
Nor was't her death alone, could ſatisfie
Revenge; her father, and his houſe muſt die:
Unpuniſht crimes do often bring them in,
That were no leſs, than ſtrangers to the ſin:
Eli muſt die, becauſe his fair reproof
Of too foul ſin, was not auſtere enough.
Was vengeance now appeas'd? Hath not the crime
Paid a ſufficient Int'reſt for the time?

Remove

Remove thine eye to the Philiſtian fields,
See what increaſe their fruitful harveſt yields;
There's nothing there, but a confuſed heap
Of ruinous Aſhes: There's no corn to reap.
Behold the poiſon of unpuniſht ſin,
For which the very earth's accurſt agin:
Famine muſt act her part; her griping hand,
For one man's ſin muſt puniſh all the Land;
Is vengenace now appeas'd? Hath ſin given o'r
To cry for plagues? Muſt vengeance yet have more?
O, now th' impartial ſword muſt come, and ſpill
The blood of ſuch as famine could not kill.
The language of unpuniſht ſin cries loud,
It roares for Juſtice, and it muſt have blood:
Famine muſt follow, where the fire begun;
The ſword muſt end what both have left undone.
Juſt God! our ſins do dare thee to thy face;
Our ſcore is great, our *Ephah* fils apace;
The leaden cover threatens every minute,
To cloſe the *Ephah* and our ſins within it.
Turn back thine eye: Let not thine eye behold:
Such vile pollutions, let thy vengeance hold:
Look on thy dying Son, there ſhalt thou ſpie
An object that's more fitter for thine eye;
His ſufferings (Lord) are far above our ſins.
O, look thou there; ere Juſtice arm begins
T'unſheath her ſword: O, let one precious drop
Fall from that pierced ſide, and that will ſtop
The eares of vengeance, from that clamorous voice
Of our loud ſins, which make ſo great a noiſe:
O ſend that drop, before Revenge begins,
And that will cry far louder, than our ſins.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

He makes a ſlaughter; doth remove
To Etan's *Rock, where, to re-pay him*
The wrongs that he had done, they move
The men of Judah *to betray him.*

Sect. 16.

THus when th' accurs'd Philiſtians had appaid
The *Timnites* ſin, with ruine: and betraid
Th' unjuſt Offenders to their fierce deſire,
And burn'd their curſed family with fire:
Sampſon, the greatneſs of whoſe debt deni'd
So ſhort a payment: and whoſe wrongs yet cri'd
For further vengeance, to be further laid
Upon the ſin-conniving Nation, ſaid:
Unjuſt Philiſtians, you that could behold
So capital a crime, and yet with-hold
This well deſerved puniſhment ſo long:
Which made you partners in their ſin, my wrong;
Had ye at firſt, when as the fault was young,
Before that time had lent her clamorous tongue
So great a ſtrength to call for ſo much blood;
O, had your early Juſtice but thought good
To ſtrike in time! Nay, had you then deviſ'd
Some eaſier puniſhment, it had ſuffic'd:
But now it comes too late, the ſin has cried,
Till Heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:
Nay, had the ſin but ſpar'd to roar ſo loud,
A drop had ſerv'd, when now a tide of blood
Will hardly ſtop her mouth:
Had ye done this betimes! But now, this hand,
Muſt plague your perſons, and afflict your land.

Have ye beheld a youth-inſtructing Tutor,
(Whoſe wiſdom's ſeldom ſeen but in the future)
When well-deſerved puniſhment ſhall call
For the delinquent Boy; how firſt of all,
He preaches fairly; then proceeds auſterer
To the foul crime, whil'ſt the ſuſpicious hearer
Trembles at every word, until at length,
His language being ceas'd, th' unwelcome ſtrength
Of his rude arm, that often proves too raſh
Strikes home, and fetches blood at every laſh:
Even ſo ſtout *Sampſon*, whoſe more gentle tongue
In eaſie terms doth firſt declare the wrong,
Injuſtice did, then tells the evil effects
That man's connivence, and unjuſt neglects
Does often bring upon th' afflicted Land:
But, at the laſt, upheaves his ruthleſs hand;
He hews, he hacks, and fury being guide,
His unreſiſted power doth divide
From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft,
Where-e'r it ſtruck: It ſlew, and never left
Until his fleſh-deſtroying arm, at length,
Could find no ſubject where t' imploy his ſtrength;
Here ſtands a Head-ſtrong Steed, whoſe fainting guider
Drops down; another drags his wounded Rider:
Now here, now there, his frantick arm would thunder,
And at one ſtroke cleaves man and horſe in ſunder,
In whoſe mixt blood his hands would oft imbrue,
And whereſoe'r they did but touch, they ſlew:
There's no employment for the Surgeons trade,
All wounds were mortal that his weapon made;
There's none was left, but dying, or elſe dead,
And onely they that ſcap'd his fury, fled;
The ſlaughter ended, the proud Victor paſt
Through the afflicted Land, until at laſt,
He comes to *Judah*, where he pitcht his Tent,
At the Rock *Etan*; there ſome time he ſpent;

He ſpent not much, till the Philiſtian band
That found ſmall comfort in their waſted Land,
Came up to *Judah*, and there pitcht not far
From *Sampſon's* Tent, their hands were arm'd to war:
With that the Men of *Judah*, ſtruck with fear,
To ſee ſo great an Army; ſtraight drew near
To the ſaid Camp; who, after they had made
Some ſigns of a continued peace, they ſaid:

What new deſigns have brought your Royal Band
Upon the Borders of our peaceful Land?
What ſtrange adventures, what diſaſt'rous weather
Drove you this way? what, buſineſs brought you hither?
Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive
An evil againſt your Servants: what we have,
Is yours; the peaceful plenty of the Land,
And we are yours, and at your own command:
Why? to what purpoſe are you pleas'd to ſhew us
Your ſtrength? Why bring you thus an Army to us?
Are not your yearly Tributes juſtly paid?
Have we not kept our vows? have we delai'd
Our faithful Service or deny'd to do it,
When you have pleas'd to call your Servants to it?
Have we at any time, upon your tryal,
Shrunk from their plighted faith, or prov'd diſloyal?
If that proud Sampſon *have abus'd your Land;*
'Tis not our faults: Alas we had no hand
In his deſigns; we lent him no relief;
No aid; no, we were partners in your grief.

Whereto the Philiſtines, whoſe hopes rely'd
Upon their fair aſſiſtance, thus reply'd

Fear not, ye men of Judah, *Our intentions*
Are not to wrong your Peace: Your apprehenſions
Are too too timorous; our deſires are bent
Againſt the common Foe, whoſe hands have ſpent
Our laviſh blood, and robb'd our waſted Land
Of all her joys: 'Tis he our armed Band

Expect

uits, and follows: He is cloyſtred here,
in your Quarters: Let your faiths appear
w in your loyal actions, and convay
e skulking Rebel to us, that we may
nge our blood, which he hath waſted thus,
d do to him, as he hath done to us.

Meditat. 16.

t was a ſharp revenge; but was it juſt?
Shall one man ſuffer for another? Muſt
e Childrens teeth be ſet on edge, becauſe
eir Fathers eat the Grapes? Are heavens Law;
ſtrict? whoſe lips did, with a promiſe, tell,
at no ſuch Law ſhould paſs in *Iſrael*:
cauſe the injurious *Timnites* treacherous hand
mmits the fault, muſt *Sampſon* ſcourge the Land?
is a furious plague, and it infects
e next inhabitant, if he neglects
e means t' avoid it: 'Tis not becauſe he ſins
at thou art puniſht: No, it then begins
infect thy ſoul, when thou a ſtander by,
prov'ſt it not: or when thy careleſs eye
ghts it as nothing: If a ſin of mine
ieve not thy wounded ſoul, it becomes thine.
ink ye that God commits the Sword of power
o the hands of Magiſtrates, to ſcower
d keep it bright? Or onely to advance
yet unknown Authority; Perchance.
e glorious Hilt and Scabbard make a ſhow
ſerve his turn; have it a blade, or no,
neither knows, nor cares: Is this mad fit
obtain ſo great an honour, as to ſit
God's Lieutenant, and to puniſh ſin?
ow leaden Magiſtrates, and know agin,

Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dy'd
In guilty blood, not to be laid aside
At the request of friends, or for base fear,
Lest when your honour's ended with the year,
Ye may be baffled: tis not enough that you
Find bread by weight, or that the weights be true:
'Tis not enough, that every foul disorder
Must be referr'd to your more wise Recorder:
The charge is given to you, you must return
A fair account, or else, the Land must mourn;
You keep your swords too long a season in,
And God strikes us, because you strike not sin:
Y' are too remiss, and want a resolution:
Good lawes lie dead, for lack of execution:
An oath is grown so bold, that it will laugh
The easie act too scorn; Nay, we can quaff
And reel with privilege: and we can trample
Upon your shame-shrunk cloaks, by your example:
You are too dull: too great offences pass
Untoucht; God loves no service from the Ass;
Rouze up, O use the spur, and spare the bridle,
God strikes, because your swords and you are idle:
Grant Lord that every one may mend a fault;
And then our Magistrates may stand for naught.

THE ARGUMENT.

The faithless men of Judah *went*
To make him subject to their Band:
They bound him by his own consent,
And brought him pris'ner to their hand

Sect. 17.

o said, the men of *Judah* (whose base fear
Taught them to open an obedient ear
o their revengeful and unjust request)
cept the treacherous motion, and addrest
eir slavish thoughts to put in execution
e subject of their servile resolution:
ith that, three thousand of their ablest men
e soon imploy'd; to the fierce Lyons den
y come, (yet daring not approach too near)
send his louder language to his ear;
Victorious Sampson, *whose renowned facts*
e made the world a Register of thy acts;
ut Army of men, the wonder of whose power
us thee the title of a walking Tower,
y hast thou thus betray'd us to the hand
the curs'd Philistines? Thou knew'st our Land
owt it self to thee, there's none can claim
great an interest in our hearts: thy name,
y highly honour'd name for ever bears
welcome Account in our joyful ears;
w the times are dangerous, and a Band
proud Philistians quarter in our Land,
for thy sake the tyranny of their tongues
newly threatned to revenge their wrongs
n our peaceful lives: Their lips have vow'd
sworn to salve their injuries with blood;
r jealous fury hollows in our ears,
'l plague our Land, as thou hast plagued theirs:
refuse to do their fierce command,
bring not Sampson *prisoner to their hand*;
, thou know'st our servile necks must bow
eir imperious Yoke; Alas, our vow

Of loyalty is paſt: If they bid, Do,
We muſt; or loſe our lands and our lives too:
Were but our lives in hazard, or if none
Should feel the ſmart of death, but we alone,
Wee'd turn thy Martyrs, rather than obey'm.
Wee'd die with Sampſon, *ſooner than betray'm;*
But we have Wives and Children, that muſt be
The ſubjects of their rage, as well as we:
Wherefore ſubmit thy perſon, and fulfill
What we deſire ſo much againſt our will:
Alas, our griefs in equal poiſure lie;
Yield, and thou dieſt; yield not, and we muſt die.
Whereto ſad *Sampſon*, whoſe fair thoughts did guide
His lips to fairer language, thus reply'd:
Ye Men of Judah, *what diſtruſtful thought*
Of ſingle Sampſon's *violence hath brought*
So great a ſtrength, as if you meant t' o'rthrow
Some mighty Monarch, or ſurprize a Foe!
Your eaſie errand might as well been done
By two or three, or by the lips of one;
The meaneſt child of holy Iſrael's *ſeed*
Might conquer'd Sampſon *with a bruiſed reed:*
Alas! the boldneſs of your welcome words
Need no protection of theſe ſtaves and ſwords:
Brethren, the intention of my coming hither
Was not to wrong you, or deprive you, either
Of lives or goods, or of your pooreſt due;
My ſelf is cheaper to my ſelf, than you;
My coming is on more fair deſign,
I come to cruſh your tyrannous foes, and mine,
I come to free your countrey, and recall
Your ſervile ſhoulders from the ſlaviſh thrall
Of the proud Philiſtines; and with this hand
To make you freemen in your promis'd Land;
But you are come to bind me, and betray
Your faithful Champion to thoſe hands, that lay

Per-

erpetual burthens on, which daily vex
our galled ſhoulders, and your ſervile necks:
he wrongs theſe curſed Philiſtines have done
y ſimple innocence, have quite out-run
y eaſie patience: if my arm may right
y too much injur'd ſufferance, and requite
hat they have done to me, it would appeaſe
y raging thoughts, and give my tortures eaſe;
ut ye are come to bind me; I ſubmit;
yield; and if my bondage will acquit
our new-born fears, 'tis well: But they that do
ttempt to ruine me, will ranſack you:
irſt, you ſhall firmly engage your plighted troth,
y the acceptance of a ſacred oath,
hat when I ſhall be pris'ner to your Bands,
may not ſuffer violence by your hands.

With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and ſaid,

Then let the God of Jacob *ceaſe to bleſs*
he Tribe of Judah *with a fair ſucceſs,*
n ought they put their curſed hand unto,
nd raze their ſeed, if we attempt to do
ound Sampſon *violence: And if this curſe*
e not ſufficient, Heaven contrive a worſe.

With that the willing pris'ner joyn'd his hands,
To be ſubjected to their ſtronger Bands:
With treble twiſted cords, that never tried
The twitch of ſtrength, their buſie fingers tied
His ſinewy wriſts which being often wound
About his beating pulſe, they brought him bound
To the forefront of the Philiſtian Band,
And left him captive in their curſed hand.

Meditat. 17.

O What a pearl is hidden in this field,
Whose orient lustre, and perfections yield
So great a treasure, that the Eastern Kings,
With all the wealth, their colder Clymate brings,
Ne'r saw the like! It is a pearl, whose glory
Is the diviner subject of a story,
Penn'd by an Angels quill; not understood
By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood!
Unkind *Judeans*, what have you presented
Before your eyes? O, what have you attented!
He that was born on purpose to release
His life for yours, to bring your Nation peace;
To turn your mournings into joyful Songs;
To fight your battels, to revenge your wrongs;
Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made
This day your pris'ner; Him have you betraid
To death; O, he whose sinewy arm had power
To crush you all to nothing, and to shower
Down strokes like Thunder-bolts, whose blasting breath
Might in a moment puft you all to death,
And made ye fall before his frowning brow,
See how he goes away, betray'd by you!
Thou great Redeemer of the world! whose Blood
Hath power to save more worlds, than *Noah's* Flood
Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art
The *Sampson* of our souls! How can the heart
Of man give thanks enough, that does not know
How much his death-redeemed soul does owe
To thy dear merits? We can apprehend
No more than flesh and blood does recommend
To our confined thoughts: Alas, we can
Conceive thy love, but as the love of man:

We

We cannot tell the horrour of that pain
Thou boughtst us from; nor can our hearts attain
Those joys that thou hast purchas'd in our name,
Nor yet the price thou paidst; our thoughts are lame
And craz'd; Alas, things mortal have no might,
No means to comprehend an Infinite:
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger,
In a poor Stable; We can see the danger
The *Tetrarch*'s fury made thee subject to;
We can conceive thy poverty; We know
Thy blessed hands that might been freed were bound;
We know, alas, thy bleeding brows were crown'd
With pricking thorns; thy body torn with whips;
Thy palms impierc'd with ragged nails; Thy lips
Saluted with a Traytor's kiss; thy Brows
Sweating forth blood; thy oft-repeated blows;
Thy fastening to the Cross; thy shameful death;
These outward tortures all come underneath;
Our dull conceits: but what thy blessed Soul
(That bore the burthen of our guilt, and Scroul
Of all our sins, horrid pains of Hell)
O, what that soul endur'd, what soul can tell?

THE ARGUMENT.

He breaks their Bands; and with a Bone
A thousand Philistians he slew:
He thirsted; fainted; made his moan
To Heaven; He drinks; his spirits renew.

Sect. 18.

THus, when the glad Philistians had'obtain'd
The sum of all their hopes, they entertain'd

The

The welcome Pris'ner with a greater noiſe
Of triumph, than the greatneſs of their joys
Required: Some with ſudden death would greet
The new-come Gueſt; whil'ſt others, more diſcreet,
With lingring pains, and tortures more exact,
Would force him to diſcover, in the Fact,
Who his Abbettors were: others gainſaid
That courſe, for fear a reſcue may be made:
Some cry, *'Tis fitteſt that th' Offender bleed*
There, where his curſed hands had done the deed:
Others cried *No, where fortune hath conſign'd him,*
We'll kill him: Beſt to kill him where we find him:
Thus variouſly they ſpent their doubtful breath,
At laſt they all agreed on ſudden death;
There's no contention now, but onely who
Shall ſtrike the firſt, or give the ſpeeding blow.
Have ye beheld a ſingle thred of flax,
Touch'd by the fire, how the fire cracks
With eaſe, and parts the tender twine in ſunder:
Even ſo, as the firſt arm began to thunder
Upon the Pris'ners life, he burſt the Bands,
From his ſtrong wriſts, and freed his loos'ned hands;
He ſtoop'd, from off the blood-expecting graſs,
He ſnatcht the crooked Jaw-bone of an Aſs;
Wherewith his fury dealt ſuch down-right blows
So oft redoubled, that it overthrows
Man after man; and being ring'd about
With the diſtracted, and amazed Rout
Of rude Philiſtians, turn'd his body round:
And in a cirle dings them to the ground:
Each blow had proof; for where the Jaw-bone miſt,
The furious Champion wounded with his fiſt:
Betwixt them both his Fury did uncaſe
A thouſand ſouls, which in that fatal place,
Had left their ruin'd carkaſſes, to feaſt
The fleſh-devouring fowl, and rav'nous beaſt:

With

With that the Conqueror, that now had fed
And surfeted his eye upon the dead
His hand had slain, sat down; and having flung
His purple weapon by, triumph'd and sung:

SAmpson *rejoyce: Be fill'd with mirth;*
Let all Judea *know,*
And tell the Princes of the Earth:
How strong an arm hast thou:
How has thy deed enricht the Land,
And purpled o'r the grass,
That hadst no weapon in thy hand,
But the Jaw-bone of an Ass!
How does thy strength, and high renown,
The glory of men surpass!
Thine arm hath struck a thousand down
With the Jaw-bone of an Ass:
Let Sampson's *glorious name endure,*
Till time shall render One,
Whose greater glory shall obscure
The glory thou hast won.

His Song being ended, rising from the place
Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthless face
Upon those heaps his direful hands had made,
And op'ning of his thirsty lips he said:

Great God of conquest, thou, by whose command
The heart received courage, and this hand
Strength to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfil
The secret motion of thy sacred will;
What shall thy Champion perish now with thirst?
Thou know'st I have done nothing, but what first
Was warranted by thy command: 'Twas thou
That gave my spirit boldness, and my brow
A resolution; 'tis mine arm did do
No more, than what thou didst enjoin me to:

And

And shall I die for thirst? O thou that sav'd
Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd
Upon my life: by whom I have subdu'd
Thy curs'd enemies, and have imbru'd
My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tide
Of guilty blood! Lord, shall I be deni'd
A draught of cooling water to allay
The tyranny of my thirst? I, that this day
Have labour'd in thy Vineyard, rooted out
So many weeds, whose lofty crests did sprout
Above thy trodden vines; What, shall I die
For want of Water, thou the Fountain by?
I know that thou wert here, for had'st thou not
Suppli'd my arm with strength, I ne'r had got
So strange a victory: Hath thy servant taken
Thy work in hand, and is he not forsaken?
Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthned hand
Shall scourge thy Foe-men, and secure thy Land
From slavish bondage? will that arm of thine
Make me their slave, whom thou hast promis'd mine?
Bow down thy ear, and hear my needful cry;
O quench my thirst, great God, or else I die.
With that the Jaw, wherewith his arm had laid
So many sleeping in the dust, obey'd
The voice of God, and cast a tooth, from whence
A sudden spring arose, whose confluence
Of chrystal waters; plenteously disburst
Their precious streams, and so allay'd his thirst.

Meditat. 18.

THE Jaw-bone of an Ass! how poor a thing
God makes his pow'rful Instrument, to bring
Some honour to his Name, and to advance
His greater glory? Came this Bone by chance

To

To *Sampſon's* hand? Or could the Army go
No further? but muſt needs expect a Foe
Juſt where his weapon of deſtruction lay?
Was there no fitter place for them to ſtay
But even juſt there: how ſmall a thing't had bin
(If they had been ſo provident) to win
The day with eaſe? Had they but taken thence
That curſed bone, what colour of defence
Had *Sampſon* found? Or how could he withſtood
The neceſſary danger of his blood:
Where Heav'n doth pleaſe to ruine, humane wit
Muſt fail, and deeper policy muſt ſubmit:
There wiſdom muſt be fool'd, and ſtrength of brain
Muſt work againſt it ſelf, or work in vain:
The track that ſeems moſt likely, often leads
To death; and where ſecurity moſt pleads,
Their dangers in their faireſt ſhapes appear,
And give us not ſo great a help, as fear:
The things we leaſt ſuſpect, are often they,
That moſt effect our ruine, and betray:
Who would have thought, the ſilly Aſſes Bone,
Not worth the ſpurning, ſhould have overthrown
So ſtout a Band? Heav'n oftentimes thinks beſt
To overcome the greateſt with the leaſt:
He gains moſt glory in things that are moſt flight,
And wins in honour, what they want in might:
Who would have thought that *Sampſon's* deadly thirſt
Should have been quencht with waters, that did burſt
And flow from that dry Bone? who would not think
The thirſty Conqueror, for want of drink,
Should have firſt died? what mad-man could preſume
So dry a tooth ſhould yield ſo great a Rhume?
God does not work like man; nor is he tide
To outward means: His pleaſure is his guide,
Not Reaſon: He that is the God of nature,
Can work againſt it: He that is Creator

Of

Of all things, can diſpoſe them, to attend
His will, forgetting their created end:
He, whoſe Almighty power did ſupply
This Bone with water, made the Read Sea dry.
Great God of Nature, 'tis as great an eaſe,
For thee to alter nature, if thou pleaſe,
As to create it; Let that hand of thine
Shew forth thy power, and pleaſe to alter mine:
My ſins are open, but my ſorrow's hid;
I cannot drench my Couch, as *David* did;
My brains are marble, and my heart is ſtone:
O ſtrike mine eyes, as thou didſt ſtrike that Bone.

THE ARGUMENT.

He lodgeth with a Harlot; Wait
Is laid, and Guards are pitcht about:
He bears away the City Gate
Upon his ſhoulders, and goes out.

Sect. 19.

THus when victorious *Sampſon* had unliv'd
This Hoaſt of armed men; and had reviv'd
His fainting ſpirits; and refreſht his tongue
With thoſe ſweet chryſtal ſtreams, that lately ſprung
From his neglected weapon, he aroſe
(Secur'd from the tyranny of his Foes
By his Heaven-borrowed ſtrength) and boldly came
To a Philiſtian City, known by th' name
Of *Azza*; where, as he was paſſing by,
The careleſs Champion caſt his wandring eye
Upon a face, whoſe beauty did invite
His wanton heart to wonder and delight:

Her

Her curious hair was criſp'd: Her naked breſt
Was white as Ivory, and fairly dreſt
With coſtly Jewels; in her glorious face
Nature was hidden, and diſſembled grace
Damaſkt her roſie cheeks: her eyes did ſparke:
At every glance, like Diamonds in the dark:
Bold was her brow; whoſe frown was but a foil
To glorifie her better-pleaſing ſmile;
Her pace was careleſs, ſeeming to diſcover
The paſſions of a diſcontented Lover:
Sometime her op'ned Caſement gives her eye
A twinkling paſſage to the paſſer by;
And when her fickle fancy had given o'r
That place, ſhe comes and wantons at the door;
There *Sampſon* view'd her, and his ſteps could find
No further ground; but (guided by his mind)
Caſt Anchor there. Have thy obſerving eyes
E'r mark'd the Spiders garb, how cloſe ſhe lies
Within her curious webb; and by and by
How quick ſhe haſtes to her entangled Fly;
And whiſp'ring poiſon in her murm'ring ears,
At laſt ſhe tugs her ſilent gueſt, and bears
His hamper'd body to the inner room
Of her obſcure, and ſolitary Home:
Even ſo this ſnaring beauty entertains
Our eye-lid *Sampſon*, hamper'd with the chains
Of her imperious eyes; and he, that no man
Could conquer, now lies conquer'd by a woman:
Fair was his welcome, and as fairly expreſt
By his delicious language, which profeſt
No leſs affection, than ſo ſweet a friend
Could, with her beſt expreſſions, recommend;
Into her glorious chamber ſhe directs
Her welcome gueſt, and with her fair reſpects
She entertains him; with a bounteous kiſs,
She gives him earneſt of a greater bliſs;

And

And with a brazen countenance, she brake
The way to her unchast desires, and spake:
Mirror of mankind, thou selected flower
Of love's fair knot, welcome to Flora's *Bower;*
Chear up my love; and look upon these eyes,
Wherein my beauty, and thy picture lies;
Come, take me pris'ner in thy folded arms;
And boldly strike up sprightly loves alarms;
Upon these ruby lips, and let us try
The sweets of love; Here's none but thee, and I;
My beds are softest Down, and purest Lawn
My Sheets; my Vallents and my Curtains drawn
In Gold and Silks of curious Die: Behold,
My Coverings are of Tap'stry, enricht with Gold;
Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleasure;
My husband's absence lends me dainty leisure
To give thee welcome; come, let's spend the night
In sweet enjoyment of unknown delight.
Her words prevail'd: And being both undrest,
Together went to their defiled rest.
By this, the news of *Sampson's* being there
Possest the City, and fill'd every ear:
His death is plotted; And advantage lends
New hopes of speed: An armed Guard attends
At every Gate, that when the breaking day
Shall send him forth, expecting forces may
Betray him to his sudden death; and so
Revenge their Kingdoms ruins at a blow:
But lustful *Sampson* (whose distrustful ears
Kept open house) was now possest with fears:
He hears a whisp'ring, and the trampling feet
Of people passing in the silent Street;
He, whom undaunted courage lately made
A glorious Conqueror, is now afraid;
His conscious heart is smitten with his sin;
He cannot chuse but fear, and fear again:

He

He ſears; and now the terrible alarms
Of ſin do call him from th' unlawful arms
And lips of his luxurious Concubine;
Bids him ariſe from dalliance, and reſign
The uſurpation of his lukewarm place
To ſome new ſinner, whoſe leſs dangerous eaſe
May lend more leiſure to ſo foul a deed:
Sampſon with greater and unwonted ſpeed
Leaps from his wonted bed; his fears do preſs
More haſte to cloath, than luſt did to undreſs;
He makes no tarriance, but with winged haſte,
Beſtrides the ſtreet, and to the gates he paſt,
And through the armed troups he made his way;
Bears gates, and bars, and pillars all away;
So ſcap'd the rage of the *Philiſtian* band,
That ſtill muſt owe his ruine to their land.

Meditat. 19.

HOW weak, at ſtrongeſt, is poor fleſh and blood!
Sampſon, the greatneſs of whoſe power withſtood
A little world of armed men, with death,
Muſt now be foyled with a womans breath:
The mother ſometimes lets her Infant fall,
To make it hold the ſurer by the wall:
God lets his ſervant often go amiſs,
That he may turn and ſee how weak he is,
David that found an overflowing meaſure
Of Heavens high favours, and as great a treaſure
Of ſaving grace, and portion of the Spirit,
As fleſh and blood was able to inherit,
Muſt have a fall to exerciſe his fears,
And make him drown his reſtleſs couch with tears:
Wiſe *Solomon*, within whoſe heart was planted
A fruitful ſtock of heavenly wiſdom, wanted

Not that, whereby her weakneſs underſtood
The perfect vanity of fleſh and blood:
Whoſe hand ſeem'd prodigal of his *Iſaac's* life,
He durſt not truſt God's Providence with his wife:
The righteous *Lot* had ſlidings: holy *Paul*
He had his prick; and *Peter* had his fall:
The ſacred Bride, in whoſe fair face remains
The greateſt earthly beauty, hath her ſtains:
If man were perfect and intirely good,
He were not man, he were not fleſh and blood:
Or ſhould he never fall, he would at length,
Not ſee his weakneſs, and preſume in ſtrength:
Ere children know the ſharpneſs of the edge,
They think their fingers have a priviledge
Againſt a wound; but having felt the knife,
A bleeding finger ſometimes ſaves a life.
Lord, we are children, and our ſharp-edg'd knives,
Together with our blood, let out our lives;
Alas, if we but draw them from the ſheath,
They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.
Thou great Chyrurgion of a bleeding ſoul,
Whoſe ſovereign balm, is able to make whole
The deepeſt wound, thy ſacred ſalve is ſure;
We cannot bleed ſo faſt as thou canſt cure:
Heal thou our wounds, that having ſalv'd the ſore
Our hearts may fear, and learn to ſin no more;
And let our hands be ſtrangers to thoſe knives,
That wound not fingers onely, but our lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

He falls in league with Delila:
The Nobles bribe her to diſcover
Her Sampſon's *ſtrength, and learn the way*
To bind her arm-prevailing Lover.

Sect.

Sect. 20.

NOT far from *Azza*, in a fruitful Valley
Cloſe by a brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams did dalley
With the ſweet boſom of the wanton ſands,
Whoſe winding current parts the neighb'ring Lands,
And often waſhes the beloved ſides
Of her delightful banks, with gentle tides:
There dwealt a *Beauty*, in whoſe Sun-bright eye
Love ſate inthron'd, and full of Majeſty,
Sent forth ſuch glorious eye-ſurprizing rays,
That ſhe was thought the wonder of her days:
Her name was called *Delila*, the fair;
Thither did amorous *Sampſon* oft repair,
And with the piercing flame of her bright eye,
He toy'd ſo long; that like a wanton Flie
He burnt his luſtful wings, and ſo became
The ſlaviſh pris'ner to that conquering flame:
She aſkt and had: There's nothing was too high
For her to beg, or *Sampſon* to deny:
Who now but *Delila*? what name can raiſe
And crown his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's*?
All time's miſpent, each hour is caſt away,
That's not imploy'd upon his *Delila*:
Gifts muſt be given to *Delila*: No coſt,
If ſweeteſt *Delila* but ſmile, is loſt:
No joy can pleaſe, no happineſs can crown
His beſt deſires, if *Delila* but frown:
No good can bleſs his amorous heart, but this,
He's *Delila's*, and *Delila* is his.
Now when the louder breath of fame had blown
Her news-proclaiming Trumpet, and made known
His lovers paſſion to the joyful ears
Of the cow'd *Philiſtines*; their nimble fears

Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect
So fair advantage, which may bring t' effect
Their best desires, and right their wasted land
Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand:
With that some few of the *Philistian* Lords
Repair to *Delila*, with baited words
They tempt the frailty of the simple Maid,
And having sworn her to their Counsel, said:

Fair Delila, *thou canst not choose but know*
The miseries of our Land: whose ruines show
The danger, whereinto not we, but all,
If thou deny thy helpful hand, must fall:
Those fruitful fields, that offer'd, but of late,
Their plenteous favours to our prosperous State;
See how they lie a ruinous heap, and void
Of all their plenty, wasted, and destroy'd:
Our common foe hath sported with our lives
Hath slain our children, and destroy'd our wives:
Alas, our poor distressed Land doth groan
Under that mischief that his hands have done;
Widows implore thee, and poor Orphans tongues
Call to fair Delila *to right their wrongs*
It lies in thee to help; thy helpful hand
May have the glory to revenge thy Land;
For which our thankful Nation shall allow
Not onely honour, but reward; and thou,
From every hand that's present here, shalt gain
Above a thousand Sickles for thy pain.

To whom fair *Delila*, whom reward had ty'd
To satisfie her own desires, repli'd; [*My Lords*

My humble service I acknowledge due,
First to my native Country, next to you:
If Heaven and fortune have inricht my hand
With so much power to relieve our Land,
When ere your Honors please to call me to it,
Believe it, Delila *shall dye, or do it:*

Sa

Say then (my Lord's) wherein my power may do
This willing service to my land, or you
Thou know'st (say they) no forces can withstand
The mighty strength of curs'ed Sampson's hand;
He ruines Armies, and does overthrow
Our greatest bands, nay, Kingdoms at a blow;
The limits of his, more than manly, powers
Are not confin'd, nor is his arm like ours:
His strength is more than man, his conquering arm
Hath, sure, th' assistance of some potent charm;
Which nothing but the glory of thine eyes
(Wherein a far more strong enchantment lies)
Can overthrow: he's pris'ner to thine eye,
Nor canst thou ask, what Sampson can deny:
The sweetness of thy language hath the Art,
To dive into the secrets of his heart;
Move Sampson then: unbar his bolted breast,
And let his deafned ears attain no rest,
Until his eye-enchanted tongue replies,
And tells thee where his hidden power lies:
Urge him to whisper in thy private ear,
And to repose his magick myst'ry there;
How, by what means, his strength may be betray'd
To bonds, and how his power may be allay'd;
That we may right these wrongs, which his proud hand
Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land:
In this thou shalt obtain the reputation
To be the sole Redeemer of thy Nation,
Whose wealth shall crown thy loyalty with a meed
Due to the merits of so fair a deed:
Whereto fair Delila (whose heart was tyed
To Sampson's love for her own ends) replied:
My honourable Lords: If my success
In these your just emploiments prove no less
Than my desires, I should think my pains
Rewarded in the action: If the rains

Of Sampſon's *headſtrong power were in my hands,*
Theſe lips ſhould vow performance, your commands
Should work obedience, in the loyal breſt
Of your true ſervant, who would never reſt,
Till ſhe had done the deed; But, know my Lords,
If the poor frailty of a womans words
May ſhake ſo great a power, and prevail,
My beſt advis'd endeavours ſhall not fail
To be employ'd, I'll make a ſudden tryal,
And quickly ſpeed, or find a foul denial.

Meditat. 20.

INſatiate *Sampſon!* Could not *Azza* ſmother
Thy flaming luſt, but muſt thou find another?
Is th' old grown ſtale? and ſeek'ſt thou for a new?
Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few:
Man's ſoul is infinite, and never tires
In the extenſion of her own deſires:
The ſprightly nature of his active mind
Aims ſtill at further; Will not be confin'd
To th' poor dimenſions of fleſh and blood;
Something it ſtill deſires: Covets good,
Would fain be happy, in the ſweet enjoyment
Of what it proſecutes, with the employment
Of beſt endeavours; but it cannot find
So great a good, but ſomething's ſtill behind:
It firſt propounds, applauds, deſires, endeavours;
At laſt enjoys; but (like to men in fevours,
Who fancy alway thoſe things that are worſt)
The more it drinks, the more it is a thirſt:
The fruitful Earth (whoſe nature is the worſe
For ſin; with man partaker in the curſe)
Aims at perfection; and would fain bring forth
(As firſt it did) things of the greateſt worth;

Her

Her colder womb endeavours (as of old)
To ripen all her Metals unto Gold;
O, but that ſin-procured curſe hath chill'd
The heat of pregnant nature, and hath fill'd
Her barren ſeed with coldneſs, which does lurk
In her faint womb, that her more perfect work
Is hindred; and, for want of heat brings forth
Imperfect metals of a baſer worth:
Even ſo the ſoul of man in her firſt ſtate,
Receiv'd a power and a will to that
Which was moſt pure, and good; but, ſince the loſs
Of that fair freedom, onely trades in droſs.
Aims ſhe at wealth? Alas, her proud deſire
Strives for the beſt; but failing to mount higher
Than Earth, her error graples, and takes hold
On that, which Earth can onely give her, Gold.
Aims ſhe at glory? her ambition flies
As high a pitch as her dull wings can riſe;
But, failing in her ſtrength, ſhe leaves to ſtrive,
And takes ſuch honour, as baſe Earth can give.
Aims ſhe at pleaſure? her deſires extend
To laſting joys, whoſe pleaſures have no end;
But wanting wings, ſhe grovels on the duſt,
And there ſhe lights upon a carnal luſt:
Yet ne'rtheleſs, th' aſpiring ſoul deſires
A perfect good; but, wanting thoſe ſweet fires,
Whoſe heat ſhould perfect her unrip'ned will,
Cleaves to th' apparent good, which good is ill;
Whoſe ſweet enjoyment being far unable
To give a ſatisfaction anſwerable
To her unbounded wiſhes, leaves a thirſt
Of re-enjoyment, greater than the firſt.
Lord, when our fruitleſs fallows are grown cold,
And out of heart, we can enrich the mould
With a new heat; we can reſtore again
Her weakned ſoil, and make it apt for grain;

And wilt thou suffer our faint souls, to lie
Thus unmanur'd, that is thy husbandry?
They bear no other bulk but idle weeds,
Alas, they have no heart, no heat; thy seeds
Are cast away, until thou please t' inspire
New strength, and quench them with thy sacred fire.
Stir thou my fallows, and enrich my mould,
And they shall bring thee encrease a hundred fold.

THE ARGUMENT.

False Delila *accosts her Lover:*
Her lips endeavour to entice
His gentle nature to discover
His strength: Sampson *deceives her thrice.*

Sect. 21.

SOon as occasion lent our Champions ear
To *Delila*, which could not choose but hear,
If *Delila* but whisper'd; she, whose wiles
Were neatly baited with her simple smiles,
Accosted *Sampson*, her alluring hand
Sometime would stroke his temples, sometime span
His brawny arm; sometimes would gently gripe
His sinewy wrist; another while would wipe
His sweating brows; her wanton fingers plaid,
Sometimes, with his fair locks; sometimes would braid
His long dishivell'd hair; her eyes one while
Would steal a glance upon his eyes, and smile;
And then her crafty lips would speak; then, smother
Her broken speech; and then begin another:
At last, as if a sudden thought had brake
From the fair prison of her lips, she spake;

How

How poor a Griſle is this arm of mine!
Methinks 'tis nothing in reſpect of thine;
I'd rather feel the power of thy love,
Than of thy hand, in that my heart would prove
The ſtouter Champion, and would make thee yield,
And leave thee captive in the conquer'd field.
The ſtrength of my affection paſſes thine,
As much as thy victorious arm does mine;
The greateſt conqueſt then is due to me:
Thou conquer'ſt others, but I conquer thee:
But ſay my love, is it ſome hidden charm,
Or does thy ſtock of youth inrich thy arm
With ſo great power that can overthrow,
And conquer mighty Kingdoms at a blow?
What cauſe have I to joy! I need not fear
The greateſt danger, now my Sampſon's *here:*
I fear no Rebels now; methinks thy power
Makes me a Princeſs, and my houſe a Tower:
But ſay, my Love, If Delila *ſhould find thee*
Loſt in a ſleep, could not her fingers bind thee?
Methinks they ſhould: But I would ſcorn to make
So poor a conqueſt: when th'art broad awake,
Teach me the trick: Or if thou wilt deny me;
Know, that my own invention ſhall ſupply me,
Without thy help: I'le uſe a womans charms,
And bind thee faſt within theſe circled arms:
To whom the Champion ſmiling, thus replied:
Take the green Oſyers that were never dryed,
And bind thy Sampſon's *wriſts together, then*
He ſhall be faſt, and weak as other men:
With that the *Philiſtines* that lay in wait
Within an ears command, commanded ſtrait
That Oſyers ſhould be brought; wherewith ſhe tyed
Victorious *Sampſon's* joyned hands, and cryed;
Sampſon, *make haſte, and let thy ſtrength appear:*
Sampſon *take heed, the* Philiſtines *are here:*

He

He ſtarts, and as the flaming fire cracks
The ſlender ſubſtance of th' untwiſted flax,
He twitcht in ſunder his divided bands,
And in a moment freed his faſtned hands;
With that offended *Delila* bawraid
A frown, half ſweetned with a ſmile, and ſaid,
Think'ſt thou, thy Delila *does go about*
T' intrap thy life? Or can my Sampſon *doubt*
To lodge a ſecret in the loyal breſt
Of faithful Delila, *that finds no reſt,*
No happineſs, but in thy heart, alone,
Whoſe joy I prize far dearer, than my own?
Why then ſhouldſt thou deceive, and impart
So foul a falſhood to ſo true a heart?
Come, grant my ſuit, and let that faithleſs tongue
Make love amends, which hath done love this wrong:
To whom deſembling *Sampſon* thus replied;
Take twiſted ropes, whoſe ſtrength was never tryed,
And tye theſe cloſed hands together, then
I ſhall be faſt, and weak as other men:
With that ſhe bound him cloſe; and having made
The knot more ſure, than her love's, ſhe ſaid;
Sampſon *ariſe, and take thy ſtrength upon thee,*
Sampſon *make haſte, the* Philiſtines *are on thee:*
He ſtraight aroſe, and as a ſtriving hand
Would break a Siſters thred, he cracks the band
That bound his arms, he crackt the bands in ſunder
But frowning *Delila*, whoſe heart did wonder
No leſs, than vex, being fill'd with diſcontent,
She ſaid, *Falſe Lover, If thy heart had meant*
What thy fair tongue had formerly profeſt,
Thou ne'r hadſt kept thy ſecrets from my breſt:
Wherein hath Delila *been found unjuſt,*
Not to deſerve the honour of thy truſt?
Wherein have I been faithleſs or diſloyal?
Or what requeſt of thine e'r found denial?

Had

Had I but been ſo wiſe, as to deny,
Sampſon *might beg'd, and miſt, as well as I:*
But 'tis my fortune, ſtill to be moſt free
To thoſe, as are the moſt reſerv'd to me:
Be not ingrateful, Sampſon; *If my breſt*
Were but as falſe, as thine is hard, I'd reſt
To tempt thy ſilence, or to move my ſuit:
Speak then, but ſpeak the truth, or elſe be mute.
To whom fond *Sampſon: If thy hands would tye*
Theſe locks to yonder beam, they will deſcry
My native weakneſs; and thy Sampſon *then*
Would be, as poor in ſtrength, as other men.
So ſaid; her buſie fingers ſoon obey'd,
His locks being platted to the Beam, ſhe ſaid:
Sampſon *beſtir thee; and let thy power appear,*
Sampſon *take heed, the* Philiſtines *are here:*
With that he quits the place (whereon he lay
Faln faſt a ſleep) and bore the Beam away.

Meditat. 21.

SEE how the crafty Serpent twiſts and winds
Into the breaſt of man! what paths he finds,
And crooked by-ways! with how ſweet a bait
He hides the hook of his inveterate hate!
What ſugar'd words, and ear-delighting Art
He uſes, to ſupplant the yielding heart
Of poor deceived man, who ſtands and truſts
Upon the broken ſtaff of his falſe luſts!
He tempts, allures, ſuggeſts, and in concluſion,
Makes man the Pander to his own confuſion:
The fruit was fair and pleaſing to the eyes,
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wiſe;
Muſt they not taſte ſo fair a fruit, nor touch?
Yes, do: 'Twill make you gods, and know as much

As

As he that made it: Think you, you can fall
Into death's hands? Ye ſhall not dye at all.
Thus fell poor man: his knowledge proved ſuch,
Better 't had been he had not known ſo much:
Thus this old Serpent takes advantage ſtill
On our deſires, and diſtemper'd will;
Art thou grown covetous? Wouldſt thou fain be rich?
He comes and ſtrikes thy heart with the dry itch
Of having: Wealth will rouze thy heartleſs friends;
Make thee a potent Maſter of thy ends;
'Twill bring thee honour, make thy ſuits at Law
Proſper at will, and keep thy foes in awe.
Art thou ambitious? he will kindle fire
In thy proud thoughts, and make thy thoughts aſpire;
He'll come and teach thy Honour how to ſcorn
Thy old acquaintance, whom haſt outworn:
He'll teach thee how to Lord it, and advance
Thy ſervants fortunes with thy countenance.
Wouldſt thou enjoy the pleaſures of the fleſh?
He'll bring thee wanton Ladies to refreſh
Thy drooping ſoul: he'll teach thine eyes to wander;
Inſtruct thee how to woo; he'll be thy Pander:
He'll fill thy amourous ſoul with the ſweet paſſion
Of powerful Love; he'll give thee diſpenſation,
To ſin at pleaſure; he will make thee ſlave
To thy own thoughts; he'll make thee beg and crave
To be a drudge; he'll make thy treacherous breath
Deſtroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.
Lord, if our father *Adam* could not ſtay
In his upright perfection, one poor day;
How can it be expected, we have power
To hold our Siege, one ſcruple of an hour?
Our arms are bound with too unequal bands;
We cannot ſtrive; We cannot looſe our hands.
Great *Nazarite*, awake, and look upon us:
Make haſte to help, the *Philiſtines* are on us.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

She ſues again: Sampſon *replies*
The very truth: Her lips betray him:
They bind him; they put out his eyes,
And to the priſon they convey him.

Sect. 22.

WIth that, the wanton, whoſe diſtruſtful eye
Was fixt upon reward, made this reply;
Had the denial of my poor requeſt
Proceeded from th' inexorable breſt
Of one, whoſe open hatred ſought t' indanger
My haunted life; or had it been a ſtranger,
That wanted ſo much nature, to deny
The doing of a common courteſie;
Nay, had it been a friend that had deceiv'd me,
An ordinary friend, it ne'r had griev'd me:
But thou, even thou, my boſom-friend, that art
The onely joy of my deceived heart;
Nay thou, whoſe honey-dropping lips ſo often
Did plead thy undiſſembled love, and ſoften
My dear affection, which could never yield
To eaſier terms, by thee to be beguil'd?
How often haſt thou mockt my ſlender ſuit
With forged falſhood? hadſt thou but been mute,
I ne'r had hop'd! but being fairly led
Towards my prompt deſires, which were fed
With my falſe hopes, and thy falſe hearted tongue,
And then beguil'd? I hold it as a wrong:
How canſt thou ſay thou lov'ſt me? How can I
Think but thou hat'ſt me, when thy lips deny

So

So poor a suit? Alas, my fond desire
Had stak'd, had not denial blown the fire:
Grant then at last, and let thy open breast
Shew that thou lov'st me, and grant my fair request:
Speak, or speak not, thy Delila *shall give o'r*
To urge; her lips shall never urge thee more:
To whom the yielding Lover thus betray'd
His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said;
My Dear, my Delila; *I cannot stand*
Against so sweet a pleader, in thy hand
I here intrust, and to thy breast impart
Thy Sampson's *life, and secrets of his heart;*
Know then my Delila, *that I was born*
A Nazarite; *these locks were never shorn;*
No Razor yet came e'r upon my crown;
There lies my strength, with them my strength is gone:
Were they but shaven, my Delila; *O, then*
Thy Sampson *should be weak, as other men;*
No sooner had he spoken, but he spread
His body on the floor, his drowzy head
He pillow'd on her lap, until, at last
He fell into a sleep; and being fast,
She clipt his locks from off his careless head,
And beckning the *Philistians* in, she said;
Sampson *awake; take strength and courage on thee;*
Sampson *arise, the* Philistines *are on thee:*
Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt for flying,
Flutters her idle stumps, and still's relying
Upon her wonted refuge, strives in vain,
To quit her life from danger, and attain
The freedom of her air-dividing plumes;
She struggles often, and she oft presumes
To take the Sanctuary of the open fields;
But, finding that her hopes are vain, she yields:
Even so poor *Sampson* (frighted at the sound,
That rouz'd him from his rest) forsook the ground;

Per-

Perceiving the *Philiſtians* there at hand
To take him priſ'ner, he began to ſtand
Upon his wonted guard; his threatning breath
Brings forth the Prologue to their following death:
He rouz'd himſelf, and like a Lion, ſhook
His drowzy limbs, and with a cloudy look,
(Foretelling boyſtrous and tempeſtuous weather)
Defi'd each one, defi'd them all together
Now when he came to grapple, he upheav'd
His mighty hand, but now (alas, bereav'd
Of wonted power) that confounding arm
(That could no leſs than murther) did no harm;
Blow was exchang'd for blow, and wound for wound;
He that of late diſdained to give ground,
Flies back apace, who lately ſtain'd the field
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yield;
He that of late brake twiſted Ropes in twain,
Is bound with packthread; he that did diſdain
To fear the power of an armed Band,
Can now walk priſ'ner in a ſingle hand:
Thus have the treacherous *Philiſtines* betray'd
Poor captive *Sampſon*: *Sampſon* now obey'd:
Thoſe glowing eyes, that whirled death about,
Where e'r they view'd, their curſed hands put out,
They led him priſ'ner, and convey'd him down
To ſtrong wall'd *Azza* (that *Philiſtian* Town,
Whoſe gates his ſhoulders lately bore away)
There, in the common priſon, did they lay
Diſtreſſed *Sampſon*, who obtain'd no meat,
But what he purchas'd with his painful ſweat;
For every day they urg'd him to fulfil
His twelve-hours taſk, at the laborious Mill,
And when his waſted ſtrength began to tire,
They quicken his bare ſides with whips of wire:
Fill'd was the Town with joy and triumph: All,
From the high Prince to th' Cobler on the ſtall,

Kept

Kept holy-day whilſt every voice became
Hoarſe as the Trump of news-divulging fame;
All tongues were fill'd with ſhouts; and every ear
Was grown impatient of the whiſperer:
So general was their triumph, their applauſe,
That children ſhouted e'r they knew a cauſe:
The better ſort betook them to their knees,
Dagon muſt worſhip'd be; Dagon *that frees*
Both Sea and Land; Dagon, *that did ſubdue*
Our common foe: Dagon *muſt have his due:*
Dagon *muſt have his praiſe*; *muſt have his prize:*
Dagon *muſt have his holy Sacrifice:*
Dagon *has brought to our victorious hand*
Proud Sampſon: Dagon *has redeem'd our land:*
We call to Dagon, *and our* Dagon *hears*;
Our groans are come to holy Dagon's *ears*;
To Dagon *all renown and glory be*;
Where is there ſuch another god *as he?*

Meditat. 22.

HOW is our ſtory chang'd? O more than ſtrange
Effects of ſo ſmall time! O ſudden change!
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom
Heaven ſhew'd a miracle on the barren womb?
Is this that holy thing, againſt whoſe birth
Angels muſt quit their Thrones, and viſit Earth?
Is this that bleſſed Infant, that began
To grow in favour ſo with God and man?
What, is this he, who ſtrengthen'd by Heavens hand!
Was born a Champion to redeem the land?
Is this that man, whoſe courage did conteſt
With a fierce Lion, gropling breſt to breſt;
And in a twinkling tore him quite in ſunder?
Is this the Conqueror whoſe arm did thunder

Upon

Upon the men of *Askelon*, the power
Of whose bent fist slew thirty in an hour?
Is this the daring Conqueror, whose hand
Thrasht the proud Philistines in their wasted Land?
And was this He, that with the help of none,
Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone?
Or he, wose wrists, being bound together, did
Break Cords like flax; and double Ropes like thrid?
Is this the man whose hands unhing'd those Gates,
And bare them thence, with Pillars, Bars and Grates?
And is he turn'd a Mill-horse now? and blind?
Must this great Conqueror be forc'd to grind
For bread and water? Must this Hero spend
His later times in drudgery? Must he end
His weary days in darkness? Must his hire
Be knotted cords, and torturing whips of wyre?
Where Heav'n withdraws, the creatures power shakes.
What miseries wanting there, where God forsakes?
Had *Sampson* not abus'd his borrow'd power,
Sampson had still remain'd a Conqueror:
The Philistines did act his part; No doubt,
His eyes offended, and they pluckt them out:
Heaven will be just: He punishes a sin,
Oft in the member that he finds it in,
When faithless *Zacharias* did become
Too curious, his lips we strucken dumb:
Sampson, whose lustful view did over-prize
Unlawful beauty, 's punisht in his eyes;
Those flaming eyes seduc'd his wanton mind
To act a sin; those eyes are stricken blind;
The beauty he invaded, did invade him,
And that fair tongue, that blest him so, betray'd him:
That strength, intemperate lust imploy'd so ill,
Now a driving the laborious Mill;
Those naked sides, so pleas'd with lusts desire,
Are now as naked, lasht with whips of wire.

Lord, ſhould'ſt thou puniſh every part in me
That does offend, what member would be free?
Each member acts his part; they never lin
Until they joyn, and make a body of ſin:
Make ſin my burthen; Let it never pleaſe me;
And thou haſt promis'd, when I come, to eaſe me.

THE ARGUMENT.

They make a Feaſt: And then to crown
Their mirth, blind Sampſon *is brought thither:*
He pulls the mighty Pillars down:
The Building falls: All ſlain together.

Sect. 23.

THus when the vulgar Triumph (which does laſt
But ſeldom longer than the news) was paſt;
And *Dagon's* holy Altars had ſurceaſt
To breathe their idle fumes; they call'd a Feaſt,
A common Feaſt; whoſe bounty did bewray
A common joy to gratulate the day;
Whereto the Princes, under whoſe command
Each Province was, in their divided Land;
Whereto the Lords, Lieutenants, and all thoſe,
To whom the Supreme Rulers did repoſe
An under-truſt; whereto the better ſort,
Of Gentry, and of Commons did reſort,
With mirth, and jolly triumph, to allay
Their ſorrows, and to ſolemnize the day;
Into the common Hall they come: the Hall
Was large and fair; Her arched Roof was all
Builded with maſſie ſtone, and over-laid
With pondrous Lead; Two ſturdy Pillars ſtay'd

Her

Her mighty Rafters up; whereon rely'd
The mighty burthen of her lofty pride.
When luſty diet, and the frolick cup
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned ſpirits up,
And brave triumphing *Bacchus* had diſplai'd
His conquering colours in their cheeks, they ſaid:
Call Sampſon *forth; he muſt not work to day;*
'Tis a boon Feaſt; we'll give him leave to play;
Does he grinde bravely? Does our Mill-horſe ſweat?
Let him lack nothing; what he wants in meat,
Supply in laſhes: He is ſtrong and ſtout,
And with his breath can drive the Mill about:
He works too hard, we fear: Go down, and free him;
Say that his Miſtreſs Delila *would ſee him:*
The ſight of him will take our hours ſhort:
Go fetch him then to make our Honours ſport
Bid him provide ſome Riddels; let him bring
Some Song of Triumph; he that's blind, may ſing
With better boldneſs. Bid him never doubt
To pleaſe: what matter though his eyes be out?
'Tis no diſhonour that he cannot ſee;
Tell him the God of Love's as blind as he.
With that they brought poor *Sampſon* to the Hall;
And as he paſt, he gropes to find the wall;
His pace was ſlow; his feet were lifted high;
Each tongue will taunt him; every ſcornful eye
Was fill'd with laughter; ſome would cry aloud,
He walks in ſtate; His Lordſhip is grown proud:
Some bids his Honour, *Hail*, whil'ſt others caſt
Reproachful terms upon him, as he paſt:
Some would ſalute him fairly, and embrace
His wounded ſides, then ſpit upon his face:
Others would cry, *For ſhame forbear t' abuſe*
The high, and great Redeemer of the Jews:
Some gibe and flout him with their taunts and quips,
Whilſt others flurt him on the ſtarting lips;

With that poor *Sampſon*, whoſe abundant grief,
Not finding hopes of comfort or relief,
Reſolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made
Some ſhift to feel his Keeper out, and ſaid,

Good Sir, my painful labour in the Mill
Hath made me bold (although againſt my will)
To crave ſome little reſt; If you will pleaſe
To let the Pillar but afford ſome eaſe
To my worn limbs, your mercy ſhall relieve
A ſoul that has no more but thanks to give.

The Keeper yielded: (Now the Hall was fill'd
With Princes, and their People that beheld
Abuſed *Sampſon*; whilſt the Roof retain'd
A leaſh of thouſands more, whoſe eyes were chain'd
To this ſad object, with a dull delight,
To ſee this fleſh-and-blood-relenting ſight)
With that the Pris'ner turn'd himſelf, and pray'd
So ſoft, that none but Heaven could hear, and ſaid,

My God, my God: Although my ſins do cry
For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye
Is full of mercy; O, remember now
The gentle Promiſe, and that ſacred Vow
Thou mad'ſt to faithful Abraham, *and his ſeed;*
O hear my wounded ſoul, that has leſs need
Of life, than mercy: Let thy tender ear
Make good thy plenteous promiſe now, and hear;
See, how thy curſed enemies prevail
Above my ſtrength: Behold, how poor and frail
My native power is, and, wanting thee,
What is there, oh, what is there (Lord) in me!
Nor is it I that ſuffer: My deſert
May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert
Extreme to puniſh: Lord, the wrong is thine;
The puniſhment is juſt, and onely mine.
I am thy Champion, *Lord; It is not me*
They ſtrike at; through my ſides they thruſt at thee;

Againſt

Againſt thy Glory *'tis their Malice lies;*
They aim'd at that, when they put out theſe eyes:
Alas, their blood-bedabl'd hands would fly
On thee, wert thou but cloath'd in fleſh, as I:
Revenge thy wrongs, great God; O let thy hand
Redeem thy ſuff'ring honour, and this Land:
Lend me thy power; renew my waſted ſtrength,
That I may fight thy battels; and at length,
Reſcue thy glory: that my hands may do
That faithful ſervice they were born unto:
Lend me thy power, that I may reſtore
Thy loſs, and I will never urge thee more,
Thus having ended, both his arms he laid
Upon the Pillars of the Hall, and ſaid;
Thus with the Philiſtines *I reſign my breath;*
And let my God find Glory in my death.
And having ſpoke, his yielding body ſtrain'd
Upon thoſe Marble pillars, that ſuſtain'd
The pond'rous Roof; they crackt, and, with their fall,
Down fell the Battlements, and Roof, and all;
And with their ruines ſlaughter'd at a blow
The whole Aſſembly; they that were below,
Receiv'd their ſudden deaths from thoſe that fell
From off the top; whilſt none was left to tell
The horrid ſhrieks that fill'd the ſpacious Hall,
Whoſe ruines were impartial, and ſlew all:
They fell, and with an unexpected blow,
Gave every one his death, and burial too.
Thus dy'd our *Sampſon*, whoſe brave death has won
More honour, than his honoured life had done:
Thus dy'd our Conqueror, whoſe lateſt breath
Was crown'd with conqueſt; triumph'd over death:
Thus dy'd our *Sampſon*, whoſe laſt drop of blood
Redeem'd Heav'ns glory, and his Kingdoms good:
Thus dy'd Heav'ns Champion, and the Earths bright
The heavenly ſubject of this ſacred Story: (Glory;

And thus th' impartial hand of death, that gathers
All to the Grave, repos'd him with his Fathers;
Whoſe name ſhall flouriſh, and be ſtill in prime,
In ſpight of ruine, or the teeth of Time;
Whoſe fame ſhall laſt, till Heaven ſhall pleaſe to free
This Earth from ſin, and time ſhall ceaſe to be.

Meditat. 23.

WAges of ſin is death: The day is come,
Wherein the equal hand of death muſt ſum
The ſeveral Items of man's fading glory,
Into the eaſie total of one Story:
The brows that ſweat for Kingdoms, and renown,
To glorifie their Temples with a Crown;
At length grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flouriſh in th' uncertain blaſt of Fame:
This is the height that glorious Mortals can
Attain; this is the higheſt pitch of Man:
The quilted Quarters of the Earths great Ball,
Whoſe unconfined limits were too ſmall
For his extreme Ambition to deſerve,
Six foot of length, and three of breadth muſt ſerve:
This is the higheſt pitch that Man can flie;
And after all his Triumph, he muſt die.
Lives he in Wealth? Does well deſerved ſtore
Limit his wiſh, that he can wiſh no more?
And does the faireſt bounty of increaſe
Crown him with plenty, and his days with peace?
It is a right-hand bleſſing; But ſupply
Of wealth cannot ſecure him; He muſt die,
Lives he in Pleaſure? Does perpetual mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon this Earth.
Meets he no ſullen care, no ſudden loſs
To cool his joys? Breathes he without a croſs?

Wants he no pleaſure that his wanton eye
Can crave, or hope from fortune? He muſt die.
Lives he in Honour? Hath his fair deſert
Obtain'd the freedom of his Princes heart?
Or may his more familiar hands diſburſe,
His liberal favours from the Royal purſe?
Alas, his Honour cannot ſoar too high
For pale-fac'd Death to follow; He muſt die.
Lives he a Conqueror? And doth Heaven bleſs
His heart with ſpirit; that ſpirit with ſucceſs;
Succeſs, with Glory; Glory, with a name,
To live with the Eternity of Fame?
The progreſs of his laſting fame may vie
With time; But yet the Conqueror muſt die.
Great, and good God: Thou Lord of life and death;
In whom the Creature hath his being, breath;
Teach me to under-prize this life, and I
Shall find my loſs the eaſier when I die;
So raiſe my feeble thoughts, and dull deſire,
That when theſe vain and weary days expire,
I may diſcard my fleſh with joy, and quit
My better part of this falſe Earth; and it
Of ſome more ſin; and for this tranſitory
And tedious life, enjoy a life of Glory.

The End.

SIONS SONETS:

SUNG BY

SOLOMON

THE

KING.

AND

PERIPHRAS'D.

By *FR. QUARLES.*

TO THE READERS.

READERS, now you have them, may the end of my pains be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else give me leave to excuse my self; Indeed I flew with Eagles feathers, otherwise I had not flown, or faln. It is the Song of Songs, *I here present you with: The Author, King* SOLOMON, *the wisest of Kings; The matter, mystical, the divinest of subjects; The Speakers; CHRIST, the* Bride-Groom; *The CHURCH, the* Bride; *The end, to invite you all to the Wedding.*

Farewel.

AN

AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDE-GROOM.

HOsanna *to the Highest. Joy betide*
The Heavenly Bride-Groom, *and his Holy* Bride;
Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For ever silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now,
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to break
Your flinty silence, if men cease to speak,
You that profess the sacred Art,
Or now, or never shew it,
Plead not your Muse is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet,
Be ravisht Earth to see this Contract driven,
'Twixt sinful Man, and reconciled Heaven,
Dismount you Quire of Angels; come,
With Men, your joys divide;
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groom,
Nor Earth so fair a Bride,

SIONS

Resist the Devill, etc. Jame 4.
For if ye live after the flesh
ye shall die: Rom: 8. 13.

The Holy Jerusalem hath
no need of the Sun etc: for
y glory of God did light

For their worm shall not die
neither shall their fire be quench-
ed. Isay. 66. 24.

And he shall send his Angels
with a great sound of a Trumpt
Matt: 24. 31.

I will deliver my flock Ezek.
34. 10.

before Sions Sonnet.

SIONS SONETS.

BRIDE.

SONET I.

[1.]

O That the bounty of thoſe lips Divine
Would ſeal their favours on theſe lips of mine,
That by thoſe welcome * kiſſes, I might ſee
The mutual love betwixt my Love and me!
For truer bliſs, no worldly joy allows,
Than ſacred kiſſes from ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
With which no earthly pleaſure may compare,
Rich Wines are not ſo delicate as they're.
* *Senſible graces.*

[2.]

NOR Myrrh, nor Caſſia, nor the choice perfumes
Of unctious Nard, or Aromatick fumes
Of hot *Arabia*, do enrich the Air
With more delicious ſweetneſs, than the fair
Reports, that crown the merits of thy Name,
With heavenly Lawrels of eternal fame;
Which makes the * Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,
And all that view thee, are enamour'd on thee.
* *Pure in heart.*

[3.]

O Let the beauty of thy Sun-like face
Inflame my ſoul, and let thy glory chace

Diſloyal

Diſloyal thoughts: let not the World allure
My chaſte deſires from a ſpouſe ſo pure;
But when as time ſhall place me on thy * Throne,
My fears ſhall ceaſe, and interrupt by none,
I ſhall tranſcend the ſtile of Tranſitory,
And full of Glory, ſtill be fill'd with glory.

* *The Kingdom of Heaven.*

[4.]

BUT you, my curious (and too nice) allies,
That view my fortunes, with too narrow eyes,
You ſay my face is * black and foul; 'tis true;
I'm beauteous to my Love, though black to you;
My cenſure ſtands not upon your eſteem,
He ſees me, as I † am; you, as I ſeem;
You ſee the clouds, but he diſcerns the Sky;
Know, 'tis my ‖ that looks ſo black, not I.

* *Through apparent infirmities.* † *Glorious in him.* ‖ *Weakneſs of the Fleſh.*

[5.]

WHat if Afflictions do diſ-imbelliſh
My natural glory, and deny the reliſh
Of my adjourned beauty, yet diſdain not
Her, by whoſe neceſſary loſs, you gain not;
I was inforc'd to * ſwelter in the Sun,
And † keep a ſtrangers Vine, left mine alone:
I left mine own, and kept a ſtrangers Vine;
The fault was ‖ mine, but was * not onely mine.

* *Afflictions.* † *Forced to Idolatrous ſuperſtitions.* ‖ *By reaſon of my weakneſs.* * *Being ſeduced by falſe Prophets.*

[6.]

O Thou, whoſe love I prize above my life,
More worthy far t' enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell me, to what cool ſhade doſt thou reſort?
Where graze thy Sheep, where do thy Lambs diſport

Free

Free from the ſcorching of this * ſoultry weather?
O tell thy Love and let thy Love come thither:
Say (gentle Shepherd) fits it thee to cheriſh
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love † periſh?
* *Perſecutions.* † *By Idolatry.*

BRIDE-GROOM.
SONET II.

ILluſtrious *Bride*; more radiant and more * bright,
Than th' eye of Noon, thrice fairer than the light;
Thou deareſt off-ſpring of my dying blood,
And treaſure of my ſoul, why haſt thou ſtood
Parching ſo long in thoſe ambitious beams?
Come, come and cool thee in theſe ſilver † ſtreams:
Unſhade thy face, caſt back thoſe golden Locks,
And I will make thee || Miſtris of my Flocks.
* *Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.* † *The Doctrine of the true Prophets.* || *Teacher of my Congregations.*

[2.]

O Thou the Center of my choice deſires,
In whom I reſt, in whom my ſoul reſpires;
Thou art the flower of beauty, and I prize thee
Above the World, howe'r the World deſpiſe thee:
The blind imagines all things black by kind,
Thou art as beautiful, as they are blind:
And as the faireſt troops of *Pharaoh's* ſteeds
Exceed the reſt, ſo Thou the reſt exceeds.

[3.]

THY * cheek (the garden where freſh beauty plants
Her choiceſt flowers) no adorning wants;
There wants no reliſh of † diviner grace,
To ſum compleatneſs in ſo ſweet a face;
Thy neck without blemiſh, without blot,
Than Pearls more orient, clear from ſtain or ſpot;
* *Thy moſt viſible parts.* † *Sanctification,* Thy

Thy Gems and Jewels full of curious Art
Imply the ſacred treaſures of thy heart.

[4.]

THE Sun-bright glory of thy reſounding fame
Adds glory to the glory of thy Name.
The more's thy honour Love, the more thou ſtriv'ſt
To honour me; thou gaineſt what thou giv'ſt:
My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
Will give thee large endowments of * Divine,
And everlaſting treaſure; Thus by me
Thou ſhalt be rich, that am thus rich in thee.

* *The riches of his holy Spirit.*

BRIDE.

SONET III.

[1.]

OH, how my ſoul is raviſht with the joys (*voice,*
That ſpring like *Fountains* from my true-Loves
How cordial are his lips! how ſweet his tongue!
Each word he breathes, is like a melodious ſong;
He abſent (ah!) how is my glory dim!
I have no beauty not deriv'd from Him;
What-e'r I have, from him alone I have,
And he takes pleaſure in thoſe gifts he gave.

[2.]

AS fragrant Myrrh, within the boſom hid,
Scents more delicious then (before) it did;
And yet receives no ſweetneſs from that breſt,
That proves the ſweeter for ſo ſweet a gueſt:
Even ſo the favour of my deareſt Spouſe,
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart, endows

My

My ardent ſoul with ſweetneſs, and inſpires,
With heavenly raviſhment, my rapt deſires.

[3.]

WHO ever ſmelt the breath of morning flowers
New ſweet'ned with the daſh of twilight ſhowers,
Of pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
Or purple Violets in their proudeſt prime,
Or ſwelling Cluſters from the Cypreſs Tree?
So ſweet's my Love; I, far more ſweet is he:
So fair, ſo ſweet, that heavens bright eye is dim,
And Flowers have no ſcent compared with him.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET IV.

O Thou the joys of my ſufficed heart,
The more thou think'ſt me fair, the more thou art;
Look in the Cryſtal mirrours of mine eyes,
And view thy beauty, there thy beauty lies;
See there th'unmated glory of thy Face,
Well mixt with ſpirit and divineſt grace;
The eyes of Doves are not ſo fair, as * thine;
O how thoſe eyes inflame theſe eyes of mine!

* *The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET V.

MOſt radiant and refulgent Lamp of light,
Whoſe mid-day beauty yet ne'r found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis onely thou art fair; from Thee
Reflect thoſe * rays that have enlightned me,
And as bright *Cynthia*'s borrow'd beams do ſhine
From *Titan*'s glory, ſo do I from thine;
So daily flouriſhes our freſh delight,
In daily giving † and receiving light.

* *Thy holy Spirit.* † *In giving grace and receiving glory.*

Nor

[2.]

NOR does thy glory ſhine to me alone:
What place wherein thy glory hath not ſhone?
But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, ſmels
That * ſacred houſe, where thou my true love dwels!
Nor is it ſtrange: How can thoſe places be
But fill'd with ſweetneſs, if poſſeſt with thee!
My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart;
Thy preſence makes a Heaven, where-e'r thou art.

* *The Congregation of Saints.*

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VI.

THou ſovereign Lady of my ſelect deſires,
I, I am he, whom thy chaſte ſoul admires:
The Roſe for ſmell, the Lilly to the eye,
Is not ſo ſweet, is not ſo fair as I:
My veiled beauty's not the glorious prize
Of * common ſight: † within, my beauty lies:
Yet ne'rtheleſs my glory were but ſmall,
If I ſhould want to honour thee withall.

* *Not in outward glory.* * *Inward graces.*

[2.]

NOR do I boaſt my excellence alone, (none
But thine (dear Spouſe) as whom, the World hath
So true to faith, ſo pure in love, as whom
Lives not a Bride, ſo fits ſo chaſte a Groom;
And as the faireſt Lilly doth exceed
The fruitleſs bramble, or the fowleſt weed,
So far (my Love) doſt thou exceed the reſt,
In perfect beauty of a loyal breſt.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOok how the fruitful Tree (whoſe laden boughs
With ſwelling pride, crown Autumns ſmiling brows
Surpaſſes

Surpaſſes idle ſhrubs, even ſo in worth
My love tranſcends the Worthies of the earth:
He was my ſhore in ſhipwrack; and my ſhelter,
In ſtorms; my ſhade, when I began to ſwelter:
If hungry, he was food; and if oppreſt
With wrongs, my Advocate; with toyl, my reſt.

[2.]

I Thirſted; and full charged to the brink,
He gave me * bowls of Nectar, for my drink:
And in his ſides he broacht me (for a ſign
Of deareſt love) a Sacramental wine;
He freely gave; I freely drank my fill;
The more I drank, the more remained ſtill.
Did never Souldier to his Colours prove
More chaſte than I, to ſo intire a Love?

* *The holy Scriptures.*

[3.]

O How his beauty ſets my ſoul on fire!
My ſpirits languiſh with extream deſire:
Deſires exceeding limits, are too laviſh,
And wanting means to be affected, raviſh;
Then let thy * breath like flagons of ſtrong wine,
Relieve and comfort this poor heart of mine;
For I am ſick, till time (that doth delay
Our Marriage) bring our joyful Marriage day.

* *Thy ſweet promiſes.*

[4.]

TIll then, O let my deareſt Lord, by whom
Theſe pleaſing plaints of my ſweet ſorrows come,
Perform his vows, and with his due reſort,
Bleſs me; to make the ſullen time ſeem ſhort:
In his ſweet preſence may I ſtill be bleſt,
Debarr'd from whom my ſoul can find no reſt:

O let all times be proſp'rous, and all places
Be witneſs to our undefil'd Embraces.

[5.]

ALL you, whoſe ſeeming favours have profeſt
Thetrue affection of a loyal breſt,
I charge you all by the true love you bear
To friendſhip, or what elſe ye count moſt dear;
* Diſturb ye not my Love; O do not reive
Him of his joyes, that is ſo apt to grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a rageing Lyon from his reſt.

* *Vex not his Spirit with your ſins.*

[6,]

HArk, hark, I hear that thrice-celeſtial voice,
Wherein my ſpirits, wrapt with joyes, r ejoyce;
A voice that tels me, my beloved's nigh;
I know the muſick by the Majeſty.
Behold, he comes; 'Tis not my * blemiſht face
Can ſlack the ſwiftneſs of his winged pace;
Behold, he comes; His trumpet doth proclame,
He comes with ſpeed; A truer Love ne'r came.

* *The imperfections of my preſent eſtate.*

[7.]

BEhold the ſwiftneſs of his nimble feet:
The Ro-buck and the Hart were ne'r ſo fleet;
The word I ſpake flew not ſo ſpeedy from me:
As he: the treaſure of my ſoul, comes to me:
He ſtands behind my wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome: Ah, this * wall debarrs him out:
O how injurious is the wal of ſin,
That bars my Lover out, and bolts me in!

* *The weakneſs of my fleſh.*

The BRIDE *in the perſon of the* BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET. VIII.

HArk, hark, methinks I hear my true love ſay,
Break down that envious bar, and come away;

Ariſe

Arise (my dearest spouse) and dispossess
Thy soul of doubtful fears, nor over-press
Thy tender spirits, with the dull despair
Of thy demerits ; (Love thou art, as fair,
As earth will suffer : Time will make thee clearer ;
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[2.]

COme forth (my joy,) what bold affront of fear
Can fright thy soul, and I, thy Champion, here ?
'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom calls thee :
Betide it me, what ever evil befals thee :
The winter of thy sharp affliction's gone :
Why fear'st thou cold, and art so near the Sun ?
I am thy Sun, If thou be cold, draw nearer !
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[3.]

COme forth (my dear) the spring of joyes invite thee,
The * flowers contend for beauty to delight thee ;
Their sweet ambition's only, which might be
Most Sweet, most Fair, because most like to thee :
The * Birds (sweet Heralds of so sweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* sing :
All sing with ioy, t' enjoy so sweet a Hearer :
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

* *The Elect.* † *Angels.*

[4.]

THe prosperous * Vine, which this dear hand did plant,
Tenders due service to so sweet a Saint :
Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred pride,
† kiss the lips of so, so fair a Bride :
Squ'd in their leaves, they lurk, fearing to be
Descry'd by any, till first seen by thee :
The clouds are past, the Heaven cannot be clearer ;
Come forth (dear Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

* *The Congregation of the faithful.* † *To offer up the fruits of obedience.*

[5.]

MY Dove whom daily * dangers teach new ſhifts,
That like a Dove, doſt haunt the ſecret clifts
Of ſolitary Rocks: Howe'r thou be
Reſerv'd from others, be not ſtrange to me.
Call me to reſcue, and his brawny Arm
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy ſoul from harm;
Speak (Love;) Thy voice is ſweet; what if thy face
Be drencht with tears? each tear's a ſeveral grace.

* *Perſecutions.*

[6.]

ALL you that wiſh proſperity and peace,
To crown our contract with a long encreaſe
Of future joys, O ſhield my ſimple Love
From thoſe that ſeek her ruine, and remove
The baſe Oppoſers of her beſt deſigns;
Deſtroy the Foxes, that deſtroy her Vines.
Her Vines are fruitful, but her tender Grapes
Are ſpoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane ſhapes.

The BRIDE *in her own perſon.*

SONET IX.

WHar greater joy can bleſs my ſoul, than this,
That my beloved's mine, and I am his!
Our ſouls are knit; the world cannot untwine
The joyful union of his heart, and mine;
In him I live; in him my ſoul's poſſeſt
With heavenly Solace, and eternall reſt:
Heaven only knows the bliſs my ſoul enjoys,
Fond earth's too dull to apprehend ſuch joys.

[2.]

THou ſweet perfection of my full delights,
Till that bright * Day, devoted to the rites
Of our ſolemniz'd Nuptials, ſhall come,
Come live with me, and make this heart my home.

* *The day of Judgment.*

Diſdai

Diſdain me not; Although my face appear
Deform'd and cloudy, yet my heart is * clear:
Make haſte: Let not the ſwift-foot Ro-buck flee
The following hound ſo faſt, as thou to me.
* *By ſanctification.*

[3.]

I Thought my Love had taken up his reſt,
Within the * ſecret Cabin of my breſt,
I thought the cloſed curtains did immure
His gentle ſlumbers, but was too ſecure:
For (driven with love to the falſe bed) I * ſtept,
To view his ſlumb'ring beauty, as he ſlept,
But he was gone, yet plainly there was ſeen
The curious dint, where he had lately been.
* *In my ſoul.* * *By ſtrict examination.*

[4.]

IMpatient of his abſence, thus bereaven
Of him, than whom, I had no other Heaven,
I rav'd a while; not able to digeſt
So great a loſs, to loſe ſo fair a Gueſt:
I left no path untrac'd, no * place unſought;
No ſecret Cell unſearcht; no way unthought;
I as'kd the ſhade, but ſhadows could not hide him.
I as'kd the World, but all the world deny'd him.
* *Amongſt the wiſeſt worldlings.*

[5.]

MY zealous Love, diſtemp'red with diſtraction,
Made fierce with fear, unapt for ſatisfaction,
Applies freſh fuel to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings ſupplies my quick deſires:
Up to the walls I trampled, where I ſpy'd
The * City watch, to whom with tears I cry'd,
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft deſcry
What's dark to us, did not my Love paſs by?
* *The Miniſters of the Word.*

[6.]

AT length when dull despair had gain'd the ground
Of tired hopes, my faith fell in a swound;
But he whose sympathizing heart did find
The tyrant passion of my troubled mind,
Forthwith appear'd: What Angels tongue can let
The world conceive our pleasures, when we met?
And till the joyes of our espoused hearts
Be made * complete, the world ne'r more shall part's.

* *At the Resurrection.*

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET X.

NOw rests my Love: till now, her tender brest
Wanting her joy, could find no peace, no rest:
I charge you all by the true love you bear
To friendship, or what else you count most dear,
Disturb her not, but let her sleep her fill,
I charge you all, upon your lives, be still:
O may that labouring soul, that lives oppresst
For me; in me, receive eternal rest.

[2.]

WHat curious face is this? what mortal birth
Can shew a beauty, thus * unstain'd with earths?
What glorious Angel wanders thus, alone,
From earth's foul dungeon, to my Father's Throne!
It is my Love; my Love, that hath deny'd
The world for me; It is my faireſt Bride:
How fragrant is her breath! How heavenly fair
Her Angel face! each glorifying the Air,

* *Through Sanctification by merits.*

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

OHow I'm ravisht with Eternal bliss!
Who e'r thought Heaven a joy compar'd to this?
How do the pleasures of this glorious Face
Add glory to the glory of this Place!

See

See how Kings Courts surmount poor Shepherds Cels
So this, the pride of *Solomon* excels;
Rich wreaths of glory crown his Royal Head,
And troops of Angels wait upon his Bed.

* *By heavenly Contemplation.*

[2.]

THe court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded
With able men at Arms; their faith rewarded
With fadeing honours, subject to the fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frouns of State:
But here th' harmonious Quire of Heaven attend,
Whose prize is glory, glory without end,
Unmixt with doubtings, or degenerous fear;
A greater Prince, than *Solomon*, is here!

[3.]

THe Bridal bed of Princely *Solomon*,
(Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,)
Which all the World admired to behold,
Was but of Cedar, and her sted of Gold;
Her Pillars Silver, and her Conopy
Of silks, but richly stain'd with purple dye:
Her Curtains wrought in works, works rarely led
By th' Needles art, such was the Bridal bed.

[4.]

SUch was the Bridal bed, which Time, or Age
Durst never warrant from th' opprobrious rage
Of envious fate; earth's measure's but a minute;
Earth fades; all fades upon it; all within it.
O, but the glory of this diviner place.
No age can injure, nor yet Time deface:
Too weak an object, for weak eyes to 'bide,
Or tongues t' expres: who ever saw't, but dy'd?

[5.]

WHo ere beheld the Royal Crown set on
The nuptial brows of Princely *Solomon*?

His glorious pomp, whoſe honour did diſplay
The noiſed triumphs of his Marriage day?
A greater Prince, than *Solomon*, is here,
The beauty of whoſe Nuptials ſhall appear
More glorious, far trandſending his, as far
As Heavens bright lamp out-ſhines th' obſcureſt ſtar.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XII.

HOw orient is thy * beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!
The veiled † eyes out-ſhine Heavens great light,
Unconquer'd by the ſhady Cloud of night;
Thy curious ‖ Treſſes dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* † *The modeſty and purity of thy Judgments.* ‖ *Ornaments of neceſſary Ceremonies.*

[2.]

THy Ivory * Teeth in whiteneſs do outgo
The Down of Swans, or winters driveing Snow;
Whoſe even proportions lively repreſent
Th' harmonious Muſick of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſs Time could never plot;
Nor age (the Cancer of deſtruction) rot,
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine:

* *Sincere Miniſters*

[3.]

THe ruby portals of thy ballanc'd * words,
Send forth a welcome reliſh, which affords
A Heaven of bliſs, and makes the earth rejoyce,
To hear the Accent of thy heavenly voice;
The † maiden-bluſhes of thy cheeks proclaim
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame.

* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* † *Modeſt graces of the Spirit.*

How

How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

[4.]

THy neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed grace)
Is whiter, than the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter, may; for beauty, and for power,
'Tis like the glory of *David's* Princely Tower:
What vaſſal ſpirit could deſpair or faint,
Finding protection from ſo ſure a Saint?
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's thy glory of the earth to thine!

* *Magiſtrates,*

[5.]

THe dear-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree,
Was not ſo dainty, as thy Apples be,
Theſe curious Apples of thy ſnowy * breſts,
Wherein a Paradiſe of pleaſure reſts;
They breathe ſuch life into the raviſht † Eye,
That the inflam'd beholder cannot ‖ die.
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *The Old and New Teſtament.* † *The ſanctified and zealous Reader.* ‖ *The ſecond death.*

[6.]

MY deareſt Spouſe, I'll * hie me to my home,
And till that long expected † day ſhall come,
The light whereof ſhall chaſe the night that ſhrouds
Thy veiled beautie in theſe envious ‖ clouds;
Till then, I go, and in my Throne, provide
A glorious welcome for my faireſt Bride;
Chapplets of conqu'ring Palme, and Lawrel boughs
Shall crown thy Temples and adorn thy brows.

* *I will withdraw my bodily preſence.* † *The day of Judgment.* ‖ *Infirmities of the fleſh.*

7. Would

[7.]

WOuld beauty fain be flatter'd with a grace
She never had? May ſhe behold thy face:
Envy would burſt, had ſhe no other task,
Than to behold this face without a mask;
No ſpot, no venial bemiſh could ſhe find,
To feed the famine of her rancorous mind;
Thou art the flower of Beauties Crown and they're
Much worſe than foul, that think thee leſs, than fair.

[8.]

FEar not (my Love) for when thoſe ſacred bands
Of wedlock ſhall conjoyn our promis'd hands,
I'll come and quit thee from this tedious * place,
Where thou art forc'd to ſojourn for a ſpace;
No forein angle of the utmoſt Lands,
No ſeas Abyſs ſhall hide thee from my hands;
No night ſhall ſhade thee from my curious eye,
I'll rouze the graves, although grim death ſtand by.

* *This vale of miſery.*

[9]

ILluſtrious beams ſhot from thy flaming * eye,
Made fierce with zeal, and ſovereign Majeſty,
Have ſcorcht my ſoul, and like a fiery dart
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart;
The Virgin ſweetneſs of thy heavenly grace
Had made mine eyes glad priſ'ners to thy face;
The beauty of thine eye-bals hath bereft
Me of my heart: O ſweet, O ſacred theft!

* *The eye of faith.*

[10.]

O Thou the dear inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my ſoul, and hearts eternal prize.
How delectable is thy love: How pure!
How apt to raviſh, able to allure
A frozen ſoul; and with thy ſecret fire,
T' afflict dull ſpirits with extream deſire!

How

How do thy joys (though in their greateſt dearth)
Tranſcend the proudeſt pleaſures of the earth!

[11.]

THy lips (my deareſt ſpouſe) are the full treaſures
Of ſacred Poeſie, whoſe heavenly meaſures
Raviſh with joy the willing heart that hears,
But ſtrikes a deafneſs in rebellious ears:
Thy words, like milk and hony do requite
The ſeaſon'd ſoul with profit and delight:
Heavens higher Palace, and theſe lower places
Of dungeon-earth are ſweetned with thy graces?
* *Divine harmony.*

[12.]

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowers
Whoſe Sunny banks, and choice of ſhady bowers
Give change of pleaſures, pleaſures wall'd about
With armed Angels, to keep ruine out;
And from her * breſts († encloſed from the ill
Of looſer eyes) pure ‖ Chryſtal drops diſtill,
The fruitful ſweetneſs of whoſe gentle ſhowers.
Inrich her flowers with beauty; banks with flowers.
* *The two Teſtaments.* †*Riddles to prophane Readers,*
‖ *Celeſtial Comforts.*

[13.]

MY Love is like a Paradiſe beſet
With rareſt gifts, whoſe fruits (but tender yet)
The world ne'r taſted; dainties far more rare
Than *Edens* tempting Apple, and more fair:
Myrrh, Aloes, Incenſe, and the Cypreſs tree
Can boaſt no ſweetneſs, but is breath'd from thee:
Dainties for taſte, and flowers for the ſmel
Spring all from thee, whoſe ſweets all ſweets excel.

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

O Thou (my dear) whose sweets all sweets excell,
From whom my fruits receive their taste, their smell.
How can my thriving * plants refuse to grow
Thus quickned with so sweet a * Sun as thou
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nourish
With showrs of living waters, chuse but flourish?
O, thou the spring, from whence these waters burst,
Did ever any taste thy streams, and thirst?

* *The faithfull.* † *The Son of righteousness.*

[2.]

AM I a Garden? may my flowers be
So higly honour'd to be smelt by thee?
Inspire them with thy sacred breath, and then
Receive from them thy borrow'd breath agen
Frequent thy Garden, whose rare fruit invites
Thy welcome presence, to his choyce Delights;
Taste where thou list, and take thy full repast,
Here's that will please thy smell; thine eye thy taste.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XIV.

THou sacred Center of my soul, in whom
I rest, behold thy wisht for Love is come
Refresht with thy delights, I have repasted
Upon thy * pleasures; my full soul hath tasted
Thy † ripned danties, and hath freely been
Pleas'd with those ‖ fruits, that are (as yet) but green;
All you that love the honour of my Bride,
Come taste her Vineyards, and be deifi'd.

* *Obedience.* † *Strong works of faith.* ‖ *The new fruits of the Spirit.*

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET XV

IT was a * night, as night as dark, as foul
As that black Errour, that entranc'd my ſoul,
When as my beſt Beloved came and knockt;
At my † dull gates, too too ſecurely lockt:
Unbolt (ſaid he) theſe churliſh doors (my Dove)
Let not falſe ſlumbers bribe thee from thy Love;
Hear him, that for thy gentle ſake came hither.
Long injur'd by this ‖ nights ungentle weather.

* *Too much ſeverity.* † *My heart.* ‖ *The pleaſures of the fleſh.* * *Thy hard-hearted unkindneſs.*

[2.]

I Heard the voice, but the perfidious pleaſure
Of my ſweet ſlumbers could not find the leaſure
To ope my drouzy doors; my ſpirit could ſpeak
Words fair enough; but ah, my fleſh was weak
And fond excuſes taught me to betray
My ſacred vows to a ſecure delay.
Perfidious ſlumbers, how have you the might
To blind true pleaſures with a falſe delight!

[3.]

WHen as my Love, with oft repeated knocks
Could not avail, ſhaking his dewy locks,
Highly diſpleas'd, he could no longer 'bide
My ſlight neglect, but went away deni'd;
No ſooner gone, but my dull ſoul diſcern'd
Her drouzie errour; my griev'd ſpirit * yearn'd
To find him out; theſe ſeiled eyes that ſlept
So ſoundly faſt, awak'd, much faſter wept.

* *Repented.*

[4.]

THus rais'd and rouz'd from my deceitful reſt
I, op'd my doors, where my departed Gueſt

Had

Had been; I thruſt the churliſh Portals from me,
That ſo deny'd my deareſt Bridegroom to me;
But when I ſmelt of my returned hand,
My ſoul was rapt, my powers all did ſtand
Amazed at the * ſweetneſs they did find,
Which my neglected Love had left behind.

* *The ſweetneſs of his grace.*

[5.]

I Op'd my door, my Myrrh-diſtilling door,
But ah! my Gueſt was gone, had given me o'r:
What curious Pen, what Artiſt can define
A mateleſs ſorrow? Such, ah, ſuch was mine!
Doubts, and deſpair had of my life depriv'd me;
Had not ſtrong hope of his return reviv'd me;
I ſought, but he refuſed to appear?
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor hear.

[6.]

THus with the tyranny of grief diſtraught,
I rang'd a-round, no place I left unſought
No ear unask'd; * the Watchmen of the City
† Wounded my ſoul, without remorſe or pity
To virgin teares; They taught my feet to ſtray,
Whoſe ſteps were apt enough to loſe their way;
With taunts and ſcorns they checkt me, and derided
And call'd me Whore, becauſe I walkt, unguided.

* *Falſe Teachers.* † *With their falſe Doctrines.*

[7.]

YOu hallowed Virgins, you, whoſe tender hearts
Ere felt th' Impreſſion of * loves ſecret darts
I charge you all by the dear faith you owe
To virgin pureneſs, and your Veſtal vow,
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him,
O tell him, that his love-ſick ſpouſe doth greet him:
O let him know, I languiſh with deſire
T' enjoy that heart, that ſets this heart on fire.

* *Divine love.*

VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O Thou, the faireſt flower of mortal birth,
If ſuch a beauty may be born of earth,
Angel or Virgin, which? or both in one,
Angel by beauty, Virgin by thy mone,
Say, who is He that may deſerve theſe tears,
Theſe precious drops? who is't can ſtop his ears
At theſe fair lips? Speak Lady, ſpeak at large,
Who is't? for whom giv'ſt thou ſo ſtrict a charge?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,
Roſes, and Doves are not ſo red, ſo white;
Unpatern'd beauty ſummon'd every grace
To the compoſure of ſo ſweet a face;
His body is a Heaven, for in his breſt;
The perfect Eſſence of a God doth reſt;
The brighter eye of Heaven did never ſhine
Upon another glory, ſo divine.

[2.]

HIs * head is far more glorious to behold,
Than fruitful Ophirs oft refined Gold,
'Tis the rich Magazine of ſecret treaſure,
Whence graces ſpring in unconfined meaſure;
His curl'd and dangling † Treſſes do proclame
A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor came.
Whoſe Raven-Black colour gives a curious reliſh
To that which beauty did ſo much imbeliſh.

* *His Deity.* † *His humanity.*

[3.]

LIke to the eyes of Doves are his fair † eyes,
Wherein ſtern Juſtice, mixt with Mercy, lies;

His

His eyes are ſimple, Yet Majeſtical,
In motion nimble, and yet chaſte withall,
Flaming like fire, and yet burn they not,
Unblemiſht, undiſtained with a ſpot,
Blazing with precious beams, and to behold,
Like to rich Diamonds in a frame of Gold.

* *His Judgments and care of his Church.*

[4.]

His cheeks are like to fruitful beds o'r-grown
With Aromatick flowers newly blown,
Whoſe odours, beauty, pleaſe the ſmell, the ſight.
And doubling pleaſures double the delight:
His * lips are like a chriſtal ſpring, from whence
Flow ſweetned ſtreams of ſacred Eloquence,
Whoſe † drops into the ear diſtill'd, do give
Life to the ‖ dead, true joyes to * them that live.

* *The diſcovery of him in his word.* † *His promiſes.*
‖ *Thoſe that die to ſin.* * *That live to righteouſneſs.*

[5.]

His * hands are deckt with rings of * gold, the rings
With coſtly jewels, fitting none but Kings;
Which (of themſelves though glorious, yet) receive
More glory from thoſe fingers, than they give;
His † breaſt's like Ivory circled round about
With ‖ veines, like Saphirs winding in and out,
Whoſe beauty is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of divine, and ſecret Majeſty.

* *His actions.* † *with pureneſs.* ‖ *His ſecret counſels.*
* *Inwardly glorious.*

[9.]

His * legs like pureſt marble, ſtrong and white,
Of curious ſhape (though quick) unapt for flight;
His feet (as Gold that's oft refined) are
Like his upright procedings, pure and fair;
His † Port is Princely, and his ſtature tall,
And, like the Cedar, ſtout, yet ſweet withal

O, who would not repoſe his life, his bliſs,
Upon a Baſe ſo fair, ſo firm as this?

* *His ways conſtant: firm, and pure.* † *His whole curage.*

[7.]

HIs mouth! but ſtay, what needs my lips be laviſh
In choice of words, when one alone will raviſh?
But ſhall, in brief, my ruder tongue diſcover
The ſpeaking Image of my abſent Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art refine
The race of Virtues moral and divine,
From whence, by Heaven let there extracted be
A perfect Quinteſſence; even ſuch is He.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the faireſt, whoſe ſad tears
And ſmiling words have charm'd our eyes, our ears
Say, whether is this prize of beauty gone,
More fair then kind, to let thee weep alone?
Thy tempting lips have wet our dull deſire,
And till we ſee him, we are all on fire:
We'll find him out, if thou wilt be our guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroom* is the *Bride*.

* *The Church is the way to Chriſt.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errour led not my dull thoughts amiſs,
My Genius tells me where my true Love is;
He's buſie lab'ring on his * flo'wry banks,
† Inſpiring ſweetneſs, and || receiving thanks
Watring thoſe plants, whoſe tender roots are * dry,
And pruning ſuch whoſe creſts aſpire † too high,
Tranſplanting, Graſting, Reaping fruits from ſome,
And covering others that are || newly come.

* *Congregation of the faithful.* † *Giving graces.* || *Receiving glory.* * *Deſpairing ſouls.* † *Not yet throughly humbled.* || *Strengthening the weak in ſpirit.*

[2.]

WHat if the frailty of my feebler part
Lockt up the Portals of my drowzy heart?
He knows the weakneſs of the fleſh incumbers
Th' unwilling ſpirit, with ſence-bereaving ſlumbers
My hopes aſſure me, in deſpight of this,
That my beloved's mine, and I am his:
My hopes are firm (which time ſhall nere remove)
That he is mine, by faith; I, his, by love.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XX.

THY timely grief, (my tears-baptized Love)
Compels mine ears to hear; thy tears, to move;
Thy blubber'd beauty, to mine eye appears
More bright than 'twas: ſuch is the * ſtrength of tears:
Beauty, and Terrour, meeting in thine eye,
Have made thy face the Throne of Majeſty,
Whoſe awful beams, the proudeſt heart will move
To love for fear, until it fear for love.

* *The force of repentance.*

[2.]

REpreſs thoſe flames, that furnace from that eye,
They raviſh with too bright a tyrannie;
Thy fires are too too fierce: O turn them from me
They Peirce my ſoul, and with their raies o'rcome me,
Thy curious † Treſſes dangle, all unbound
With unaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!

3. Thy

[3.]

THY Ivory * teeth in whiteneſs do out-go
The Down of Swans, or winters driven Snow,
Whoſe even proportions lively repreſent
Th' harmonious muſick of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſs time could never blot,
Nor age (the envious Worm of Ruine) rot:
How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Sincere Miniſters.*

[4.]

THY † Temples are the Temples of chaſte love,
Where beauty ſacrific'd her milk-white Dove,
Upon whoſe Azure paths are always found
The heaven-born Graces dancing in a round:
Thy maiden || Bluſhes gently do proclaim
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame:
How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!

† *Thy viſible parts.* || *Modeſty and Zeal.*

[5.]

YOU, you brave ſpirits, whoſe imperial hand
Enforces, what your looks cannot command,
Bring forth your pamper'd Queens, the luſtful prize,
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes;
Surround the Circle of the earth, and levy
The faireſt Virgins in loves faireſt Bevy;
Then take from each, to make one perfect grace,
Yet would my Love out-ſhine that borrow'd face,

[6.]

Thou art ſhe, corrivall'd with no other,
Thou glorious daughter of thy glorious Mother
The New *Jeruſalem*, whoſe Virgin birth
Shall deifie the || Virgins of the earth;
The Virgins of the earth have ſeen thy beauty,
And ſtood amaz'd, and in a proſtrate duty,

* *The pure in heart.*

Have ſu'd to kiſs thine hand, making thine eyes
Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom riſe.

[7.]

HArk how the Virgins, hall'wd with thy fire,
And wonder-ſmitten with thy beams, admire,
Who, who is this (ſay they) whoſe cheeks reſemble
Aurora's bluſh, whoſe eyes Heavens light diſſemble?
Whoſe face is brighter, than the ſilent lamp
That lights the earth, to breathe her nightly damp:
Upon whoſe brow ſits dreadful Majeſty,
The frown whereof commands a Victory.

[8.]

FAir Bride, why was thy troubled ſoul dejected
When I was abſent? was my faith ſuſpected,
Which I ſo firmly plighted? Couldſt thou think
My love could ſhake, or ſuch a vow could ſhrink?
I did but walk among my tender plants,
To ſmell their odours, and ſupply their wants,
To ſee my ſtocks, ſo lately grafted, ſprout,
Or if my Vines began to burgen out.

[9.]

THough gone was I, * my heart was in my breſt,
(Although to the perchance) an unknown gueſt,
'Twas that, that gave ſuch wings to thy deſire,
T' enjoy thy love, and ſet thy ſoul on fire;
But my return was quick, and with a mind
More nimble (yet more conſtant) than the wind,
I came, and as the winged ſhaft doth flie
With undiſcerned ſpeed; even ſo did I.

* *My Spirit.*

[10.]

REturn (O then return) thou child of Peace
To thy firſt joyes, O let thy tears ſurceaſe;
Return thee to thy Love; let not the * night
With flatt'ring † ſlumbers, tempt thy true delight;

* *Security.* † *Worldly pleaſures.*

Return

Return thee to my boſome, let my breſt
Be ſtill thy Tent; Take there eternal reſt;
Return, o Thou, in whoſe enchanted eye,
Are Darts enough, to make an army flie.

[11.]

FAir Daughter of the Higheſt King, how ſweet
Are th' unaffected graces of thy * Feet!
From every ſtep, true Majeſty doth ſpring,
Fitting the Daughter of ſo high a King:
Thy waſte is circled with a * Virgin Zone,
Imbelliſht round with many a precious † Stone,
Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfil
The utmoſt glory of his diviner Skil.

* *Thy ways.* † *The girdle of Truth.* ‖ *The precious gifts of the Spirit.*

[12.]

THY * Navel, where thy holy Embryon doth
Receive ſweet nouriſhment, and heavenly growth
Is like a Chryſtal Spring, whoſe freſh ſupply
Of living waters, Sun, nor Drought can dry:
Thy * fruitful Womb is like a winow'd heap
Of pureſt Grain, which Heavens bleſt hand did reap
With Lillies fenc'd; True Emblem of rare treaſure,
Whoſe Grain denotes increaſe; whoſe Lillies, pleaſure.

* *Whereby there is a receipt of ſpiritual Conceptions* † *Increaſe of the faithful.*

[13.]

THY dainty * Breſts, are like fair twins, both ſwelling
In equal Majeſty; in hue excelling
The new faln Snow upon th' untrodden mountains,
From whence there flows, as from exub'rous fountains,
Rivers of heavenly *Nectar*, to allay
The holy thirſt of ſoules: Thrice happy they,
And more than thrice, whoſe bleſt affections bring
Their thirſty palates to ſo ſweet a Spring.

* *The Old and New Teſtament.*

[14.]

THY * Neck doth represent an Ivory Tower,
Imperfect pureneſs, and united Power,
Thine † Eyes (like pooles at a frequented gate
For every comer to draw water at)
Are comon treaſures, and like Chryſtal glaſſes,
Shews each his lively viſage, as he paſſes.
Thy † Noſe, the curious Organ of thy Scent.
Wants nothing more, for uſe, for Ornament.

* *Teachers.* † *Glorious in all parts.*

[15.]

THY † Tyres of Gold (enricht with glorious Gems
Rare Diamonds, and Princely Diadems)
Adorn thy brows, and with their native worth
Advance thy glory, and ſet thy beauty forth:
So perfect are thy Graces, ſo divine,
And full of heaven are thoſe fair looks of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce deſire.

† *The ceremonies of the church.*

[16.]

O Sacred Symmetry! O rare connexion
Of many perfects, to make one perfection!
O Heavenly Muſick, where all parts do meet
In one ſweet ſtrain, to make one perfect ſweet!
O glorious members, whoſe each ſeveral feature
Divine, compoſe ſo, ſo divine a Creature!
Fair ſoul, as all thy parts united be
Entire, ſo ſumm'd are all my joys in thee

[17.]

THY curious Fabrick, and erected ſtature
Is like the generous Palm, whoſe lofty nature
In ſpight of envious violence will aſpire,
When moſt ſuppreſt, the more it mounts the higher;

Thy

Thy lovely breaſts, (whoſe beauty re-invites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the ſwelling Cluſters of the Vine;
So full of ſweetneſs are thoſe breaſts of thine.

[18.]

ART thou my Palm? My buſie hand ſhall nouriſh
Thy fruitful roots, and make thy branches flouriſh
Art thou my vine? my ſkilful arm ſhall dreſs
Thy *dying plants; my living ſprings ſhall bleſs
Thy † infant Buds; my blaſting breath ſhall quell
‖ Preſumptuous weeds, and make thy Cluſters ſwell;
And all that love thee, ſhall attain the favour
To taſte thy ſweetneſs, and to ſmell thy ſavour,

** Deſpairing ſouls.* † *Young Converts.* ‖ *Oppoſers of the Truth.*

[19.]

THoſe Oracles that from thy lips proceed,
With ſweet Evangels, ſhall delight and feed
Th' attentive ear, and like the Trumpet's voice,
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave ſpirits rejoyce:
Thy breath, whoſe Dialect is moſt divine,
Incends quick flames, where ember'd ſparks but ſhine;
It ſtrikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with deriſion,
And makes the dulleſt Soul a Rhetorician.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

MY faith, not merits, hath aſſur'd thee mine;
Thy Love, not my deſert hath made me thine;
Unworthy I, whoſe drowzy ſoul rejected
Thy precious favours, and (ſecure) neglected
Thy glorious preſence, how am I become
A Bride befitting ſo divine a Groom!
It is no merit, no deſert of mine,
Thy love, thy love alone, hath made me thine.

[2.]

SInce then the bounty of thy dear election
Hath ſtil'd me thine, O let the ſweet reflection
Of thy illuſtrious beams, my ſoul inſpire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot deſire;
Unite our ſouls; O let thy Spirit reſt
And make perpetual home within my breſt;
Inſtruct me ſo, that I may gain the Skill,
To ſuit my ſervice to thy ſacred will.

[3.]

COme, come (my ſouls preſerver) thou that art
Th' united joys of my united heart,
Come, let us viſit, with the morning light
Our proſp'rous * Vines; with mutual delight
Let's view thoſe Grapes, whoſe cluſters being † preſt
Shall make rich Wines, to ſerve our Mariage feaſt;
That by the thriving plants it may appear.
Our joys-perfecting Marriage draweth near.

* *Congregation of the faithful.* † *By affliction.*

[4.]

BEhold, my * new diſcloſed Flowers preſent
Before thy gates, their tributary ſcent;
Reſerve themſelves for Garlands, that they may
Adorn the Bridegroom, on his Marriage day:
My † Garden's full of ‖ Trees, and every Tree
Laden with * Fruit, which I devote to thee;
Eternal joyes betide that happy gueſt,
That taſte the dainties of the Bridegroom's Feaſt.

* *Young Converts,* † *Aſſemblies.* ‖ *Faithful.* * *Faith and good works.*

[5.]

O Would to God mine eyes (theſe fainting eyes,
Whoſe eager appetite could ne'r deviſe
A dearer object) might but once behold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleſhly mold,

That

That each may corporally converſe with other,
As friend with friend, as ſiſter with her brother;
O how mine eyes could welcom ſuch a ſight!
How would my ſoul diſſolve with o'r-delight.

[6.]

THen ſhould this hand conduct my faireſt Spouſe,
To taſte a banquet at my mothers * houſe;
Our fruitful Garden ſhould preſent thine eyes
With ſweet delights; her Trees ſhould ſacrifice
Their earely fruits to thee; our tender Vine
Should chear thy palate with her unpreſt Wine;
Thy hand ſhould teach my living Plants to thrive;
And ſuch as are a dying, to revive.

* *The univerſal Church.*

[7.]

THen ſhould my ſoul enjoy within this breſt
A holy Sabbath of eternal Reſt;
Then ſhould my cauſe, that ſuffers through deſpite
Of error, and rude ignorance, have right;
Then ſhould theſe † ſtreams, whoſe tydes ſo often riſe,
Be ebb'd away from my ſuffuſed eyes;
Then ſhould my ſpirits fill'd with heavenly mirth,
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a Heaven on earth.

† *Tears and ſorrows.*

[8.]

ALL you that wiſh the bountiful encreaſe
Of deareſt pleaſures, and divineſt peace,
I charge you all, (if ought my charge may move
Your tender hearts) * not to diſturb my Love;
Vex not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
Him of his joyes, that is ſo apt to grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a raging Lyon from his reſt.

* *Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.*

Who

[9.]

WHO ever lov'd, that ever lov'd, as I,
That for his ſake renounce my ſelf, deny
The worlds beſt joyes, and have the world forgone?
Who ever lov'd ſo dear, as I have done?
I ſought my Love, and found him † lowly laid
Beneath the tree of Love, in whoſe ſweet ſhade
He reſted; there his eye ſent forth the fire
That firſt inflam'd my amorous deſire.

† *In humility.*

[10.]

MY deareſt Spouſe, O ſeal me on thy heart,
So ſure, that envious earth may never part
Our joyned ſouls; let not the world remove
My chaſte deſires from ſo choice a Love;
For, O, my Love's not ſlight, her flames are ſerious,
Was never death ſo pow'rful, ſo imperious:
My jealous zeal is a conſuming fire,
That burns my ſoul, through fear and fierce deſire.

[11.]

FIres may be quencht, and flames though ne'r ſo great
With many drops ſhall faint, and loſe their heat:
But theſe quick fires of love, the more ſuppreſt,
The more they flame in my inflamed breſt.
How dark is honour! how obſcure and dim
Is earths bright glory, but compar'd with him!
How foul is beauty! what a toyl is Pleaſure!
How poor is wealth! how baſe a thing is Treaſure!

[12.]

I Have a * Siſter, which by thy divine
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage ſhal make thine:
She is mine own, mine only ſiſter, whom
My Mother bare, the youngeſt of her womb:
She's yet a † child, her beauty may improve,
Her breaſts are ſmall, and yet too green for love;

* *The Church of the Gentiles, then uncalled.* † *Uncall'd to the truth.*

When

When time and years ſhall add perfection to her,
Say (deareſt Love) what honour wilt thou do her?

BRIDE-GROOM.
SONET XXII.

IF ſhe be fair, and with her beauty, prove
As chaſte, as loyal to her Virgin-Love,
As thou haſt been; then in that high degree
I'll honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
Be ſhe as conſtant to her Veſtal vow.
And true to her devoted faith, as thou;
I'll crown her head, and fill her hand with power,
And give a Kingdom to her for a Dower.

BRIDE.
SONET XXIII.

WHen time ſhall ripen theſe her green deſires
And holy Love ſhall breathe her heav'nly fires
Into her Virgin breaſt, her heart ſhall be
As true to love, as I am true to thee:
O when thy boundleſs bounty ſhall conjoyn
Her equal-glorious Majeſty, with mine,
My joyes are perfect, then in ſacred bands,
Wedlock ſhall couple our eſpouſed hands.

BRIDE-GROOM.
SONET XXIV.

I Am thy Gard'ner, thou my fruitful Vine,
Whoſe rip'ned Cluſters ſwell with richeſt wine;
The Vines of *Solomon* were not ſo fair,
His Grapes were not ſo precious, as thine are;
His Vines were ſubject to the vulgar will
Of hir'd hands, and mercenary ſkill:
Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines,
And at a price return'd their barter'd Wines.

2. But

[2.]

BUT mine's a Vinyard, which no ruder hand
Shall touch, subjected to my sole command;
My self with this laborious arm will dress it,
My presence with a busie eye shall bless it;
O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriving Vine
Is not so fair, so bountiful as mine;
Thy greedy sharers claim an earned hire,
But mine's reserv'd, and to my self entire.

[3.]

O Thou that dwell'st* where th' eternal fame
Of my renown so glorifies my name;
Illustrious Bride, in whose celestial tongue
Are sacred spells, t' enchant the ruder throng;
O! let thy lips like a perpetual story,
Divulge my graces, and declare my glory;
Direct those hearts, that error leads astray,
Dissolve the† Wax, but make obdure the‖ Clay.

* *In the great Congregation.* † *The Penitent.* ‖ *The Presumptuous.*

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

MOst glorious Love, and honourable Lord.
My heart's the vowed servant of thy word,
But I am weak, and as a tender Vine,
Shall fall, unpropt by that dear hand of thine:
Assist me therefore, that I may fulfil
What thou commandst, and then command thy will;
O leave thy Sacred Spirit in my breast,
As Earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The End.

SIONS
ELEGIES:
WEPT BY
Jeremiah
THE
PROPHET.
AND
PERIPHRAS'D.

By *FR. QUARLES.*

TO THE READER.

IF *the ruines of* Troy, Rome, Thebes, *or* Carthage, *have been thought a ſubject worthy the employment of more ſerious Pens, to entail the remembrance thereof to poſterity, how much more worthy the pains of a livelyer Pen than mine, is this antient, moſt true, and never enough to be lamented Deſolation, and Captivity of* Jeruſalem; Jeruſalem, *the holy City of God*; Jeruſalem, *the Type of the Catholick Church?*

After eighteen moneths Siege, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, *the ninth day of the fourth moneth, (which was the eighteenth year of* Nabuchadonozor *over* Babylon) *the Princes of* Babylon *ſurprized and tooke this brave City of* Jeruſalem: *preſently after which,* Nabuzaradan *the General of the* Babylonian *Army (commanded by* Nebuchadonozor) *ſpoiled the Temple, carried away the Veſſels of Gold and Silver, that were conſecrated to Gods ſervice, and the great Laver given by King* Solomon, *and burned the Temple, the firſt day of the next moneth, which was one and twenty days after the ſurprizal:* 470 *years, ſix moneths, and ten days after the foundation thereof;* 1062 *years, ſix moneths, ten days, after the departure*

departure of the people out of Ægypt; 1950 *years six moneths, ten days, after the Deluge; and* 3513 *years, six moneths, ten days, after the Creation of* Adam. *Thus, and then was the City of* Jeruſalem *taken, and for ſeventy years remained the Jews in this Captivity: And this, in brief, is the general occaſion why, and the time when theſe Lamentations were compoſed. Reader, I tender to thy conſideration two things: First, the Pen-man: Secondly, the Art and Method of this* Threnodia. *As for the firſt, it was penned by* Jeremy *the Prophet, the ſon of* Hilkiah, *a Prieſt; and undoubtedly endited by the Spirit of God: Some think it was written when the Prophet was in Priſon: others, when he was with* Godoliah *at* Maſpah: *but whether at the one place, or the other, it is not much material to diſcourſe.*

Secondly, As touching the Art and Method, it is ſhort and conciſe, as being moſt natural to ſo lamentable a ſubject. Cicero *ſays,* Lamentationes debent eſſe conciſæ & breves, quia cito lachryma exareſcit, & difficile eſt auditores, aut lectores in illo effectu ſummæ commiſerationis, diu tenere. *The method is truly elegious, not bound to an ordinary ſet form, but wildly depending upon the ſudden ſubject, that new griefs preſent, and indeed the deepeſt ſorrows cannot be but diſtracted from all rules of method; the neglect of which, is venial in ſuch ejaculations as theſe, as which*

in

in all the Scriptures, there is none ſo copious, none ſo ardent; concerning which Greg. Nazianzen *confeſſes,* Threnos Jeremiæ nunquam a ſe ſiccis oculis lectos eſſe. *Yet ſome think there is a Method kept, but too fine and intricate, for our groſs apprehenſions: Touching this point, Saint* Ambroſe Lib. 8. Epiſt. ad Juſt. *ſays,* Demus eas ſecundum artem non ſcripſiſſe, at certe ſecundum gratiam ſcripſiſſe fatendum eſt, quæ omnem artem longe ſuperat, *and with this I reſt.*

You ſhall obſerve, that the four firſt Chapters of theſe Lamentations carry a ſtrict order in the Original, for every Verſe throughout every Chapter, begins with a ſeveral letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the firſt, and every third Verſe onely is tyed to a letter, and continues the Alphabet through; which form the Prophet uſed, partly for eloquence, partly for memory ſake; meaning either literally thus, that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet in memory, or Hieroglyphically, thus, that as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words, ſo the miſeries of the Jews, were the combination of all miſeries.

For the ſame cauſes, I likewiſe here in my Periphraſe, have obſerved the ſame form, and continue the Alphabet in Engliſh, as the Prophet did in the Hebrew, deſiring to be his ſhadow, as much as I can.

It appears by the ſtrictneſs of the Order, that

these Lamentations were Originally writ in Verse, and as some think in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Jews carry, now, any direct or certain Laws of Poesie, though (they confess) some ruinous Accents, here and there discovered, makes them imagine, they write somethings in verse; but now, it seems that GOD, in dispersing them, hath likewise dissolved, and struck dumb their Musick.

Farewel.

TO

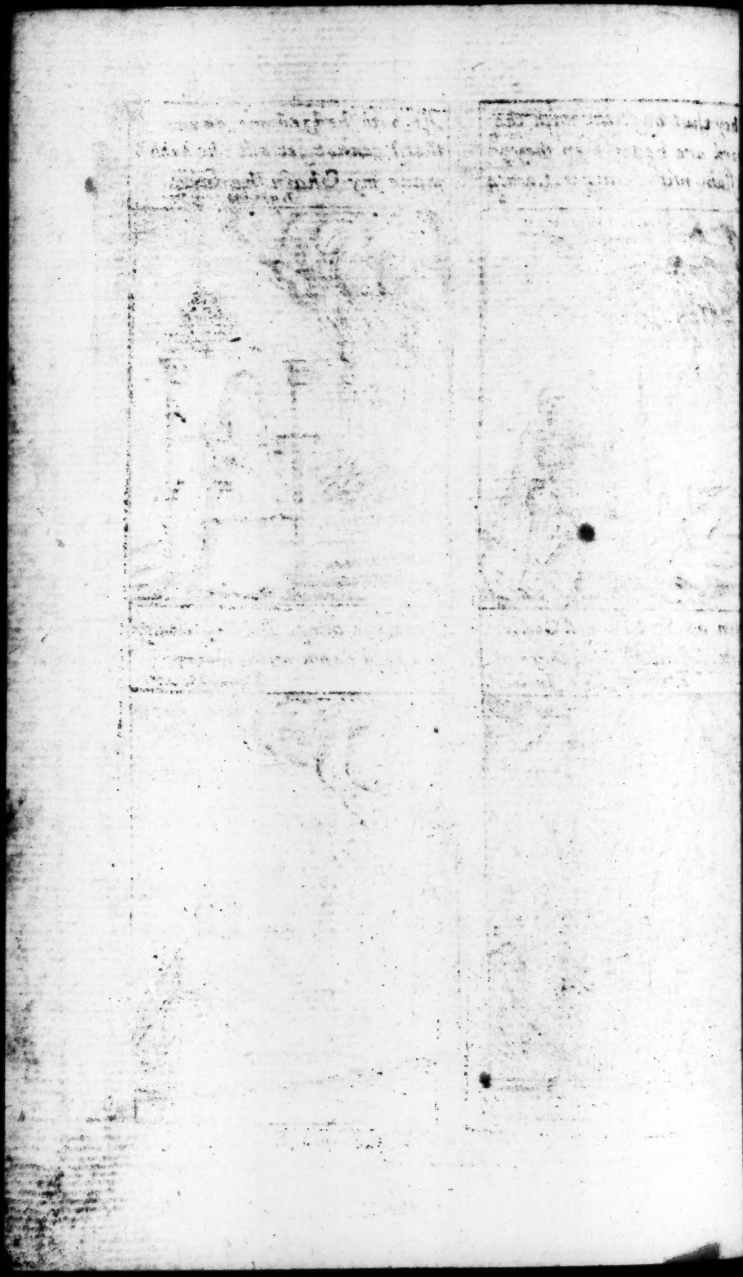
…y that be slain with the …t are better then they y…
…e with Hunger: Lam: 4. 9

…s Sodom and Gomorr:
…e suffering y vengeance of
Eternall fire Jude 7.

He hath hedged me about
that I cannot get out: he hath
made my Chain heavie
Lament: 3. 7

For these things I weep, mine eye
runneth down with water,
Lament 1. 16.

before Sions Elegies



To the true

THE ANTHROPOS,

Jesus Christ,

THE

SAVIOUR of the WORLD.

His Servant implores his favourable assistance.

THou *Alpha* and *Omega*, before whom
Things *past* and *present*, and things, yet to *come*,
Are all alike; O prosper my designs,
And let thy Spirit enrich my feeble lines;
Revive my passion; let mine eye behold
Those sorrows present, which were wept of old:
Strike sad my soul, and give my Pen the Art
To move; and me an understanding heart.
O, let the accents of each word make known,
I mix the Tears of *Sion*, with mine own:
Preserve all such, as bear true hearts to *Sion*,
We are thy *Lambs*, O be thou still our *Lion*.

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia I.

ELEG. I.

AH grief of Times! ha ſable times of Grief,
Whoſe torments find a voice, but no relief!
Are theſe the buildings? theſe the Tower and (State,
That all th' amazing earth ſtood wondring at?
Is this that City, whoſe eternal Glory
Could find no period for her endleſs ſtory?
And is ſhe come to this? Her buildings raz'd,
Her Towers burnt? Her Glory thus defac'd?
O ſudden change! O world of Alterations!
She, ſhe that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations,
See, how ſhe lies, of ſtrength, of all, bereav'd,
Now paying Tribute, which ſhe once receiv'd.

ELEG. II.

BEhold! her eyes, thoſe glorious eyes that were
Like two fair Suns in one celeſtial Sphere,
Whoſe radiant Beams did, once, reflect ſo bright,
Are now eclipſed, and have loſt their light;
And ſeem like Iſlands about which appears
A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Tears;

Her

Her ſervants Cities (that were once at hand,
And bow'd their ſervile necks to her command)
Stand all aloof, as ſtrangers to her moan,
And give her leave to ſpend her tears alone;
Her neighbours flatter, with a falſe relief,
And with a kiſs betray her to her grief.

ELEG. III.

COmpaſt around with Seas of briny tears,
Judah laments; diſtraught with double fears;
Even as the fearful Partridge, to excuſe her
From the fierce Goſ-hawk, that too cloſe purſues her,
Falls in a Covert, and her ſelf doth cover
From her unequal Foe, that ſits above her:
Mean-while the treaſon of her quick Retrivers,
Diſcovers novel dangers, and delivers
Her to a ſecond fear, whoſe double fright
Finds ſafety not in ſtaying, nor in flight:
Even ſo is *Judah* vext, with change of woes,
Betwixt the home-bred, and her forein Foes.

ELEG. IV.

DID not theſe ſacred Cauſeys, that are leading
To *Sion*, late ſeem pav'd, with often treading?
Now ſecret Dens, for lurking Theeves to meet;
Unpreſt, unleſs by ſacrilegious feet;
Sion, the Temple of the higheſt God
Stands deſolate, her holy ſteps untrod;
Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgin-fires
Surceaſe, and with a ſtink her ſnuff expires;
Her Prieſts have chang'd their Hymns to ſighs and cries,
Her Virgins weep forth Rivers from their eies:
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Child of mirth,
Art now the ſcorn, and by-word of the Earth.

ELEG. V.

ENcreas'd in power, and high Cheviſance
Of Arms, the Tyrant Foe-men do advance
Their crafty creſts; he, he that was thy father,
And crown'd thee once with bleſſings, now doth gather
His Troops to work thy end; him, who advanc'd thee
To be *Earth*'s Queen, thy ſins have bent againſt thee:
Strange ſpectacle of grief! Thy tender fry,
Whom childhood taught no language but their cry,
T' expreſs their infant grief, theſe, wretched theſe,
By force of childiſh tears, could not appeaſe
The ruthleſs ſword, which deaf to all their cries,
Did drive them captives from their Mothers eyes.

ELEG. VI.

FAir Virgin *Sion*, where, (ah) where are thoſe
Pure cheeks, wherein the Lilly and Roſe
So much contended lately for the place,
Till both compounded in thy glorious face?
How haſt thou blear'd thoſe Sun-bright eyes of thine,
Thoſe beams, the royal Magazins of divine
And ſacred Majeſty, from whoſe pure light
The purblind worldlings did receive their ſight?
Thy fearful Princes leave their fenceleſs Towers,
And fly like Harts before their ſwift purſuers;
Like light-foot Harts they fly, not knowing where,
Prickt on with Famine, and diſtracted Fear.

ELEG. VII.

GAll'd with her grief, *Jeruſalem* recals
To mind her loſt delights, her Feſtivals,
Her peaceful freedom, and full joys, in vain
Wiſhing what Earth cannot reſtore again; Suc-

Succor ſhe ſought and begg'd, but none was there
To give the Alms of one poor trickling tear;
The ſcornful lips of her amazed Foes,
Deride the grief of her diſaſtrous woes:
They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
Diſdain to look, and yet they gaze upon her,
Abuſe her Altars, hate her Offerings,
Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

ELEG. VIII.

HAdſt thou, (*Jeruſalem*) O, had thy heart
Been loyal to his Love, whoſe, once thou wert,
O, had the beams of thy unveiled eye
Continu'd pure; hadſt thou been nice to try
New pleaſures, thus thy glory ne'r had waſted,
Thy walls, till now, like thy reproach had laſted:
Thy Lovers, whoſe falſe beauties did intice thee,
Have ſeen thee naked, and do now deſpiſe thee;
Drunk with thy wanton pleaſures, they are fled,
And ſcorn the bounty of thy loathed bed;
Leaſt to thy guilt (the ſervant of thy ſin)
Thou ſhame'ſt to ſhow, what once, thou gloriedſt in.

ELEG. IX.

JEruſalem is all infected over
With Leproſie, whoſe filth no ſhade can cover,
Puſt up with pride, unmindful of her end,
See how ſhe lies, devoid of help, or friend.
Great Lord of Lords (whoſe mercy far tranſcends
Thy ſacred Juſtice) whoſe full hand attends
The cries of empty Ravens, bow down thine ears
To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in tears:
Thy hand did plant her, (Lord) ſhe is thy Vine,
Confound her foes: they are her foes, and thine:

Shew wonted favour to thy holy Hill:
Rebuild her Walls, and love thy *Sion* ſtill.

ELEG. X.

KNees falſly bent to *Dagon*, now defile
Her waſted Temple, rudely they diſpoil
Th' abuſed Altars, and no hand relieves.
Her houſe of Prayer, is turn'd a den of Theeves;
Her coſtly Robes, her ſacred treaſure ſtands
A willing prey to ſacrilegious hands;
Her Prieſts are ſlain, and in a luke-warm flood,
Through every channel runs the Levites blood;
The hallowed Temple of the higheſt God,
Whoſe purer foot-ſteps were not to be trod
With unprepared feet, before her eye
Is turn'd a Grove, for baſe Idolatry.

ELEG. XI.

LIngring with Death and Famine, *Judah* groans,
And to the Air breathes forth her airy moans,
Her fainting eyes wax dim, her cheeks grow pale,
Her wandring ſteps deſpair to ſpeed, and fail,
She faints, and through her trembling lips, half dead,
She whiſpers of the holy name of bread:
Great God, let thy offended wrath ſurceaſe,
Behold thy ſervants, ſend thy ſervants peace;
Behold thy vaſſals, groveling on the duſt:
Be merciful (dear God as well as juſt)
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that ſent this grief,
Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, can ſend relief.

ELEG. XII.

MY tongue's in labour with her painful birth,
That finds no paſſage, Lord, how ſtrange a dearth
Of

Of words, concomitates a world of woes!
I neither can conceal, nor yet diſcloſe:
You weary Pilgrimes, you, whoſe change of Climes
Have taught you change of Fortune, and of Times,
Stay, ſtay your feeble ſteps, and caſt your eyes
On me the Abſtract of all miſeries.
Say (Pilgrimes) ſay, if e'r your eyes beheld
More truer Iliades; more unparallel'd,
And mateleſs evils, which my offended God
Re-ulcerates with his enraged Rod.

ELEG. XIII.

NO humane power could, no envious Art
Of mortal man, could thus ſubject my heart,
My glowing heart, to theſe imperious fires:
No earthly ſorrow, but at length expires;
But theſe my Tyrant-torments do extend
To infinities, not having eaſe, nor end;
Lo, I the Pris'ner of the higheſt God,
Inthralled to the vengeance of his Rod,
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,
Nor yet endure his deadly ſtrokes, nor die:
My joys are turn'd to ſorrows, backt with fears,
And I (poor I) lie pickled up in tears.

ELEG. XIV.

O! How unſufferable is the waight
Of ſin! how miſerable is their ſtate,
The ſilence of whoſe ſecret ſin conceals
The ſmart, till Juſtice to Revenge appeals!
How ponderous are my crimes, whoſe ample ſcroul
Weighs down the pillars of my broken Soul!
Their ſour, maſqu'd with ſweetneſs, over-ſway'd me,
And with their ſmiling kiſſes, they betray'd me;

Betray'd

Betray'd me to my foes, and what is worſe,
Betray'd me to my ſelf, and heav'ns curſe,
Betray'd my ſoul to an eternal grief,
Devoid of hope, for e'r to find relief.

ELEG. XV.

PErplext with change of woes, where-e'r I turn
My fainting eyes, they find freſh cauſe to mourn:
My griefs move like the Planets, which appear
Chang'd from their places, conſtant in their ſphere:
Behold, the earth-confounding arm of Heaven,
Hath cow'd my valiant Captains, and hath driven
Their ſcatterd forces up and down the ſtreet,
Like worried ſheep, afraid of all they meet;
My younger men, the ſeed of propagation,
Exile hath driven from my divided Nation;
My tender Virgins have not 'ſcap'd their rage;
Which neither had reſpect to youth, nor age.

ELEG. XVI.

QUick change of torments! equal to thoſe crimes
Which paſt unthought of in my proſp'rous times;
From hence proceed my griefs, (ah me!) from hence
My Spring-tyde ſorrows have their influence;
For theſe my ſoul diſſolves, my eyes lament,
Spending thoſe tears, whoſe ſtore will ne'r be ſpent;
For theſe my fainting ſpirits droop, and melt
In anguiſh, ſuch as never Mortal felt;
Within the ſelf-ſame flames, I freez, and fry,
I roar for help, and yet no help is nigh;
My ſons are loſt, whoſe fortunes would relieve me;
And onely ſuch triumph, that hourly grieve me.

ELEG.

ELEG. XVII.

RAnt from the glory of her loſt renown,
Sion laments; Her lips (her lips o'rflown
With floods of tears) ſhe prompteth how to break
New languages, inſtructs her tongue to ſpeak
Elegious Dialects; She lowly bends
Her duſty knees upon the earth, extends
Her brawnleſs arms to them, whoſe ruthleſs eyes
Are red with laughing at her miſeries;
Naked ſhe lies, deform'd, and circumvented
With troops of fears, unpitied, unlamented,
A loathſom drain for filth, deſpis'd, forlorn,
The ſcorn of Nations, and the child of ſcorn.

ELEG. XVIII.

SOur wages iſſue from the ſweets of ſin,
Heavens hand is juſt, this treacherous heart hath bin
The Author of my woes: 'Tis I alone;
My ſorrows reap, what my foul ſins have ſown;
Often they cry'd to Heaven, e'r Heaven reply'd,
And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd;
All you that paſs, vouchſafe your gracious ears,
To hear theſe cries; your eyes, to view theſe tears
They are no heat-drops of an angry heart,
Or childiſh paſſion of an idle ſmart;
But they are Rivers ſpringing from an eye,
Whoſe ſtreams, no joy can ſtop, no grief draw dry.

ELEG. XIX.

TUrn where I liſt, new cauſe of woe preſents
My poor diſtracted ſoul with new laments;

Where

Where ſhall I turn? ſhall I implore my friends?
Ah, ſummer friendſhip, with the Summer ends;
In vain to them my groans, in vain my tears,
For harveſt friends can find no winter ears,
Or ſhall I call my ſacred Prieſts for aid?
Alas! my pined Prieſts are all betray'd
To Death, and Famine; in the ſtreets they cried
For bread, and whilſt they ſought for bread, they died
Vengeance could never ſtrike ſo hard a blow,
As when ſhe ſends an unlamented woe.

ELEG. XX.

VOuchſafe (great God) to turn thy tender eyes
On me poor wretch: Oh, let my midnight cries
(That never ceaſe, if never ſtopt with tears:)
Procure audience from thy gracious ears:
Behold thy creature, made by change of grief,
The bareſt wretch, that ever beg'd relief;
See, ſee, my ſoul is tortur'd on thy Rack,
My bowels tremble, and my heart-ſtrings crack;
Abroad, the ſword with open ruine frights me;
At home, the ſecret hand of Famine ſmites me;
Strange fires of grief! How is my ſoul oppreſt,
That finds abroad no peace, at home no reſt!

ELEG. XXI.

WHere, where art thou, O ſacred *Lamb* of peace,
That promis'd to the heavy laden, eaſe?
Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
Invokes, that have no other help, but thee:
My foes (amazed at my hoarſe complaining)
Scoff at my oft repeated cries, diſdaining
To lend their proſp'rous hand, they hiſs and ſmile,
Taking a pleaſure to behold my ſpoil:

Their

Their hands delight to bruiſe my broken reeds,
And ſtill perſiſt to prick that heart that bleeds:
But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)
Shall ſcourge their ſins, as they have ſcourged mine.

ELEG. XXII.

YOU noiſome weeds, that lift your creſts ſo high,
When better plants for want of moiſture die;
Think you to flouriſh ever? and (unſpy'd)
To ſhoot the flowers of your fruitleſs pride?
If plants be cropt, becauſe their fruits are ſmall,
Think you to thrive, that bear no fruit at all?
Look down (great God) and from their places tear
Theſe weeds, that ſuck the juice, ſhould make us bear:
Undew'd with ſhowers, let them ſee no Sun,
But feel thoſe froſts, that thy poor plants have done.
O cleanſe thy Garden that the World may know
We are the ſeed, that thy right hand did ſow.

Threnodia II.

ELEG. I.

ALas! my torments, my diſtracted fears
Have no commerce, with reaſonable tears:
How hath heavens abſence darkned the renown
Of *Sions* glory with one angry frown!
How hath th' Almighty clouded thoſe bright beams,
And chang'd her beauties ſtreamers, into ſtreams!
Sion, the glory of whoſe refulgent Fame
Gave earneſt of an everlaſting name,
Is now become an indigeſted Maſs,
And ruine is, where that brave glory was.
How hath heaven ſtruck her earth-admired name,
From th' height of honour, to the depth of ſhame!

ELEG.

ELEG. II.

BEauty, nor ſtrength of building could entice,
Or force revenge from her juſt enterpriſe;
Mercy hath ſtopt her ears, and Juſtice hath
Powr'd out full vials of her kindled wrath;
Impatient of delay, ſhe hath ſtruck down
The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Judah's* Crown;
Her ſtreets unpeopled, and diſperſt her powers
And with the ground hath levell'd her high Towers;
Her Prieſts are ſlain; her captiv'd Princes are
Unranſom'd Priſoners; Slaves her men of war;
Nothing remains of all her wonted glory,
But ſad memorials of her tragick ſtory.

ELEG. III.

COnfuſed horror, and confounding ſhame,
Have blurr'd the beauty, and renowned name
Of righteous *Iſrael*; *Iſrael's* fruitful Land,
Entail'd by Heaven, with the uſurping hand
Of uncontrouled Gentiles, is laid waſte,
And with the ſpoil of ruine is defac'd;
The angry mouth of Juſtice blows the fires
Of haſty vengeance, whoſe quick flame aſpires
With fury to that place, which Heaven did ſever,
For *Jacob*, and his holy ſeed for ever;
No part, no ſecret angle of the Land,
Which bears no mark of Heaven's enraged hand.

ELEG. IV.

DArts, thrild from heaven, transſix my bleeding heart,
And fill my ſoul with everlaſting ſmart,
Whoſe feſt'ring wound no fortune can recure;
Th' Almighty ſtrikes but ſeldom, but ſtrikes ſure;

His

His ſinewy arm hath drawn his ſteely bow,
And ſent his forked ſhafts to overthrow
My pined Princes, and to ruinate
The weakned Pillars of my wounded State:
His hand hath ſcourg'd my dear delights, acquited
My ſoul, of all, wherein my ſoul delighted:
I am the mirror of unmaſked ſin,
To ſee her (dearly purchas'd) pleaſures in.

ELEG. V.

EVen as the Pilot, whoſe ſharp Keel divides
The encountring Waves of the *Sicilian* Tides,
Toſt on the liſts of death, ſtriving to 'ſcape
The danger of deep-mouth'd *Carybdis* rape,
Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd career,
And wrecks upon a leſs ſuſpected fear:
Even ſo poor I, contriving to withſtand
My Foe-mans, fall into the Almighty's hand:
So I, the child of ruine, to avoid
Leſs dangers, by a greater, am deſtroy'd;
How neceſſary, ah! how ſharp's his end,
That neither hath his God, nor man, to friend!

ELEG. VI.

FOrgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head
Upon her fainting breaſt; Her ſoul is fed
With endleſs grief, whoſe torments had depriv'd her
Long ſince, of life, had not new pains reviv'd her;
Sion is like a Garden, whoſe defence
Being broke, is left to the rude violence
Of waſtful Swine, full of neglected waſte;
Nor having flower for ſmell, nor herb, for taſte;
Heaven takes no pleaſure in her holy Feaſts;
Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of Beaſts;

Both

Both State and Temple are deſpoil'd, and fleec't
Of all their beauty; without Prince, or Prieſt.

ELEG. VII.

GLory, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,
Is now departed from that ſacred Hill;
See, how the empty Altars ſtand diſguis'd,
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by Heaven deſpis'd;
That place, wherein the Holy One hath taken
So ſweet delight, lies loathed and forſaken;
That ſacred place, wherein the precious Name
Of great *Jehovah* was preſerv'd, the ſame
Is turn'd a Den for theeves; an open ſtage
For vice to act on; a defiled Cage
Of unclean birds; a houſe of priviledge
For ſin, and uncontrolled ſacriledge.

ELEG. VIII.

HEaven hath decreed; his angry breaſt doth boil,
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to ſpoil;
His ſecret Will adjourn'd the righteous doom
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes
A flame more quick, than ſulph'rous *Ætna*, flies;
Sion muſt fall: That hand which hath begun,
Can never reſt, till the full work be done.
Her Walls are ſunk, her Towers are overthrown,
Heaven will not leave a ſtone upon a ſtone;
Hence, hence the floods of roaring *Judah* riſe,
Hence *Sion* fills the Ciſterns of her eyes.

ELEG. IX.

JOY is departed from the holy gates
Of dear *Jeruſalem*, and peace retreats

From

From waſted *Sion*; her high walls, that were
An armed proof againſt the brunt of fear,
Are ſhrunk for ſhame, if not withdrawn, for pity,
To ſee the ruine of ſo brave a City;
Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes live conſtrain'd
Hourly to hear the name of Heaven profain'd;
Manners and Laws, the life of government,
Are ſent into eternal baniſhment;
Her Prophets ceaſe to preach; they vow, unheard:
They howl to Heaven, but Heaven gives no regard,

ELEG. X.

KIng, Prieſt, and People, all alike are clad
In weeds of Sackcloth, taken from the ſad
Wardrope of ſorrow, Proſtrate on the earth,
They cloſe their lips, their lips eſtrang'd to mirth:
Silent they ſit, for dearth of ſpeech affords
A ſharper accent, for true grief, than words:
The Father wants a Son, the Son a Mother;
The Bride her Groom: the Brother wants a Brother;
Some, Famine: Exile ſome; and ſome the Sword
Hath ſlain: all want, when *Sion* want's her Lord:
How art thou all in all! There's nothing ſcant
(Great God) with thee; Without thee, all things want,

ELEG. XI.

LAunch forth my ſoul into a ſea of tears,
Whoſe ballanc'd bulk, no other Pilot ſtears,
Than raging ſorrow, whoſe uncertain hand,
Wanting her compaſs, ſtrikes on every ſand;
Driven with ſtorm of ſighs, ſhe ſeeks the Haven
Of Reſt, but like a *Noahs* wandring Raven,
She ſcowers the Main: and, as a Sea-loſt Rover,
She roams, but can no land of peace diſcover:

Mine eyes are faint with tears; tears have no end,
The more are ſpent, the more remain to ſpend:
What marble (ah!) what Adamantine eye,
Can look on *Sions* ruine, and not cry?

ELEG. XII.

MY tongue! the tongues of Angels are too faint
T' expreſs the cauſes of my juſt complaint;
See how the pale-fac'd ſucklings roar for food,
And from their milkleſs mothers breaſts, draw blood:
Children ſurceaſe their ſerious toyes, and plead
With trickling tears, Ah mothers, give us bread!
Such goodly Barns, and not one grain of Corne?
Why did the Sword eſcap's? Why were we born
To be devour'd and pin'd with famine? ſave us
With quick relief, or take the lives, you gave us:
They cry'd for bread, that ſcarce had breath to cry,
And wanting means to live, found means to dye.

ELEG. XIII.

NEver, ah! never yet, did vengeance brand
A State with deeper ruine, than thy Land;
Dear *Sion*, how could miſchief been more keen,
Or ſtruck thy glory with a ſharper ſpleen?
Whereto (*Jeruſalem*) to what ſhall I
Compare this thy unequall'd miſery?
Turn back to Ages paſt, Search deep Records:
Theirs are, thine cannot be expreſt in words
Would, would to God, my lives cheap price might be
Eſteem'd of value, but to ranſome thee;
Would I could cure thy grief; but who is able
To heal that wound, that is immedicable?

E L E G. XIV.

O *Sion*, had thy proſp'rous ſoul endur'd
Thy Prophets ſcourge, thy joys had been ſecur'd,
But thou (ah thou) haſt lent thine itching ear
To ſuch as claw'd, and only ſuch wouldſt hear;
Thy Prophets 'nointed with unhallow'd oyle,
Rub'd where they ſhould have launc't, and did beguile
Thy abuſed faith, their fawning lips did cry
Peace, peace, alas when there was no peace nigh;
They quilted ſilken curtains for thy crimes,
Bely'd thy God, and only pleas'd the times:
Dear *Sion*, oh! hadſt thou but had the ſkill
To ſtop thine ears, thou hadſt been *Sion* ſtill.

E L E G. XV.

P Eople, that travel through thy waſted land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed ſtand,
They ſhake their ſpleenful heads, diſdain, deride
The ſudden downfall of ſo fair a Pride,
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues
With hiſſes, Ballads, and with Lyrick ſongs:
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
And with their ſcornful fingers point they at her:
Is this (ſay they) that place, whoſe wonted fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that State? Are theſe thoſe goodly ſtations?
Is this that Miſtreſs, and that Queen of Nations?

E L E G. XVI.

Q Uencht are the dying embers of compaſſion,
For empty ſorrow finds no lamentation:
When as thy Harveſt flouriſht with full ears,
Thy ſlighteſt grief brought in a tyde of tears;

But now, alas! thy Crop conſum'd and gone,
Thou art but food for beaſts to trample on:
Thy ſervants glory in thy ruine, thoſe
That were thy private friends, are publick foes:
Thus, thus (ſay they) we ſpit our ranc'krous ſpleen,
And gnash our teeth upon the worlds fair Queen:
Thrice welcom this (this long expected) day,
That crowns our conqueſt, with ſo ſweet a prey.

ELEG. XVII.

REbellious *Judah*! Could thy flatt'ring crimes
Secure thee from the dangers of the times,
Or did thy Summer Prophets ere foreſay
Theſe evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day?
Did not thoſe ſweet-lipt Oracles beguil
Thy wanton ears, with news of Wine, and Oyl?
But Heaven is juſt: what his deep counſel will'd,
His Prophets told, and Juſtice hath fulfil'd:
He hath deſtroy'd; no ſecret place ſo void,
No fort ſo ſure, that Heaven hath not deſtroy'd:
Thou land of *Judah*! how's thy ſacred Throne
Become a ſtage, for Heathen to trample on!

ELEG. XVIII.

SEE, ſee, th' accurſed *Gentiles* do inherit
The Land of promiſe; where Heavens ſacred ſpirit
Built Temples for his everlaſting Name,
There, there th' uſurping *Pagans* do proclaim
Their idle Idols, unto whom they gave
That ſtoln honour which Heavens Lord ſhould have:
Wink *Sion*; O let not thoſe eyes be ſtain'd
With Heavens diſhonour, ſee not Heaven profain'd:
Cloſe, cloſe thine eyes, or if they needs muſt be
Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,

Yet

Yet let the violence of ther flowing ſtreams
Obſcure thine open eyes, and mask their beams.

ELEG. XIX.

TRuſt not thy eye-lids, leſt a flattering ſleep
Bribe them to reſt, and they forget to weep:
Pour out thy heart, thy heart diſſolv'd in tears,
Weep forth thy plaints in th' Almightie's ears:
Oh let thy cries, thy cries to heaven addreſt,
Diſturb the ſilence of thy midnight reſt;
Prefer the ſad petitions of thy ſoul
To Heaven, ne'r cloſe thy lips, till Heaven condole
Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weal;
That God that ſmit, oh move that God to heal!
Oh, let thy tongue ne'r ceaſe to call, thine eye
To weep, thy penſive heart ne'r ceaſe to crie!

ELEG. XX.

VOuchſafe, O thou eternal Lord of pity,
To look on *Sion*, and thy Deareſt City
Confus'd *Jeruſalem*, for thy *Davids* ſake,
And for that promiſe which thy ſelf did make
To halting *Iſrael*; lo, thy hand hath forc'd
Mothers (whom lawleſs famine hath divorc'd
From dear affection) to devour the blooms,
And buds, that burthen'd from their painful wombs:
Thy ſacred Prieſts and Prophets, that while-e'r
Did hourly whiſper in thy neighb'ring ear,
Are faln before the ſacrilegious Sword,
Even where, even whilſt they did unfold thy Word.

ELEG. XXI.

WOunded, and waſted by th' eternal hand
Of Heaven, I grovel on the ground; my land

Is turn'd a *Golgotha*; before mine eye,
Unſepulchr'd, my murthered people lie;
My dead lie rudely ſcatt'red on the ſtones;
My Cauſies all pav'd with dead mens bones;
The fierce deſtroyer doth alike forbear
The maidens trembling, and the Matrons tear;
Th' imperial ſword ſpares neither fool nor wiſe,
The old man's pleading, nor the infants cries
Vengance is deaf and blind, and ſhe reſpects
Not young, nor old, nor wiſe, nor fool, nor ſex.

ELEG. XXII.

YEars, heavy laden with their monthes, retire;
Moneths, gone their date of numbered dayes, expire;
The days, full houred, to their period tend;
And hours, chac'd with lightfoot-minutes, end;
Yet my undated evils, no time will miniſh,
Though years & moneths, though days & hours finiſh:
Fears flock about me, as invited gueſts
Before the Portals at proclaimed feaſts;
Where Heav'n hath breath'd, that man, that ſtate muſt fall
Heaven wants no thunderbolts to ſtrike withall:
I am the ſubject of that angry breath,
My ſons are ſlain, and I am mark'd for death.

Threnodia III.

ELEG. I.

ALL you, whoſe unprepared lips did taſte
The tedious Cup of ſharp affliction, caſt
Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunk up
Thoſe dregs, whereof you only kiſt the Cup;

I am the man, 'gainſt whom th' Eternal hath
Diſcharg'd the louder volly of his wrath:
I am the man, on whom the brow of night
Hath ſcowl'd, unworthy to behold the light;
I am the man, in whom th' Almighty ſhowes
The dire example of unpatern'd woes:
I am that Pris'ner, ranſom cannot free;
I am that man, and I am only he.

ELEG. II.

BOndage hath forc'd my ſervile neck to fail
Beneath her load; Afflictions nimble flail
Hath threſht my ſoul upon a floor of ſtones,
And quaſht the marrow of my broken bones;
Th' aſſembled powers of heaven enrag'd, are eager
To root me out; heavens ſouldiers do beleager
My worried ſoul, my ſoul unapt for fleeing,
That yeilds, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being;
Th' Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,
And clad my ſoul with a perpetuall night,
A night of torments, and eternal ſorrow,
Like that of death, that never finds a morrow,

ELEG. III.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
I ſtrive in vain. No mortal hand can looſe
What Heaven hath bound; my ſoul is wall'd about,
That hope cannot get in, nor fear get out:
When e'r my wav'ring hopes to Heaven addreſs
The feeble voice of my extream diſtreſs
He ſtops his tyred ears, without regard
Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard;
Before my faint and ſtumbling feet he layes
Blocks, to diſturb my beſt adviſed ways:

I ſeek my peace, but ſeek my peace in vain;
For every way's a trap; each path's a train.

ELEG. IV.

DIſturbed Lions are appeas'd with blood,
And ravenous Bears are mild, not wanting food:
But Heaven, ah! Heaven will not implored be:
Lions and Bears are not ſo fierce as he:
His direful vengance (which no mean confines)
Hath croſt the thriving of my beſt deſignes:
His hand hath ſpoil'd me, that e'r while advanc'd me,
Brought in my foes, poſſeſt my friends againſt me:
His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers fly
Like darted hail-ſtones from the darkned ſky,
Shot from a hand that cannot err, they be
Transfixed in no other mark, but me.

ELEG. V.

EXil'd from Heaven I wander to and fro,
And ſeek for ſtreams, as Stags new ſtricken do,
And like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,
With arrows deeply fixed in my wounds,
My deadly hunters with a winged pace,
Prick forwards, and purſue their wary chace,
They whoop, they hollow me, deride and flout me,
That flee from death, yet carry death about me:
Exceſs of torments hath my ſoul deceiv'd
Of all her joyes, of all her powers bereiv'd:
O curious grief, that haſt my ſoul brim fill'd
With thouſand deaths, and yet my ſoul not kill'd!

ELEG. VI.

FOllow'd with troops of fears, I flie in vain,
For change of places breeds new change of pain.

The

The baſe condition of my low eſtate,
My exalted foes diſdain and wouder at:
Turn where I liſt, theſe, theſe my wretched eyes,
They find no objects, but new miſeries;
My ſoul, accuſtom'd to ſo long increaſe
Of pains, forgets that ſhe had ever peace:
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my grie s diſtracted,
What ſhall I do? Heavens powers are compacted
To work my eternal ruine; To what friend
Shall I make moan, when Heaven conſpires my end?

ELEG. VII.

GReat God! what help (ah me!) what hope is left
To him, that of thy preſence is bereft?
Abſented from thy favour, what remains,
But ſenſe and ſad remembrance of my pains?
Ye hath affliction opn'd my dull ear,
And taught me what in weal I ne're could hear:
Her ſcourge hath tutor'd me with ſharp corrections,
And ſwag'd the ſwelling of my proud affections;
Till now I ſlumbered in a proſp'rous dream,
From whence awak'd, my griefs are more extream;
Hopes newly quickned, have my ſoul aſſur'd;
That griefs diſcover'd, are one half recur'd.

ELEG. VIII.

HAD not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal ſtroke
Offended juſtice ſtruck, we had been quite
Loſt in the ſhadowes of eternal night;
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning Sun,
Whoſe beams undo, what ſable night hath done;
Or like a ſtream, the current of whoſe courſe
Reſtrain'd a while, runs with a ſwifter force;

Oh,

Oh, let me ſwelter in thoſe ſacred beams,
And after bathe me in theſe ſilver ſtreams;
To thee alone my ſorrows ſhall appeal;
Hath earth a wound, too hard for Heaven to heal?

ELEG. IX.

IN thee (dear Lord) my penſive ſoul reſpires,
Thou art the fulneſs of my choice deſires;
Thou art that ſacred ſpring, whoſe waters burſt
In ſtreams to him, that ſeeks with holy thirſt;
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirſt to bring
The fainting ſoul to ſo, ſo ſweet a ſpring;
Thrice happy he, whoſe well reſolved breſt
Expects no other aid, no other reſt;
Thrice happy he, whoſe downy age had been
Reclaim'd by ſcourges from the prime of ſin,
And early ſeaſon'd with the taſte of Truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. X.

KNowledge concomitates Heavens painful rod,
Teaches the ſoul to know her ſelf, her God,
Unſeils the eye of faith, preſents a morrow
Of joy, within the ſableſt night of ſorrow;
Th' afflicted ſoul abounds in bareſt need,
Sucks pureſt honey from the fowleſt weed,
Deteſts that good, which pamper'd reaſon likes,
Welcomes the ſtroke, kiſſes the hand that ſtrikes;
In rougheſt tides his ſhell-prepared breſt,
Untoucht with danger, finds a haven of reſt;
Hath all in all, when moſt of all bereaven;
In earth, a hell, in hell he finds a Heaven.

E L E G. XI.

LAbour, perfected with the evening ends;
The lamp of Heaven (his course fulfill'd) descends;
Can works of nature seek, and find a rest;
And shall the torments of a troubled breſt,
Impos'd by natures all-commanding God,
Ne'r know an end, ne'r find a period?
Dear soul despair not, whet thy dull belief
With hope; Heavens mercy will o'rcome thy grief:
From thee, not him proceeds thy punishment,
He's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent:
Thou burn'ſt like gold, consumeſt not like fewel;
O, wrong not Heaven, to think that Heaven is cruel.

E L E G. XII.

MOuntains shall move, the Sun his circling course
Shall stop; tridented *Neptune* shall divorce
Th' embracing floods from their beloved lies,
Ere Heaven forgets his servant, and recoiles,
From his eternal vow: Thoſe, thoſe that bruiſe
His broken Reeds, or secretly abuſe
The doubtful title of a rightful cauſe,
Or with falſe bribes, adulterate the Laws
That should be chaſte, theſe, th' Almighty hath
Branded for subjects of a future wrath:
Oh may the juſt man know, th' Eternal haſtens
His plagues for tryals, loves the child he chaſtens.

E L E G. XIII.

NO mortal power, nor ſupernal might,
Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernal ſpright,
Nor all together joyn'd in one commiſſion
Can think or act without divine permiſſion;

Man

Man wills, heaven breaths ſucceſs, or not, upon it;
What good, what evil befalls, but heaven hath done it?
Upon his right hand health, and honours ſtand,
And flaming ſcourges on the other hand:
Since then the ſtates of good or evil depend
Upon his will (fond mortal) thou attend
Upon his wiſdom; why ſhould living duſt
Complain of Heaven, becauſe that heaven is juſt?

ELEG. XIV.

O Let the ballance of our even-pois'd hearts
Weigh our afflictions with our juſt deſerts,
And eaſe our heavy ſcale; Double the grains
We take from ſin, heaven taketh from our pains;
O let thy lowly bended eyes not fear
Th' Almightie's frowns, nor huſband one poor tear;
Be prodigal in ſighs, and let thy tongue,
Thy tongue eſtrang'd to Heaven, cry all night long;
My ſoul thou leav'ſt what thy Creator did
Will thee to do, haſt done, what he forbid;
This, this hath made ſo great a ſtrangeneſs be
(If not divorce) betwixt thy God and thee.

ELEG. XV.

PRepar'd to vengeance, and reſolv'd to ſpoil,
Thy hand (juſt God) hath taken in thy toyl
Our wounded ſouls, that Arm which hath forgot
His wonted mercy, kills, and ſpareth not;
Our crimes have ſet a bar betwixt thy grace
And us; thou haſt eclipſt thy glorious face,
Haſt ſtopt thy gracious ear, leſt prayers inforce
Thy tender heart to pity and remorſe:
See, ſee great God, what thy dear hand hath done;
We lie like droſs, when all the gold is gone,
Contemn'd, deſpis'd, and like to Atomes flie
Before the Sun, the ſcorn of every eye.

ELEG.

ELEG. XVI.

QUotidian fevers of reproach and ſhame,
Have chill'd our honour and renowned Name;
We are become the by-word and the ſcorn
Of Heaven and earth; of Heaven and earth forlorn;
Our captiv'd ſouls are compaſt round about,
Within, with troops of fears, of foes without;
Without, within; diſtreſt; and in concluſion,
We are the hapleſs children of confuſion;
Oh how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes
O'r-flow theſe barren lips, that can deviſe
No dialect, that can expreſs or borrow
Sufficient metaphors, to ſhew my ſorrow!

ELEG. XVII.

RIvers of mariſh tears have overflown
My blubber'd cheeks; my tongue can find no tone
So ſharp as ſilence, to bewail that woe,
Whoſe flowing Tides an ebb could never know:
Weep on (mine eyes) mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe;
Speak on (my tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
Ceaſe not thy tears; cloſe not thy lips ſo long,
Till Heaven ſhall wipe thine eyes, and hear thy tongue:
Whoſe heart of braſs, what Adamantine breſt
Can know the torments of my ſoul, and reſt?
What ſtupid brain (ah me!) what marble eye
Can ſee theſe, theſe my ruines, and not crie?

ELEG. XVIII.

SO hath the Fowler with his ſlie deceits,
Beguil'd the harmleſs Bird; ſo with falſe baits,
The treacherous Angler ſtrikes his nibbling prey;
Even ſo my foes my guiltleſs ſoul betray;

So

So have my fierce purſuers, with cloſe wiles
Inthrall'd me, and gloried in my ſpoils;
Where undermining plots could not prevail,
Their miſchief did with ſtrength of arm aſſail;
Thus in afflictions troubled billows toſt,
I live; but 'tis a life worſe had, than loſt:
Thus, thus o'rwhelm'd, my ſecret ſoul doth cry,
I am deſtroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

ELEG. XIX.

THou great Creator, whoſe diviner breath
Preſerves thy creature, joy'ſt not in his death,
Look down from thy eternal Throne, that art
The only Rock of a deſpairing heart;
Look down from Heaven (O thou) whoſe tender ear
Once heard the trickling of one ſingle tear;
How art thou now eſtranged from his cry,
That ſends forth Rivers from his fruitful eye?
How often haſt thou with a gentle arm,
Rais'd me from death, and bid me fear no harm?
What ſtrange diſaſter caus'd this ſudden change?
How wert thou onee ſo near, and now ſo ſtrange!

ELEG. XX.

VAnquiſht by ſuch as thirſted for my life,
And brought my ſoul into a legal ſtrife,
How oft haſt thou (juſt God) maintain'd my cauſe,
And croſt the ſentence of their bloody Laws?
Be ſtill my God, be ſtill that God thou wert;
Look on thy mercy, not on my deſert;
Be thou my Judge betwixt my foes and me;
The advocate betwixt my ſoul and thee;
'Gainſt thee (great Lord) their arm they have advanc'd;
And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc'd

Upon

Upon my ſoul; ſmite thoſe that have ſmit thee,
And for thy ſake, diſcharg'd their ſpleen at me.

ELEG. XXI.

WHat ſquint-eyd ſcorn, what flout, what wry mouth'd ſcoff
That ſullen pride ere took acquaintance of,
Hath 'ſcap'd the fury of my foemans tongue,
To do my ſimple innocency wrong?
What day, what hour, nay, what ſhorter ſeaſon
Hath kept my ſoul ſecure from the treaſon
Of their corrupted counſels, which diſpend
Dayes, nights, and hours, to conſpire my end?
My ſorrows are their ſongs, and as ſlight fables
Fill up the ſilence of their wanton tables
Look down (juſt God) and with thy power divine
Behold my foes; they be thy foes, and mine.

ELEG. XXII.

YET ſleeps thy vengeance? Can thy Juſtice be
So ſlow to them, and yet ſo ſharp to me?
Diſmount (juſt Judge) from thy tribunal Throne,
And pay thy foemen the deſerved loan
Of their unjuſt deſignes; make fierce thy hand,
And ſcourge thou them, as they ſcourged my land.
Break thou their Adamantine hearts, and pound them
To duſt, and with thy final curſe confound them.
Let horror ſeize their ſouls, O may they be
The ſcorne of Nations, that have ſcorned thee!
O may they live diſtreſt, and dye bereaven
Of earths delights, and of the joyes of Heaven!

Threnodia IV.

ELEG. I.

ALas, what alterations! Ah, how ſtrange
Amazement flows from ſuch an uncouth change
Ambitious ruine! Could thy razing hand
Find ne'r a ſubject but the Holy Land?
Thou ſacrilegious ruine, to attempt
The houſe of God; was not heavens houſe exempt
From thy accurſed Rape? ah me! behold,
Sion whoſe payment of refulgent gold
So lately did reflect, ſo bright, ſo pure,
How dim, how drowſie now (ah!) how obſcure!
Her ſacred ſtones lie ſcatter'd in the ſtreet,
For ſtumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

ELEG. II.

BEhold her Princes, whoſe victorious brows
Fame oft had crowned with her Lawrel boughs,
See how they hide their ſhame-confounding creſts,
And hang their heads upon their fainting breſts;
Behold her Captains, and brave men at Arms,
Whoſe ſpirits fired at Wars loud alarms,
Like worried ſheep how flee they at the noiſe
Of Drums, and ſtartle at the Trumpets voice!
They faint, and like amazed Lions ſhow
Their fearful heels if Chaunticleere but crow;
How are the pillars (*Sion*) of thy ſtate
Transform'd to clay, and burniſht gold ſo late!

ELEG.

ELEG. III.

CAN furious Dragons hear their helpleſs brood
Cry out, and fill their hungry lips with food?
ath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply
he breaſt unto their younglings empty cry?
ave ſavage beaſts time, place, and natures helps
o feed and foſter up their idle whelps:
nd ſhall the tender Babes of *Sion* cry,
nd pine for food, and yet their mothers by?
ragons, and Tygers, and all ſavage beaſts
an feed their young, but *Sion* hath no breaſts:
iſtreſſed *Sion*, more unhappy far,
han Dragons, ſavage Beaſts, or Tygers are!

ELEG. IV.

DEath thou purſueſt, if from death thou flee
Or if thou turnſt thy flight, death follows thee:
hy ſtaff of life is broke; for want of bread,
hy City pines, and half thy land is dead;
he ſon t' his father weeps, makes fruitleſs moan;
he father weeps upon his weeping ſon:
he brother calls upon his pined brother:
nd both come crying to their hungry mother:
he empty Babe, inſtead of milk, draws down
is Nurſes tears, well mingled with his own;
or change of place, nor time with help ſupplies thee,
broad the Sword, Famine at home deſtroys thee.

ELEG. V.

EXceſs and Surfet now have left thy Coaſt
The laviſh gueſt now wants his greedy Hoſt,
o wanton Cook prepares his poynant meat,
o teach a ſatiate palate how to eat;

Now *Bacchus* pines, and ſhakes his feeble knees,
And pamper'd *Envy* looks, as plump as Hee's;
Diſcolour'd *ceres*, that was once ſo fair,
Hath loſt her beauty, ſing'd her golden hair;
Thy princes mourn in rags; aſham'd t' infold
Their leaden ſpirits in a caſe of gold;
From place to place thy Stateſmen wandring are,
On every dunghil lies a man of war.

ELEG. VI.

FOul *Sodom*, and inceſtuous *Gomorrah*,
Had my deſtruction, but ne'r my ſorrow:
Vengance had mercy there, her hand did ſend
A ſharp begining, but a ſudden end;
Juſtice was mild, and with her haſty flaſhes
They fell, and ſweetly ſlept in peaceful aſhes;
They felt no rage of an inſulting foe,
Nor Famines pinching fury, as I do
They had no ſacred Temple to defile;
Or if they had, they would have helpt to ſpoil;
They dy'd but once, but I, poor wreched I,
Die many deaths, and yet have more to die.

ELEG. VII.

GOld from the Mint, Milk from the uberous Cow,
Was ne'r ſo pure in ſubſtance, nor in ſhow,
As were my *Nazarites*, whoſe inward graces
Adorn'd the outward luſtre of their faces;
Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Roſe,
Of red and white; more fair, more ſweet than thoſe.
Their bodies were themagazines of perfection,
Their ſkins unblemiſht, were of pure complexion
Through which their Saphire-colour'd veins deſcride
The Azure beauty of their naked pride;

The

The flaming Carbuncle was not ſo bright,
Nor yet the rare diſcolour'd Chryſolite.

ELEG. VIII.

HOw are my ſacred *Nazarites* (that were
The blazing planets of my glorious ſphere)
Obſcur'd and darkned in afflictions cloud?
Aſtoniſht at their own diſguiſe, they ſhroud
Their foul transformed ſhapes in the dull ſhade
Of ſullen darkneſs, of themſelves afraid;
See how the brother gazes on the brother,
And both affrighted, ſtart, and flie each other:
Black as their fates, they croſs the ſtreets unken'd,
The Sire, his Son; the friend diſclaims his friend:
They, they that were the flowers of my land,
Like withered weeds and blaſted hemlock ſtand,

ELEG. IX.

IMpetuous Famine, Siſter to the Sword,
Left hand of death, Child of th' infernal Lord,
Thou torturer of Mankind, that with one ſtroke,
Subject'ſt the world to thy imperious yoke:
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the tedious breath
Of pined mortals, or their lingring death?
The Sword, thy generous brother's not ſo cruel,
He kills but once, fights in a noble Duel,
But thou (malicious Fury) doſt extend
Thy ſpleen to all, whoſe death can find no end;
Alas! my hapleſs weal can want no woe,
That feels the rage of Sword, and Famine too.

ELEG. X.

KInd is that death, whoſe weapons do but kill,
But we are often ſlain, yet dying ſtill;

Our torments are too gentle; yet too rough
They gripe too hard, becauſe not hard enough:
My people tear their trembling fleſh, for food,
And from their ragged wounds they ſuck forth blood:
The father dies, and leaves his pined Coarſe,
T' inrich his heir with meat; the hungry Nurſe
Broyles her ſtarv'd ſuckling on the haſty coles,
Devours one half, and hides the reſt in holes.
O Tyrant famine! that compell'ſt the Mother,
To kill one hungry Child to feed another!

ELEG. XI.

LAment, O ſad *Jeruſalem*, lament;
O weep, if all thy tears be yet unſpent,
Weep (waſted *Judah*) let no drop be kept
Unſhed, let not one tear be left unwept;
For angry Heaven hath nothing left undone,
To bring thy Ruines to perfection:
No curſe, no plague the fierce Almighty hath
Kept back, to ſum the total of his wrath:
Thy City burns, thy *Sion* is diſpoil'd;
Thy wives are Raviſh't, and thy maids defil'd;
Famine at home, the Sword abroad deſtroyes thee:
Thou cry'ſt to heav'n, and heav'n his ear denies thee.

ELEG. XII.

MAY thy dull ſenſes (O unhappy Nation,
Poſſeſt with nothing now but deſolation!)
Collect their ſcatter'd forces, and behold
Thy novel fortunes ballanc'd with the old.
Couldſt thou, O could thy proſp'rous heart conceive,
That mortal pow'r, or art of State could reive
Thy illuſtrious Empire of her ſacred glory,
And make her Ruines the *Threnodian* ſtory.

Of

Of theſe ſad times, and ages yet to be?
Envy could pine, but never hope to ſee
Thy buildings cruſht, and all that glory ended,
Which man ſo fortifi'd, and Heaven defended.

ELEG. XIII.

NE'r had the ſplendor of thy bright Renown
Been thus extinguiſht (*Judah*;) Thy faſt Crown
Had ne'r been ſpurn'd from thy Imperial brow,
Plenty had nurs'd thy ſoul, thy peaceful plow
Had fill'd thy fruitful Quarters with encreaſe,
Hadſt thou but known thy ſelf, and loved peace;
But thou haſt broke that ſacred truth, concluded
Betwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
Thy ſelf with thine own ſtrength, with deadly feud
Thy furious Prieſts and Prophets have purſu'd
The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did ſlay
All ſuch as were more juſt, more pure, that they,

ELEG. XIV.

O How the Prieſts of *Sion*, whoſe pure light
Should ſhine to ſuch as grope in Errors night.
And blaze like lamps before the darkned eye
Of ignorance, to raiſe up thoſe that lie
In dull deſpair, and guide thoſe feet that ſtray,
Ay me! how blind, how dark, how dull are they
Fear, Rage, and Fury drives them through the ſtreet;
And, like to madmen, ſtab at all they meet;
They wear the purple Livery of Death,
And live themſelves, by drawing others breath:
Say (waſted *Sion*) could Revenge behold
So foul an acted Scene as this, and hold?

ELEG. XV.

PRophets; and ſacred Prieſts, whoſe tongues while-e'r
Did often whiſper in th' Eternal's ear,
Diſclos'd his Oracles, found ready paſſage
'Twixt God and man to carry heavens Embaſſage,
Are now the ſubjects of deſerved ſcorn,
Of God forſaken, and of man forlorn;
Accurſed *Gentiles* are aſham'd to know,
What *Sions* Prieſts are not aſham'd to do;
They ſee and bluſh, and bluſhing flee away;
Fearing to touch things ſo defil'd as they;
They hate the filth of their abomination,
And chaſe them forth from their new conquer'd nation.

ELEG. XVI.

QUite baniſht from joyes of earth, and ſmiles
Of Heaven, and deeply buried in her ſpoils;
Poor *Judah* lies; unpitied, diſreſpected;
Exil'd the world of God, of man rejected;
Like blaſted ears among the fruitful Wheat,
She comes diſperſt, and hath no certain ſeat:
Her ſervile neck's ſubjected to the yoke
Of bondage, open to th' impartial ſtroke
Of conquering *Gentiles*, whoſe afflicting hand
Smites every nook of her diſguiſed land;
Of Youth reſpectleſs, not regarding Years,
Nor Sex, nor Tribe; like ſcourging Princeand Peers.

ELEG. XVII.

RENt and repoſed from Imperial ſtate,
By heavens high hand, on heaven we muſt await
To him that ſtruck, our ſorrows muſt appeal;
Where heaven hath ſmit, no hand of man can heal

In

In vain our wounds expected mans relief,
For diſappointed hopes renew a grief:
Egypt oppreſt us in our fathers loyns;
What hope's in *Egypt*? nay if *Egypt* joins
Her force with *Judah*, our united powers
Could ne'r prevail 'gainſt ſuch a foe as ours.
Egypt, that once did feel heav'ns ſcourge for grieving
His flock, would now re-fin'd it for relieving.

ELEG. XVIII.

SO the quick-ſcented Beagles, in a view,
O'r hill and dale the fleeting chaſe purſue,
As ſwift-foot death and ruine follow me,
That flees, afraid, yet knows not where to flee:
Flee to the feilds? there with the Sword I meet;
And, like a watch, death ſtands in every ſtreet;
No cover hides from death; no ſhade, no Cells
So dark wherein not death and horror dwells;
Our dayes are numbered, and our number's done,
The empty hour-glaſs of our glory's run;
Our ſins are ſumm'd, and ſo extream's the ſcore,
That heaven could not do leſs, nor hell do more.

ELEG. XIX.

TO what a downfall are our fortunes come,
Subjected to the ſufferance of a doom,
Whoſe lingring torments hell could not conſpire
More ſharp! than which hell needs no other fire:
How nimble are our Fo-men to betray
Our ſouls? Eagles are not ſo ſwift as they:
Where ſhall we flee? or where ſhall find
A place for harbour? Ah, what proſp'rous wind
Will lend a gale, whoſe bounty ne'r ſhall ceaſe,
Till we be landed on the Iſle of peace?

My foes more fierce than empty Lions are;
For hungry Lions, woo'd with tears, will ſpare.

XX.

USurping *Gentiles* rudely have engroſt
Into their hands thoſe fortunes we have loſt,
Devour the fruits that purer hands did plant,
Are plump and pamp'red with that bread we want;
And (what is worſe than death) a Tyrant treads
Upon our Throne; *Pagans* adorn their heads
With our loſt Crowns; their powers have disjointed
The members of our State, and heavens Anointed
Their hands have cruſht, and raviſht from his throne,
And made a ſlave for ſlaves to tread upon:
Needs muſt that flock be ſcattered and accurſt,
Where wolves have dar'd to ſeize the ſhepherd firſt.

ELEG. XXI.

WAX fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad eyes
Behold the fulneſs of our miſeries;
Triumph (thou Type of Antichriſt) and feed
Thy ſoul with joy, to ſee thy brothers ſeed
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth,
Make haſte and ſolace thee with early mirth:
But there's a time ſhall teach the how to weep
As many tears as I; thy lips as deep
Shall drink in ſorrows Cup, as mine have done
Till then chear up thy ſpirits, and laugh on:
Offended Juſtice often ſtrikes by turns:
Edom, beware for thy next neighbour burns.

ELEG. XXII.

YE drooping ſons of *Sion*, O ariſe,
And ſhut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
Surceaſe

Surceaſe your ſorrows, and your joyes attend,
For heaven hath ſpoke it, and your griefs ſhall end :
Believe it *Sion* ; ſeek no curious ſign,
And wait heaven's pleaſure, as heav'n waited thine ;
And thou triumphing *Edom*, that doſt lie
In Beds of Roſes, thou whoſe proſp'rous eye
Did ſmile, to ſee the gates of *Sion* fall,
Shalt be ſubjected to the ſelf-ſame thrall ;
Sion, that weeps, ſhall ſmile : and *Edoms* eye,
That ſmiles ſo faſt, as faſt ſhall ſhortly cry.

The Prophet *Jeremy* his Prayer for the diſtreſſed People of *Jeruſalem* and *Sion*.

GReat God, before whoſe all-diſcerning eye
The ſecret corners of mans heart do lie
As open as his actions, which no cloud
Of ſecreſie can ſhade, no ſhade can ſhrowd :
Behold the tears, O harken to the crys
Of thy poor Sion ; *wipe her weeping eyes,*
Bind up her bleeding wounds, O thou that art
The beſt Chyrurgion for a broken heart :
See how the barbarous Gentiles *have intruded*
Into the land of promiſe, and excluded
Thoſe rightful owners from their juſt poſſeſſions,
That wander now full laden with oppreſſions ;
Our fathers (ah !) their ſavage hands have ſlain,
Whoſe deaths our widow-mothers weep in vain ;
Our Springs, whoſe Chriſtal plenty once disburſt
Their bounteous favours to quench every thirſt :

Our

Our liberal woods, whose palsie shaken tops
To every stranger bow'd their yeilding lops,
Are sold to us that have no price to pay,
But sweat and toil, the sorrows of the day:
Oppressors trample on our servile necks:
We never cease to groan, nor they to vex:
Famine and dearth have taught our hands t' extend
To Ashur, *and our feeble knees to bend*
To churlish Pharoe: *want of bread compells*
Thy servants to beg alms of Infidels:
Our wretched fathers sin'd, and yet they sleep
In peace, and have left us their sons to weep:
We, we extracted from their sinful loins,
Are guilty of their sins; their Ossa *joins*
To our high Pelion; *Ah! their crimes do stand*
More firmly entail'd to us, than our land:
We are the slaves of servants, and the scorn
Of slaves, of all forsaken and forlorn;
Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food,
With deepest danger of our dearest blood:
Our skins are Wrinkled, and the fruitless ploughs
Of Want have fallow'd up our barren brows:
Within that Sion, *which thy hands did build,*
Our Wives were ravish'd, and our maids defil'd:
Our savage Foe extends his barbarous Rage
To all, not sparing Sex, nor Youth, nor Age:
They hang our Princes on the shameful trees
Of death; respect no Persons, no Degrees:
Our Elders are despised, whose grey heirs
Are but the Index of their doting years;
Our flowring youth are forced to fulfil
Their painful tasks in the laborious Mill;
Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,
Oppress with burdens, under which they lie:
Sages are baniſh'd from judicial Courts,
And youth takes no delight in youthful sports:

Our

Our joyes are gone, and promiſe no returning,
Our pleaſur's turn'd to pain, our mirth to mourning,
Our hand hath loſt his Sword, our head his Crown!
Our Church her glory; our weal, her high renown.
Lord, we have ſin'd, and theſe our ſins have brought
This world of grief (O purchaſe dearly bought!)
From hence our ſorrows, and from hence our fears
Proceed; for this our eyes are blind with tears:
But that (aye that) which my poor heart doth count
Her ſharpeſt torture, is thy ſacred Mount,
Sacred Mount Sion, Sion *that divine*
Seat of thy glory's raz'd; her tender Vine,
Laden with ſwelling Cluſters, is deſtroy'd,
And Foxes now' that once thy Lambs enjoy'd.
But thou (O thou Eternal God) whoſe Throne
Is permament, whoſe glory's ever one,
Unapt for change, abiding ſtill the ſame,
Though earth conſume, and Heaven diſſolve her frame.
Why doſt thou (ah!) why doſt thou thus abſent
Thy glorious face? Oh, wherefore haſt thou rent
Thy mercy from us? O! when wilt thou be
Aton'd to them, that have no truſt but thee?
Reſtore us (Lord) and let our ſouls poſſeſs
Our wonted peace; O, let thy hand redreſs
Our waſted fortunes; let thine eye behold
Thy ſcattered Flock, and drive them to their Fold:
Canſt thou reject that people, which thy hand
Hath choſe, and planted in the promis'd land?
O thou (the ſpring of mercy) wilt thou ſend
No eaſe to our afflictions, no end.

The End.

AN

AN

Alphabet

OF

ELEGIES,

UPON

The much and truly lamented Death of that famous for Learning, Piety, and true Friendſhip,

Dr. *AILMER*:

A great favourer, and faſt friend to the Muſes, and late Archdeacon of *London*.

Imprinted in his heart that ever loves his Memory.

Written by *FRA. QUARLES.*

Cum privilegio { *Am* / *Dol* } *oris.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

Readers,

GIve me leave to perform a neceſſary duty, which my affection owes to the bleſſed memory of that Reverend Prelate, my much honoured Friend, Dr. Ailmer: *He was one, whoſe life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodneſs, as earth would ſuffer; and whoſe pregnant virtues deſerve, as faithful a Regiſter, as earth can keep: In whoſe happy remembrance, I have here truſted theſe* Elegies *to time and your favours: had he been a lamp to light me alone, my private griefs had been ſufficient; but being a Sun, whoſe beams reflected on all, all have an intereſt in his memory; to which end I recommend theſe memorials to the publick, in teſtimony of my undiſſembled Affection, and true Piety that I owe to ſo great an example of Virtue and Learning.*

FR. QUARLES.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ELEG. I.

ALL you whoſe eyes would learn to weep, draw near
And hear, what none, without ful tears, can hear?
Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,
I'll teach you, how to weep a tear in parts;
And you falſe eyes, that never yet let fall
A tear in earneſt, come, and now you ſhall
Send forth ſalt fountains of the trueſt grief,
That ever ſought to language for relief:
But you, you tender eyes, that cannot bear
An Elegy, wept forth without a tear,
I warn you hence; or, at the moſt, paſs by,
Leſt while you ſtay, you ſoon diſſolve, and die.

ELEG. II.

BUT ſtay: (ſad *Genius*) how do griefs tranſport
Thy exil'd ſenſes? is there no reſort
To fork'd *Pernaſſus* ſacred Mount? No word,
No thought of *Helicon*? No Muſe implor'd?
I did invoke, but there was none reply'd;
The nine were ſilent, ſince *Mecœnas* dy'd:
They have forſaken their old ſpring, 'tis ſaid,
They haunt a new one, which their tears have made;
Should I moleſt them with my loſs? 'Tis known,
They find enough to re-lament their own:
I crave no aid, no Deity to infuſe
New matter: Ah! True ſorrow needs no Muſe.

ELEG.

ELEG. III.

CALL back (bright *Phœbus*) your ſky-wandring ſteeds
Your day is tedious, and our ſorrow needs
No Sun: when our ſad ſouls have loſt their light,
Why ſhould our eyes not find perpetual night?
Go to the nether world, and let your Rayes
Shine there: Beſtow on them our ſhare of dayes;
But ſay not, why: leſt when report ſhall ſhow
Such cauſe of grief, they fall a grieving too,
And pray the abſence of your reſtleſs wain,
Which then muſt be return'd on us again.
Dear *Phœbus* grant my ſuit; if thou deny't,
My tears ſhall blind me, and ſo make a night.

ELEG. IV.

DEath, art thou grown ſo nice? can nothing pleaſe
Thy curious palate, but ſuch Cates, as theſe?
Or hath thy ravenous ſtomach been o'rpreſt
With common diet at thy laſt great feaſt? 1625.
Or haſt thou fed ſo near, that there is none
Now left but delicates to feed upon?
Or was this diſh ſo tempting, that no power
Was left in thee to ſtay another hour?
Or diſt thou feed by chance, and not obſerv'd
What food it was, but took as fortune carv'd:
'Tis done: Be it or fortunes act or thine,
It fed the one, whoſe want made millions pine.

ELEG. V.

ENvy now burſt with joy, and let thine eyes
Strut forth with fatneſs; let thy Collops riſe
Pampred and plump; feed full for many years
Vpon our loſs: be drunken with our tears:

For

For he is dead, whoſe Soul did never ceaſe
To croſs and violate your malicious peace;
He's dead; but in his death hath over-thrown
More vices, than his happy life had done:
In life, he taught to dye; and he did give,
In death, a great example how to live:
Though he be gone, his fame is left behind:
Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.

ELEG. VII.

FArewell thoſe eyes, whoſe gentle ſmiles forſook
No miſery, taught Charity how to look:
Farewell thoſe chearful eyes, that did e'rwhile,
Teach ſuccour'd miſery how to bleſs a ſmile:
Farewell thoſe eyes, whoſe mixt aſpect, of late,
Did reconcile humility and ſtate:
Farewell thoſe eyes, that to their joyful gueſt
Proclaim'd their ordinary fare a feaſt;
Farewell thoſe eyes, the load-ſtars, late, whereby
The Graces ſail'd ſecure, from eye to eye:
Farewell dear eyes, bright Lamps; O who can tell
Your glorious welcom, or our ſad farewell!

ELEG. VIII.

GO glorious Saint! I knew 'twas not a ſhrine
Of fleſh, could lodge ſo pure a ſoul as thine;
I ſaw it labour (in a holy ſcorn
Of living duſt and aſhes) to be ſworn
A Heavenly Quiriſter: It ſigh'd and groan'd
To be diſſolv'd from mortal, and enthron'd
Among his fellow-Angels, there to ſing
Perpetual Anthems to his heavenly King:
He was a ſtranger to his houſe of Clay;
Scarce own'd it, but that neceſſary ſtay,

Miſcall'd

Miſcall'd it his; and onely zeal did make
Him love the building for the builders ſake.

ELEG. VIII.

HAD Virtue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
Wit, Judgment, Wiſdom (or what other parts
That make perfection, and return the mind
As great as earth can ſuffer) been confin'd
To earth, had they the Parent to abide
Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd:
Fond earth, forbear, and let thy childiſh eyes
Ne'r weep for him, thou ne'r knew'ſt how to prize.
Shed not a tear, blind earth: for it appears,
Thou never lov'dſt our *Ailmer*, by thy tears:
Or if thy floods muſt needs o'rflow their brim,
Lament, lament thy blindneſs, and not him.

ELEG. IX.

I Wondred not to hear ſo brave an end
Becauſe, I knew, who made it could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chace
Would ſpit defiance in his conquered face:
And did: Dauntleſs he trod him underneath,
To ſhew the weakneſs of unarmed death:
Nay, had report, or niggard fame deny'd
His name, it had been known, 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.
It was no wonder, to hear Rumour tell,
That he which dy'd ſo oft, once dy'd ſo well:
Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, whom death had conquer'd, conquer death!

ELEG. X.

KNowledge (the depth of whoſe unbounded Main
Hath been the wreck of many a curious brain,
And from her (yet unreconciled) Schools
Hath fill'd us with ſo many learned fools)
Hath tutour'd thee with Rules that cannot err,
And taught thee how to know thy ſelf, and her:

Furniſht thy nimble ſoul in height of meaſure,
With humane riches and divineſt treaſure,
From whence, as from a ſacred ſpring, did flow
Freſh Oracles, to let the hearer know
A way to glory, and to let him ſee,
The way to glory, is to ſtudy thee.

ELEG. XI.

LOok how the body of heavens greater light
Enriches each beholder with his bright
And glorious Rayes, until the envious Weſt
Too greedy to enjoy ſo fair a gueſt,
Calls him to bed, where raviſht from our ſight,
He leaves us to the ſolemn frowns of night:
Even ſo our Sun in his harmonious ſphere
Enlightned every eye, rapt every ear,
Till in the early Sun-ſet of his years,
He dy'd, and left us that ſurvive, in tears:
And (like the Sun) in ſpight of death, and fate,
He ſeemed greateſt in his loweſt ſtate.

ELEG. XII.

MOleſt me not, full ſighs and flowing tears,
You ſtorms & ſhowers of nature ſtop your ears;
Fond fleſh and blood, againſt the ſtrong temptation
Of ſullen grief, and ſenſe-bereaving paſſion,
Ceaſe to lament; Let not thy ſlow-pac'd numbers
Diſturb his reſt, that ſo, ſo ſweetly ſlumbers.
The child of Vertue is aſleep, not dead;
He dies alone, whom death hath conquered:
Why ſhould we ſhed a tear for him? or why
Lament we, whom we rather ſhould envy?
He lives, he lives a life ſhall never taſte
A change, ſo long as Crowns of glory laſt.

ELEG. XIII.

NO, no, he is not dead, The mouth of Fame,
Honours ſhrill Herald, would preſerve his name,

And

And make it live in ſpight of death and duſt,
Were there no other Heaven, no other truſt.
He is not dead, the ſacred Nine deny,
The ſoul that merits fame, ſhould ever die.
He lives; and when the lateſt breath of fame
Shall want her Trump, to glorifie a name,
He ſhall ſurvive, and theſe ſelf-cloſed eyes,
That now lie ſlumbr'ing in the duſt ſhall riſe,
And fill'd wihh endleſs glory, ſhall enjoy
The perfect viſion of eternal joy.

ELEG. XIV.

O But the dregs of fleſh and blood! how cloſe
They grapple with my ſoul, and interpoſe
Her higher thoughts; which, yet but young of wing,
They cauſe to ſtoop and ſtrike at every thing;
Paſſion preſents before their weakned eye,
Judgment and better Reaſon ſtanding by!
I muſt lament, Nature commands it ſo:
The more I ſtrive with tears, the more they flow;
Theſe eyes have juſt, nay, double cauſe of moan.
They weep the common loſs, they weep their own.
He ſleeps, indeed; then give me leave to weep
Tears fully anſwerable to his ſleep.

ELEG. XV.

PArdon my tears, if they be too too free,
And if thou canſt not weep, I'll pardon thee,
Dull Stoick; if thou laugh to hear his death,
I'll weep, that thou wert born to ſpend that breath
Thou dry-brain'd Portick, whoſe Ahenean breſt
(Tranſcending paſſion) never was oppreſt
With grief; O had your flinty Sect but loſt
So rare a prize, as we lament and boaſt,
Your hearts had croſt your Tenet, and disburſt
As many drops as we have done, or burſt;
No marvel that your marble brains could croſs
Her laws, that never gave you ſuch a loſs.

ELEG. XVI.

QUick-ſoul'd *Pythagoras*, O thou that wert
So many men, and didſt ſo oft revert
From ſhades of death (if we may truſt to fame)
With loſs of nothing but thy buried name;
Hadſt thou but liv'd in this our *Ailmer*'s time,
Thou would'ſt have dy'd once more to live in him;
Or had our *Ailmer* in thoſe dayes of thine
But dy'd, and left ſo glorious, ſo divine
A ſoul as his, how would thy haſty breſt
Have gaſp'd to entertain ſo fair a gueſt:
Which if obtain'd had (no doubt) ſupply'd thee
With that immortal ſtate thy Syre deny'd thee,

ELEG. XVII.

RAre ſoul, that now ſit'ſt crowned in that Quire
Of endleſs joy, fill'd with celeſtial fire;
Pardon my tears, that in their paſſion would
Recall thee from thy Kingdom, if they could;
Pardon, O pardon my diſtracted zeal;
Which, if condemn'd by Reaſon, muſt appeal
To thee, whoſe now lamented death, whoſe end
Confirm'd the dear affections of a friend;
Permit me then to offer at thy Herſe
Theſe fruitleſs tears, which if they prove too fierce,
O pardon, you that know the price of friends;
For tears are juſt, that nature recommends.

ELEG. XVIII.

SO may the fair aſpect of pleaſed Heaven
Conform thy Noon of dayes and crown their even;
So may the gladder ſmiles of earth preſent
No fortunes with the height of joyes content;
As I lament with unaffected breath,
Our loſs (dear *Ailmer*) in thy happy death;
May the falſe tear, that's forc'd, or ſlides by Art,
That hath no warrant from the ſoul, the heart,

Or

Or that exceeds not natures faint commiſſion,
Or dares (unvented) come to compoſition ;
O, may that tear in ſtricter judgment riſe
Againſt thoſe falſe, thoſe faint, thoſe flattering eyes.

ELEG. XIX.

THus to the World, and to the ſpacious ears
Of fame, I blazon my unboaſted tears :
Thus to thy ſacred Duſt, thy Urn, thy Herſe
I conſecrate my ſighs, my tears, my Verſe ;
Thus to thy ſoul, thy name, thy juſt deſert
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart :
That earth may know, and every ear that hears,
True worth and grief were parents to my tears :
That earth may know thy Duſt, thy Urn, thy Herſe,
Brought forth and bred my ſighs, my tears, my Verſe ;
And that thy ſoul, thy name, thy juſt deſert,
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

ELEG. XX.

UNconſtant earth ! Why do not mortals ceaſe
To build their hopes upon ſo ſhort a Leaſe?
Uncertain Leaſe, whoſe term but once begun,
Tells never, when it ends, till it be done :
We dote upon thy ſmiles, not knowing why :
And whiles we but prepare to live, we dye :
We ſpring, like flowers for a dayes delight,
At noon we flouriſh, and we fade at night :
We toyl for Kingdoms, conquer Crowns, and then
We that were gods but now, now leſs than men :
If Wiſdom, Learning, Knowledge cannot dwell
Secure from change, vain Bubble Earth, farewell.

ELEG. XXI.

WOuldſt thou, when Death had done, deſerve a ſtory
Should ſtain the memory of great *Pompey*'s glory ;
Conquer thy ſelf, example be thy guide,
Dye juſt, as our ſelf-conquering *Ailmer* d[illegible].

Wouldſt thou ſubdue more Kingdoms, gain more crowns
Than that brave Hero *Cæſar* conquer'd Towns,
Then conquer death; example be thy guide;
Dye juſt, as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.
But wouldſt thou win more worlds, than he had done
Kingdoms, that all the Earth had over-run?
Then conquer Heaven; example be thy guide;
Dye juſt, as our Heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

ELEG. XXII.

YEars, fully laden with their moneths, attend
Th' expired times acquittance, and ſo end:
Moneths gone, their dates of numbred dayes, require
Bright *Cynthia*'s full diſcharge, and ſo expire:
Dayes deeply ag'd with hours, loſe their light
And having run their ſtage, conclude with night:
And hours, chac'd with light-foot minutes flie,
Tendring their labour to a new ſupply;
Yet *Ailmer*'s glory never ſhall diminiſh,
Though years and months, though days and hours finiſh:
Yet *Ailmer*'s joyes for ever ſhall extend,
Though years and moneths, though days and hours end.

FINIS.

Doloris nullus.

His

His EPITAPH.

ASK you why ſo many a tear
Burſts forth; I'll tell you in your ear:
Compel me not to ſpeak aloud,
Death would then be too too proud,
Eyes that cannot vie a tear,
Forbear to aſk, you may not hear;
Gentle hearts that overflow,
Have onely priviledge to know:
In theſe ſacred Aſhes, then,
Know (Reader) that a man of men
Lies covered: Fame and laſting glory
Make dear mention of his ſtory:
Nature when ſhe gave him birth,
Op'd her treaſure to the Earth,
Put forth the model of true merit,
Quickned with a higher ſpirit:
Rare was his life; his lateſt breath
Saw, and ſcorn'd, and conquer'd death:
Thankleſs Reader, never more
Urge a why, when tears run o'r:
When you ſaw ſo high a Tide,
You might have known, 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.

Obiit, Jan. vi. MDCXXV.

Vivet poſt funera Virtus.

AN

ELEGY

UPON

The Reverend, Learned,
and my honoured Friend,

Dr. Wilson,

OF THE

ROLLS.

By *FR. QUARLES.*

To my much honoured Friend

ROBERT CÆSAR,

Of the Inner Temple, Esq;

Son to the Right Honourable, Sir *Julius Cæsar*, Knight, Master of the Rolls, and one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Counsel.

SIR,

HAD the hand of Death but shook, when it levelled at this Reverend Doctor, the Dart had struck either you or me; for, at his last meal, made at your honourable Fathers Table (which he out-lived not two hours) he sat between us, healthful and chearful. The Custom of the Ægyptians *was at their solemn Feasts, to bring in Death by Proxy; here, he came in Person.* GOD *keep him long from the upper end of this Table: As I, who sate by his left hand presume to be his Poet; so you, who sate on his right, vouchsafe to be my Patron; to whom I devote this Elegy as a Monument of his excellent Worth, and my entire Love, who am,*

Yours in the true affection
of a faithful heart
FR. QUARLES.

I.

I Cannot hold, my day grows dark and dull;
My troubled Air is damp, my Clouds are full:
The Winds are ſtill, my ſtormy ſighs are ſpent;
I muſt pour down, my Soul muſt burſt, or vent:
No Azure dapples my be-darkned Skies;
My paſſion has no *April* in her eyes:
I cannot ſpend in miſts: I cannot mizzle:
My fluent brains are too ſevere to drizle
Slight drops: my prompted fancy cannot ſhowre,
II. And ſhine within an hour.

YET thoſe that weep on truſt, that feed their ears
With ſad Reports, and ground their inborn tears
On babling fame, whoſe wiſdoms are perplext
To draw forth learned Comments from the Text
Of unknown worth, that uſe t' embalm the dead
With drops of Courſe, and Art (drops lively ſhed
From copied paſſion) O let ſuch perfume
Suſpicious lines with ſkill; whileſt I preſume
On ſtrength of Nature; Sorrow can infuſe
III. A ſpirit without a Muſe.

I Need no Art to ſet a needleſs gloſs
Upon true grief, or beautifie a loſs
With rak'd invention; my rude Pen forbears
To burniſh ſorrow, or to poliſh tears,
No far-fetch'd Metaphor ſhall ſmooth or ſlick
My ruffled ſtrain, no ſtrict review ſhall lick
My rugged lines; our ſlow-pac'd feet ſhall tread
A careleſs garb, and being ſadly led,
Shall blunder on, like thoſe whoſe ſteps are turning
IV. To the ſad houſe of mourning.

COme Reader, come, Put off thy common weed,
And dreſs thy ſoul in Sables; come and feed
Thy lungs with lib'ral ſighs, and drench thine eyes
With holy water; let thy fountains riſe

And

And fill thy ſanguine Ciſterns to the brim:
Spread forth thy widened arms, and learn to ſwim
In thine own tears, or elſe their haſty ſtreams
May chance to overwhelm thee in th' extreams
Of boiſtrous paſſion: Paſſion has no bounds;

V. It conquers or compounds.

THis day our darkned Hemiſphere has loſt
A glorious Star, whoſe brightneſs did almoſt,
Appear another Sun, whoſe heaven-bred Rayes
Shot forth ſuch flames at darkneſs, that our dayes,
Unſoil'd with ſhades, did ſeem to overthrow
Hell-gates, and make another Heaven below:
But now our Heaven is clouded, our bright Star
Is raviſh'd hence, our *Iſrael's* Weſtern Car
Hath loſt a wheel; and we have chang'd our light

VI. To ſhades, our day to night.

THis day a Star is faln, whoſe golden head
Guilt every eye with flame, whoſe luſtre led
The wandring Wiſemen of the World to ſee
The ſacred object of a bended knee:
That Star, by whoſe fair conduct we addreſt
To view that Babe, new-born in every breſt:
That gracious Star which glorified our ſphere;
That fill'd each eye with object, every ear
With Oracle; That Star has loſt her light,

VII. And cloath'd our eyes with night.

THis day a Pillar's faln, that did ſupport
The holy Rafters of fair *Sion's* Court;
A great Coloſs, whoſe marble-ſhoulders bore
So large a ſhare, that even the ſacred floor
Did ſtartle, and her conſecrated wall
Did ſhake and tremble at the ſudden fall:
Our Pillar's down, that Pillar which became
By day, our *Iſrael's* cloud; by night, her flame:
What eye that loves our *Sion* can behold
Such Ruines, and yet hold?

VIII. Great

VIII.

GReat pale-fac'd Tyrant, child of man's tranſgreſſion,
O could thy cruelty find no expreſſion
More mild, than this? In ſuch a time to bear
A ſhepheard hence, and the bold Wolf ſo near?
What arm ſhall reſcue us? what Crook ſhall guide us?
What hand ſhall fold us? or what Cave ſhall hide us?
O, what heroick heart will interpoſe
Betwixt our lives, and our blood-thirſty foes!
Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, 'tis our ſhepherds heart
That bleeds; but ours, that ſmart.

IX.

BUT what can tears avail? Or what Relief
Can ſad complaint expect! Can whining grief
Unlock the brazen gates of griſly death,
And warm his aſhes with a ſecond breath?
Huſband thy ſighs, hoard up thy fluent tears
For thine own uſe: Thy well-examin'd years
Will find a juſt occaſion to diſpend
More drops, than thy poor ſtock can recommend;
Leave him to reſt; his bleſt eſtate appears
No ſubject for thy tears.

X.

GO glorious Soul, and lay thy Temples down
In *Abram*'s boſom, in the ſacred Doun
Of ſoft Eternity; be full poſſeſt
With holy armfuls of Angel-like Reſt:
Put on thy Milk-white Robe, and take the prize
Of promis'd glory; let the gladder eyes
Of ſmooth-fac'd Cherubims, enrich'd with ſmiles,
Dart beams of everlaſting joy; the whiles
Poor we tranſform our tears into a truſt,
To ſpring a Phœnix from a Phœnix duſt.

Merces peccati mors eſt; & janua vitæ.

MIL-

MILDREIADOS:

TO THE

Bleſſed Memory of that fair Manuſcript of Virtue, and unblemiſht

HONOUR,

MILDRED, La. *LUCKYN.*

The late Wife of

Sir *WILLIAM LUCKYN*,

Of little *Waltham* in the County of *Eſſex*, Baronet:

Daughter to Sir *Gamaliel Capel* of *Rookwoods-Hall* in the ſaid County, Knight.

Conſecrated and Written

By *FRA. QUARLES:*

——— *nomen*
Semper honorandum (sic Numina
vultis) habebo.

TO MY

Honourable and dear Friend

Sir *WILLIAM LUCKYN*,

BARONET.

SIR,

TO whom can theſe Leaves owe themſelves, but you? whoſe the Author is; and to whom the bleſſed life and death of this Sainted Lady hath been, and is (to my knowledge) a religious and continued meditation. She was yours: and the terms whereon you parted with her, was no ill bargain. Having a double intereſt (and, in that, a treble bleſſing) for more than twelve years, could you expect leſs, than to loſe the Principal? But Almighty GOD *hath ſhewn himſelf ſo gracious a* Dealer, *that we look for extraordinary Penny-worths at his bountiful Hand. Your wiſ-*

wiſdom knows practically that our Affections muſt keep ſilence, when his Will's the Speaker: He knew her fitter for Heaven, than Earth, and therefore tranſplanted her. He found her full ripe and therefore gathered her. I preſent what here is to you, wherein you ſhall receive but the ſelf-ſame by Number, and by Meaſure; which, before, you had by Weight. Be pleaſed to accept it from the hand of him that makes a Relique of her memory, and is,

Your moſt affectionate

Friend to ſerve you,

FR. QUARLES.

AN

AN ELEGY.

I.

ARE all Quils dead? Or be they buried deep
In black-mouth'd *Lethe's* bottomleſs abyſs?
How come our Poets, that were wont to keep
Sorrows ſad Vigils ſtrictly, ſo temiſs;
Are they grown dull or drowzy? Can ſoft ſleep
Charme them at ſuch a needful time, as this?
Or has dumb grief found out a newer faſhion
To character her thoughts, and cloath her paſſion,
Than eye-bedawbing tears, and printed lamentation?

II.

BE what I will be, Reader, I muſt pay
My vows to Virtues Altar, muſt be bold
To ſcorn example, and to tread that way
Which blunt affection leads; or new, or old,
I value not: I have a word to ſay,
That all the World muſt hear: I cannot hold.
Great Spirit of truth; if this Threnodian ſtory
Intend her honour with thy loſs of glory,
Strike dumb theſe lips, ſtrike dead theſe knees that fall before ye.

III.

COme ſweet infuſer of Diviner ſtrains,
From whom the ſtreams of hallowed paſſion flow,
Dart thy bright beams into my raviſh'd brains:
Enlarge my ſtraitned thoughts that they may ſhow
To all the World, from Princes down to Swains,
What heav'nly Powers, and warbling Angels know;
Guide thou my hand, inſpire my Quill and me
With truth & art; thou knowſt thoſe tears that be
Dropt for the death of Saints are conſecrate to thee.

IV.

DIſturb me not you loads of fleſh and blood,
You natural Parents of unnatural paſſion;
Sink not mine eyes in that tempeſtuous flood,
Which hurries faith from her appointed ſtation;
Hence lumpiſh grief, that onely ſerves to brood
The mungrel whelps of dunghil contemplation;
Hence all that's earthly; O, my ſoul refine
Thy droſſy thoughts (or be no thoughts of mine)
And like our ſubject prove no leſs, than all divine.

V.

EVen ſuch, was ſhe; her richly furniſh'd breſt,
Was a fair Temple; and her heart, a ſhrine,
Guarded with troops of Angels, where did reſt
A glory nine times greater than the Nine;
Her ſoul was fill'd with Heav'n, and full poſſeſt
With heav'nly Raptures; She was all Divine:
She was a harmony, where ev'ry part
Was ſung by graces, ſo compos' by art,
It rouz'd up ev'ry ear, it raviſht ev'ry heart.

VI.

FOR ever blaſted be thoſe narrow eyes
That look aſquint upon this holy ſhrine;
Thrice be thoſe lips accurs'd that dare diſguiſe
The ſacred Temple of the glorious Trine;
Still may thoſe ears be fed with jars and lies,
That cannot reliſh Muſick ſo Divine;
Who ere thou be, that dare attempt to ſpot
So pure a name, O may it prove thy lot,
For ever to be known the thing that ſhe was not.

VII.

GUſt forth mine eyes, and when your floods be ſpent
Borrow new tydes from paſſions Oratory;
Take ſtreams on truſt, until your flood-gates vent
The common ſtock, and weep an Allegory;
If hearts turn ſtones, make very ſtones relent,

And

And help to bear the burthen of thy ſtory:
O, here's a Subject that ſhall force and tear
The Portals of an Adamantine ear;
Yet ſooner break a heart, perchance, than broach a tear.

VIII.

HAD ſhe been onely that, which ſerves to raiſe
The name of woman to a common height:
Had ſhe been onely that, which, now adays,
With ſome allowance makes perfection weight;
She had deſerv'd her ſhare of common praiſe,
Perchance, and had been priz'd above her Rate,
But ſhe was All, her ſubſtance had no ſcum
She was a perfect Quinteſſence, in whom
All others Items met, and made one total ſum.

IX.

IN Birth, her Blood was Noble; In her life,
Severely Pious; ſweet in Converſation;
A happy Parent, and a loyal Wife;
In words, diſcreet; Divine in Contemplation:
Slow to admit, apt to compoſe a ſtrife:
Secret in alms, and full of mild compaſſion;
Potent and free in *Canaan's* Oratory;
In life and death a rare ſelected ſtory;
In life, a Saint in Grace; in death, a Saint in Glory.

X.

KNowledge that often puffs the ſpungy brain,
Gave her the treaſure of a lowly breſt;
Wiſdom, that once abus'd, turns trap and train,
Built in her ſimple heart the Turtles neaſt;
Riches, that cloath the brow with proud diſdain,
Made her appear far leſſer, than the leaſt;
She had true knowledge, wiſdom, wealth, in which
Sh' enjoy'd her God, his glory was her pitch;
True Knowledge made her Wiſe; true Wiſdom made her Rich

XI.

LAdies, let not your emulous ſtomachs ſwell
To hear perfection crown'd: There may accrue
Some honour to your names: If you excell,
Joves Bird hath fruitful wings, which daily mue
More ſprightly Quils than ours; dye you as well,
(Heav'n grant ye may) they'll do no leſs for you:
Till then expect it not, know half your glory
Shines at your death; but dead, they will reſtore ye
From your forgotten duſt, and write your perfect ſtory.

XII.

MAY this rare patern dwell before your eye,
When time ſhall pleaſe t' unclaſp your fleſhly Cage;
Her holy death will teach ye all to dye,
And ſcorn the malice of Infernal Rage;
She dy'd at half her days; and know ye, why?
She was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age;
She was a Light, that glorified your days;
Obſcur'd, alone, by our inferior praiſe;
The virtue of the world was but her Periphraſe.

XIII.

NOW blow thy Trump, and ſee if Envy durſt
Preſume to ſnarle, or vent her frothy gall
Fame blow aloud: Let Envy ſnarle her worſt;
Do; let her fret, and fume, and foam, and fall
Stark mad: Blow louder, till the Bedlam burſt,
And ſtink; and taint her news-corrupting Hall
Blow fame and ſpare not: If ſome baſe-bred tongue
That wants a name to loſe, ſhould chance to wrong
Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy blaſt (more ſtrong.

XIV.

O But this Light is out: what wakeful eye
E'r mark'd the progreſs of the Queen of Light,
Rob'd with full glory in her *Auſtrian* ſky,
Until at length in her young noon of night,
A ſwarth tempeſtuous Cloud doth riſe, and riſe,

And

And hides her luſtre from our darkned ſight:
Even ſo too early death (that has no ears
Open to ſuits) in her ſcarce noon of years,
Daſh'd out our light, and left the tempeſt in our tears.

XV.

PAtents of humane lives are ſhort, and drawn
Without a clauſe, and with a ſecret date;
Our day is ſpent, before it ſcarcely dawn,
Each Urn's appointed, come it ſoon or late;
The courſe-greind Lockrom, and the white ſkin Lawn
Are both ſubjected to the ſelf-ſame fate:
Fate throws at all: Death ſips of ev'ry blood,
Had ſhe but ſlain the bad, and ſpar'd the good,
Our Quill had ſpar'd this Ink, our Eyes had ſpar'd this flood.

XVI.

QUick-finger'd Death's impartial, and let's flie
Her ſhafts at all; but aims with fouler ſpite
At fairer Marks; She, now and then, ſhoots by
And hits a fool; but levels at the white,
She often pricks the Eagle in the eye,
And ſpares the carkaſs of the flagging Kite;
Queens drop away, when blew-leg'd *Maukin* lives;
Drones thrive when Bees are burnt within their hives
And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge* ſurvives.

XVII.

RETract that word, falſe Quill: O let mine eyes
Redeem that language with a thouſand tears:
Our *Mildred* is not dead: How paſſion lies!
How ill that ſound does reliſh in theſe ears!
Can ſhe be dead, whoſe conqu'ring ſoul defies
The bands of death; and worſe than death, the fears?
No, no, ſhe ſits enthron'd, and ſmiles to ſee
Our childiſh paſſions; ſhe triumphs, while we
In ſorrow, blaze her death, that's death and ſorrow free.

XVIII. Sweet

XVIII.

SWeet ſoul, forgive the Treaſon of my Pen,
Which makes thy State the ſubject of a tear,
And with falſe whining kills thee once agen;
Forgive our folly, or diſdain to hear:
Thou art an Angel, we, alas, but men,
Our words are non-ſenſe in thy purer ear:
We crawl below, while thou ſit'ſt crown'd above,
Fill'd with the peace of Heav'ns Tri-une Jehove;
Yet in our childiſh tears accept our childiſh love.

XIX.

THou ſit'ſt attended with thoſe heavenly bands,
That bring our tydings to th' Eternal Throne:
Thy blood-waſht ſoul, now views and underſtands
That glorious One in Three, that Three in One:
To th' ſafe protection of whoſe ſacred hands,
Thy gaſping lips convey'd their lateſt groan:
Thou ſeeſt thoſe glorious Perſons, whereunto
Thy dying breath did tender, and beſtow (too.
The care of thy dear Spouſe, and Babes, and th' Infant

XX.

UNdoubted peace, and ſempiternal joy
Reſts thy fair ſoul in everlaſting bliſs;
Compar'd to thine, how I contemn this Toy,
This life, and all this ſilly World calls, This!
At all adventures, may thoſe hands convey
My ſoul (which carried thine) where thy ſoul is:
Bleſt heir of life, if ſuch a thing could be,
That heavens pearl Portals ſhould be clos'd to thee,
What ſhould become of man! what ſhould become of (me!

XXI.

WOrds call in words! O from this fruitful Theam,
As from a Spring, flouds iſſue forth; and meet,
And ſwell into a Sea: Stream joins with ſtream:
Our weary numbers have regain'd new feet,
And bring in ſtuff more fit to load a Ream,

Than

Than to be lodg'd within a ſlender ſheet:
The thirſty ſoul, whoſe trembling fingers touch
The ſwelling Bowl, may ſoon tranſgreſs, and ſuch
That ne'r can ſpeak enough, may eas'ly ſpeak too much.

XXII.

YET one word more, and then my Quill and I
Will wooe *Apollo*, and beg leave to play:
Youth, learn to live; and deeper Age, to dye;
This heav'n-fled Saint hath ſcor'd ye, both, the way:
Your Rule's above, but your Example's by;
Heav'n ſets not earth ſuch Copies every day.
Her virtues be your guide; They lie before ye;
So ſhall ye add more honour to her ſtory,
And gain your ſelves a Crown; and gain her Crown
(more Glory.

The End.

Her EPITAPH.

We boaſt no Virtues, and we beg no Tears;
O Reader; if thou haſt but Eyes and Ears,
It is enough; But tell me, Why
Thou com'ſt to gaze: Is it to pry
Into our Coſt, or borrow
A Copy of our Sorrow?
Or doſt thou come
To learn to dye,
Not knowing whom
To Practice by?
If this be thy deſire
Then draw thee one ſtep nigher;
Here lies a Preſident; a Rarer
Earth never ſhew'd; nor Heaven a fairer,
She was —— But room forbids to tell thee what;
Summe all perfection up, and She was That.

Eſſe ſui voluit Monumentum & Pignus Amoris.

and 4232